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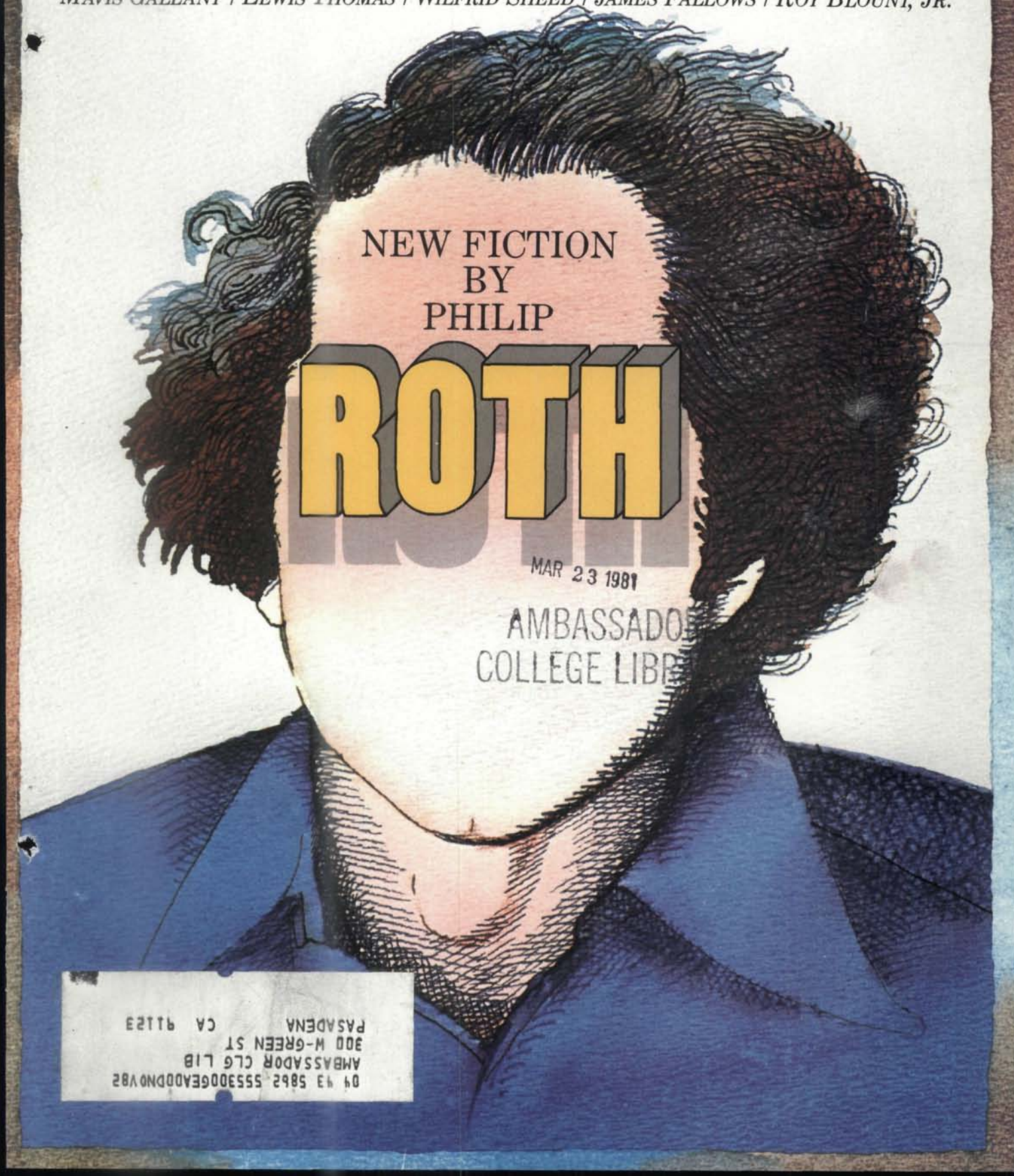

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Banking on Jobs

With the nation's trade balance running deep in the red year after year, there's a singular government agency that merits strengthened support in its unsung work of helping to create more jobs for Americans through expanded exports. Its mission is to stimulate the sale abroad of products made in the U.S. Every $1 billion in exports means 40,000 jobs here at home.

The agency is the Export-Import Bank, nicknamed Eximbank. It helps overseas customers get the financing they need to buy American-made wares, particularly big-ticket capital equipment. Examples are transport aircraft for foreign airlines, electrical generating plants, and heavy machinery.

A bolstered Eximbank could lead to more export sales of these and other products made by American workers. Congress would do well to increase the bank's lending authority and take other measures improving its ability to help business meet foreign competition and create more jobs here at home.

Eximbank arranges direct loans to potential foreign buyers of U.S. products. It also guarantees export loans through private institutions such as commercial banks, which often are unable on their own to meet foreign customers' requirements.

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Eximbank is a valuable vehicle for the U.S. in world commerce. Trade competition among nations has never been more fierce. Whether a sale is won or lost in the international marketplace often comes down to financing. "Adequate financing is the key element in most export transactions, and it is absolutely vital in the case of capital goods, the bulwark of our manufactured exports," says Richard W. Roberts, president of the National Foreign Trade Council.

Export financing is tied to job creation. In a study last year, the U.S. Treasury Department found that 70% of the export sales financed by Eximbank in 1978 probably would not have gone through if it hadn't been for the bank's direct loan program. The exports that would have been lost totaled $3 billion. Thus 120,000 jobs would have been lost. Instead, they were jobs gained, thanks to Eximbank.

For all the bank's contributions to the economy and employment, the U.S. lags behind its principal trading partners in government-supported financing of exports. In 1979, only 6% of U.S. exports were backed by government loans, insurance, or guarantees. That compares with 10% for West Germany, 30% for France, and 35% for Japan and Great Britain. Besides providing a greater percentage of financing support than we do, other countries often extend more generous terms.

Eximbank is doing a good job of trying to make sure sales abroad and jobs at home aren't lost because of lack of financing. Given better tools by Congress, it could do an even better job.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SEX AND CATHOLICS

In reference to your February article "Of Sex and the Catholic Church," by Francis X. Murphy, C.SS.R., it is absolutely amazing that the Catholic Church should have so much to say about sexual practices, divorce, contraception, abortion, birth control, and related issues—all with dogmatic and quasi-legal finality by men and women who espouse the freakish, bizarre, abnormal, and unnatural policy of mandated celibacy. The dictatorial pronouncements of priests, bishops, and even the Pope are rendered *ad absurdum* when we tear away the façade of piety that presumably protects the thwarted libido of the world of clerics.

Further, the vast majority of Catholic laity practice contraception, believe in divorce and birth control, and comply with Church teachings chiefly through lip service.

ERNEST R. BARRA
Woodmont, Conn.

The struggle against the Church's restrictions implies that greater sexual freedom enhances the quality of marital life. This may be true to some degree, but the extent to which it fails to do so is not generally appreciated.

The broader reality is that of a deepening antagonism between men and women, a pervasive tension most painfully experienced in marriage.

CORNELIUS F. MURPHY, JR.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Instead of leading the Church to the year 2000, the Pope is heading straight for the year 1000.

ROBIE MILLARD
Garwood, Tex.

When the Church states doctrine, such as *Humanae Vitae,* it denies—explicitly or equivalently—to anyone permission to teach or preach other than what was authentically pronounced as coming from Christ. The Church, as Murphy knows, claims to speak with the authority of Christ, and it asserts its right to bind and loose not only conduct but also minds.

It may seem harsh, but a primary assumption of the Catholic faith is that the believer is willing to make that submission. If not, one cannot remain a Catholic.

ROBERT H. FEENEY
Littleton, Colo.

Is it just, charitable, or, more important, accurate to describe the Catholic Church or its synod of bishops as pervaded by "misogynistic prejudices," dominated by "intransigent Vatican functionaries," or revisited by "preconciliar sexophobia"? These are hardly the terms one might expect from a dispassionate observer (much less a Redemptorist!) reporting the Church's teaching on marriage and sex.

JOSEPH O'DONNELL
Bethesda, Md.

Anyone familiar with the historical progress of the Vatican's development of moral and theological doctrines realizes that Holy Mother Church evolves such doctrines at a pace quite in keeping with pre-Industrial Revolution society.

Murphy's fine article should have made clear that, from Rome's point of view, the progress made in accepting contemporary morality by the curial hierarchy since Vatican Council II has proceeded at breakneck speed!

MICHAEL BAHN
York, Pa.

The Roman Catholic Church's principled and uncompromising stand against abortion and premarital and extramarital sex and for the sanctity of sex, marriage, and human life, including unborn human life, arouses hostility and opposition because it pricks the consciences of those who view sex as simply a plaything or a tool to enhance one's popularity or to alleviate one's doubts about one's masculinity or femininity. For them, sex—instead of being the communion of life and love within the sacrament of marriage—is mutual masturbation and a means of voyeuristic gratification.

HAVEN BRADFORD GOW
Arlington Heights, Ill.

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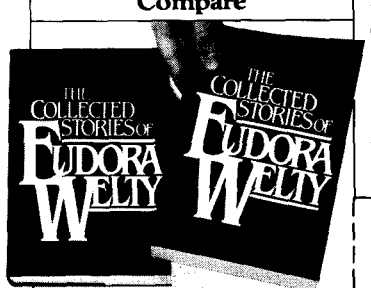

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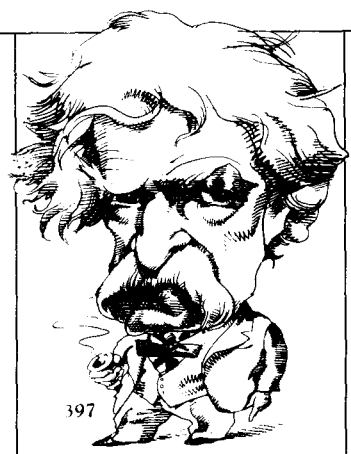

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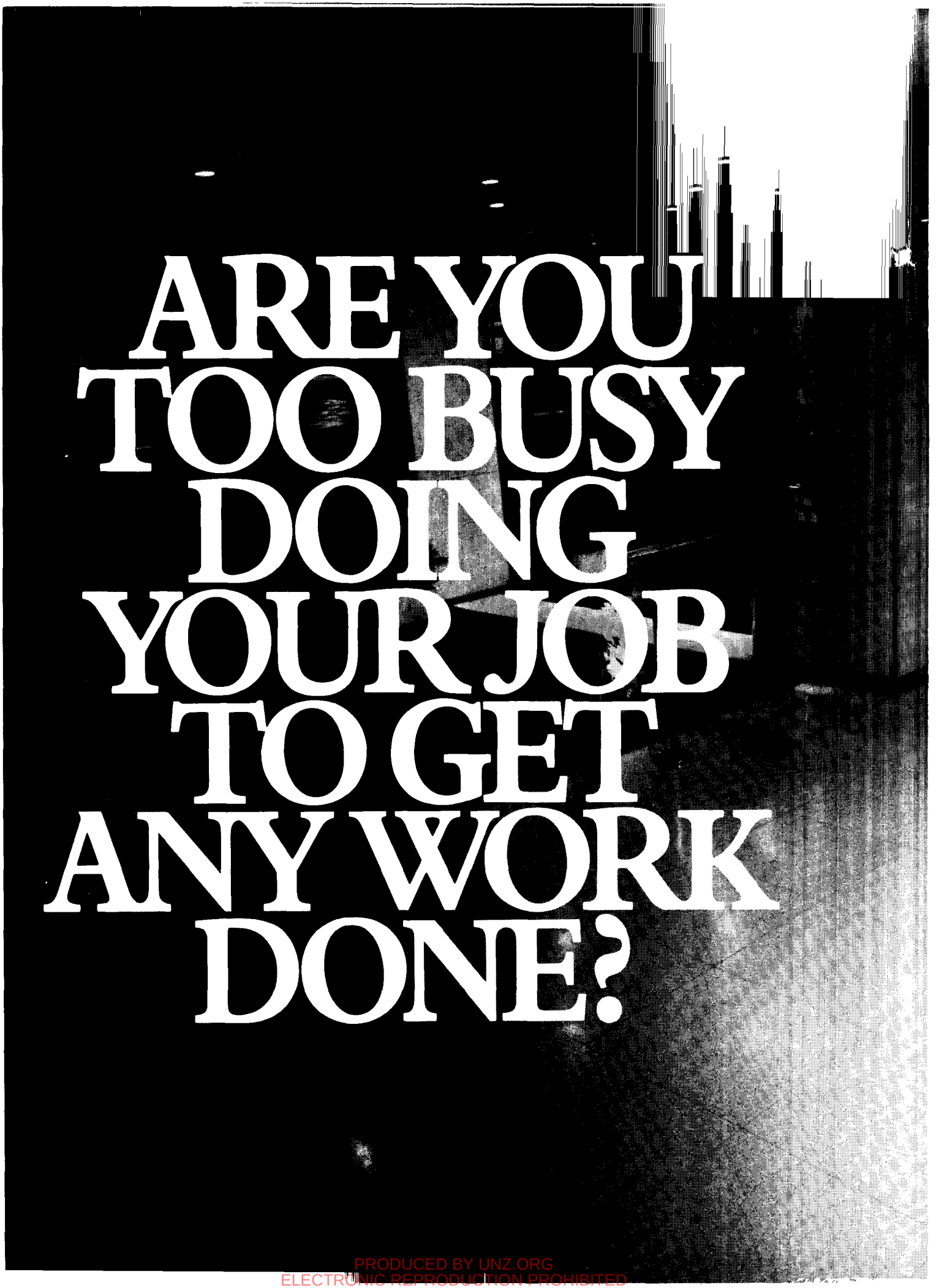

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Most jobs can be divided into two parts: Meaningful work. And the time-consuming chores that keep you from getting to it.

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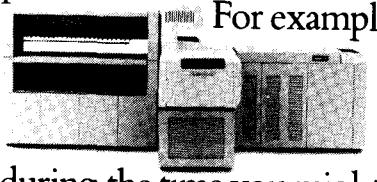

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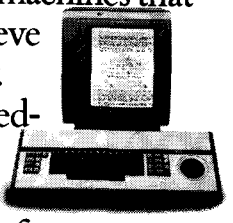

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You describe Fr. Murphy as rector of Holy Redeemer College in Washington, D.C. That he is, but lest some of your readers conclude that he holds in his hands the reins of an educational institution empowered to grant academic degrees or that he presides over the profound cogitations of a theological "think tank," they are mistaken. Fr. Murphy's rectorial domain is but a residence for clerical students attending universities in and around Washington, D.C., and for other priests in retirement or engaged in various aspects of pastoral activity.

REV. JAMES D. BREEN, C.SS.R.
Baltimore, Md.

UNDERSTANDING ISLAM

After reading Harvey Cox's "Understanding Islam: No More Holy Wars" (January *Atlantic*), my thoughts first turned to the "historical revisionists" busy at work in the Ministry of Love in Orwell's *1984*. I feel there is more to support the traditional view that Islam is a Christian heresy than to revise this view and call Islam and Christianity relatives.

The basis of my thesis is the fact that there has never been a lack of people and movements springing from within Christianity that wish to deny the deity of Jesus, say he was an excellent moral teacher, and to bring forth further "revelation" or "teaching" to support their view.

ROBERT R. CHAPMAN, JR.
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Harvey Cox states that "the stereotype of the Moslem is only partially softened by a Kahlil Gibran who puts it into sentimental doggerel."

I wonder where Gibran is supposed to do this. To the best of my knowledge, he was a Lebanese Christian who would have been unlikely to devote himself to Moslem apologetics.

KENNETH PORTER
Eugene, Oreg.

Harvey Cox replies:

Mr. Chapman's thoughtful letter suggesting that Islam is best thought of as a "Christian heresy" raises a perennial problem. Is it possible within the framework of classical Christianity for any new—or additional—revelation to occur without its automatically being labeled heretical? Opinions on this matter differ. As the heir of two traditions—Quaker and Baptist—variously described as heretical or schismatic by some people, I naturally tend to hold a somewhat expansive view of the subject. To state the problem is not to solve it. I believe that in the historical development of Christianity, especially in its relation to other religious traditions, the term "heresy," with its inevitable negative undertones, is becoming less and less useful. The analogy of "relative" suggests a family relationship and seems to be more in keeping with the spirit of the larger ecumenism.

Mr. Porter is correct, of course, that Kahlil Gibran was not himself a Moslem. For that matter neither was Rudolph (the Sheik) Valentino. I mention both because they represent precisely those stubborn popular images of that world of Arabian swashbucklers and prophets that is so often mistakenly identified with Islam. They are vivid examples of the distorted images I believe need correcting.

ULSTER'S CHILDREN

I read with mounting frustration Robert Coles's "Ulster's Children" (December *Atlantic*). Frustration because of Coles's refusal to come to grips with roots of the problem of institutional racism in Ulster. Frustration and anger because I don't believe he'd have the same timidity in dealing with South Africa or Guatemala. The racism of Northern Ireland cannot be "educated" away without eliminating Northern Ireland. The State is racist. The more one knows about the place the more "rational" its racism becomes. The more one community there learns about the mores, values, and aspirations of the other, the more "legitimate" become its antagonisms. Until one accepts the fact that Ulster's constitutional authority is predicated on prejudice and privilege, nothing of value will be done.

I have read many government reports, social and psychological studies, and analyses of various sorts that, like Coles's, touch on Unionist Ulster only to drop it (and its extreme implications) to go on to offer Christ and enlightened education as a means to bring Northern Ireland to its "time of messianic fulfillment." I'm sorry, but Northern Ireland has Christ. He does His job there just as well as He does anywhere. He offers salvation, strength, and righteousness to His followers. In Ulster He's represented largely by the Queen, Dr. Paisley, and Cardinal O'Fiaich. These "diehard, politically minded leaders" will not simply "shy away," making "coy threats." It's silly, sad, and dangerous for Mr. Coles to suggest so. These are real flesh-and-blood powers that have been burying, literally and figuratively, liberal lay and religious would-be leaders out of hand.

JOHN P. CORBETT
Shelburne, Nova Scotia

Taking advantage of the Christmas season, Robert Coles's "Ulster's Children: Waiting for the Prince of Peace" suggests that intergroup harmony and political stability would have a better chance of emerging in Northern Ireland if only "Christians" in the Irish periphery of the United Kingdom would be Christian.

Quoting revealing children's comments on the strife, the author uses confessional labels and Christian references as if the basic struggle were between Reformation and Counter-Reformation forces. Rather, the contest is between largely British supporters of the Crown (unionists) and chiefly Irish nationalists (anti-unionists). The intertwining of confessional issues and ethnic politics in Ulster became pronounced because the province was conquered and settled during the Reformation. But the native-settler struggle predated the Ulster plantation.

PAUL F. POWER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Robert Coles replies:

These letters reveal, more suggestively, perhaps, than words of mine, what a tangle of suspicion, fear, and hate stands in the way of any progress with respect to Ulster's continuing difficulties. In contrast to these letters, and others I've seen in newspapers and magazines, whenever "The Troubles" are discussed, I found the children of Belfast, Catholic and Protestant alike, rather hopeful, in the silent possibility of their youth—an ability to lay aside self-serving, brittle, argumentative polemics in response to every life's actualities, such as the summer play program I described.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

PARIS

THE TASTE OF A NEW AGE

When urban change has no relation to urban requirements, it drains the streets of vitality

IT WAS IN a Rue de Sèvres apartment that the French writer Joris Karl Huysmans, with the assistance of Lucifer, tried to evoke the dead. This was in the 1890s, when there was a craze in Paris for apparitions; it has never quite died down. (Huysmans at the time was occupying the only seat left vacant in French literature, that of Christian pessimism. Inching toward Christian optimism should have kept him out of mischief, but he was easily bored.) He managed to conjure up General Boulanger, who had died in exile after failing to bring off a right-wing coup. The general had nothing helpful to say about immanent justice or French politics.

We do not know whether Huysmans ushered him back to wherever he'd come from (a matter of the right incantation) or left him to drift in a kind of limbo between Rue de Sèvres and Rue du Cherche-Midi. Nothing speaks from the narrow courtyard at No. 11. That section of Paris was largely ecclesiastical territory, no place for fallen angels.

When St. Vincent de Paul died, at the age of seventy-nine, in 1660, his heart was presented to the Daughters of Charity and his body was buried on the Right Bank, where the railway station called St. Lazare now stands. Some 170 years later, the Lazarist Brothers, who had in the meantime been dispossessed by the French Revolution, received the present of a large tract of undeveloped land stretching from Rue du Cherche-Midi, where they built a boundary wall three stories high, to Rue de Sèvres, where they built a small, dim chapel of gentle ugliness. They commissioned a silversmith to fashion a full-length glass and silver reliquary (it won a gold medal at an exhibition in 1827) and

with immense difficulty hoisted it to a niche directly over the altar.

Wearing the plainest of vestments and buckled shoes, holding the crucifix he had used for the last rites of Louis XIII, Monsieur Vincent has lain there ever since. His hands and face are modeled in wax, "to lend him a more human aspect," a brochure explains. ("There is a lot of wax in Lenin, too," says a Brother, defensively.) His features undoubtedly were copied after the extraordinary portrait by Simon de Tours, who painted Monsieur Vincent as an old man with white eyebrows—plain, ordinary, mysterious, noble. The work of a lesser artist, the wax image inevitably prettifies him; the further we move along in time, the blander the likeness tends to become. Whispering visitors say he looks asleep. It is pointless to wonder what he might have thought of the costly reliquary. He lived and died poor, warning his followers, "The poor are our masters."

The chapel smells of faded flowers, old incense, burning wax: the scent of chapels before Vatican II. Some churches in Paris now look like post offices and somehow smell like them. From the dark nave, the saint's niche seems to float in a bath of light. Visitors tiptoe up a creaking staircase behind the altar. Sometimes they sit on the guardrail, providing a curious and surreal view of backs high up in the chancery; sometimes they kneel and press their lips to the glass case, careful to rub it afterward with a sleeve or a handkerchief. There are always a few Spanish and Portuguese immigrant workers, praying in whispers. The chapel is left unguarded. Nothing is for sale, except the usual church magazines. A coin dropped in the box thuds in emptiness.

The gray façade on the Rue de Sèvres tells nothing. The Lazarists do little to attract the faithful; they find their own way. The place is small, the wooden steps are worn. It would not survive an invasion. A notice in an adjacent corridor requests the favor of prayers "for the 140,000 people who die in the world each day." A prayer formulated as an intention will earn for the well-wisher 100 days of indulgence—remission from the punishment still due to sin after absolution, a sentence served in Purgatory. A prayer learned by heart and

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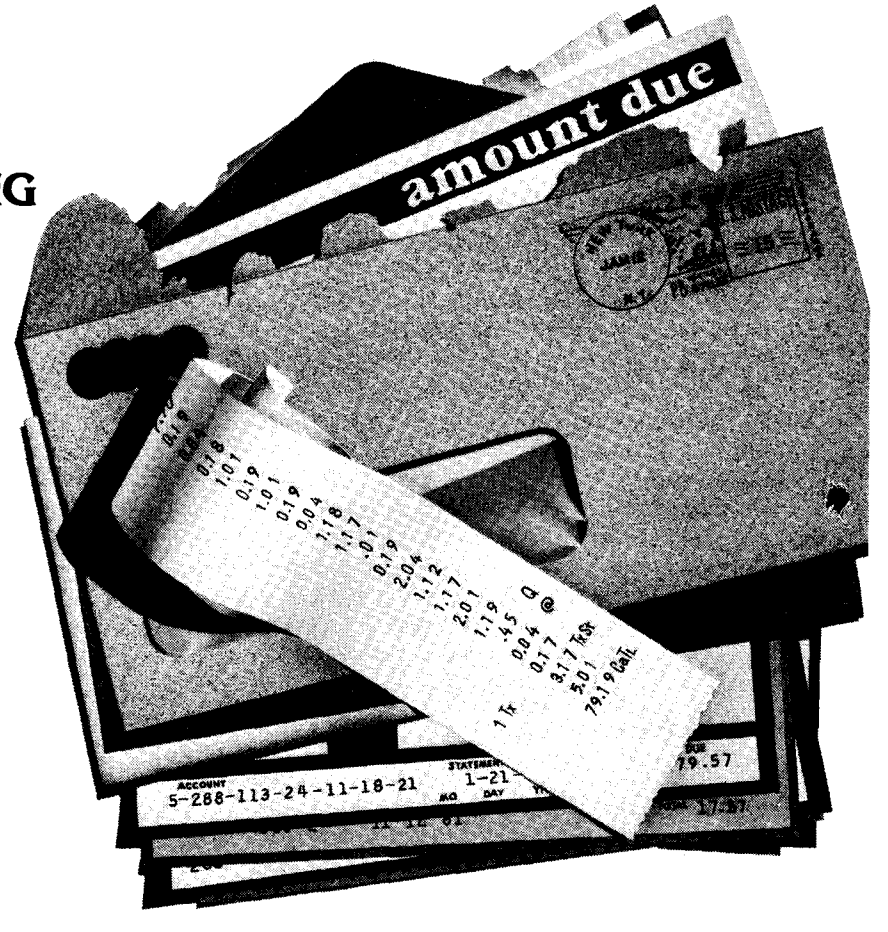

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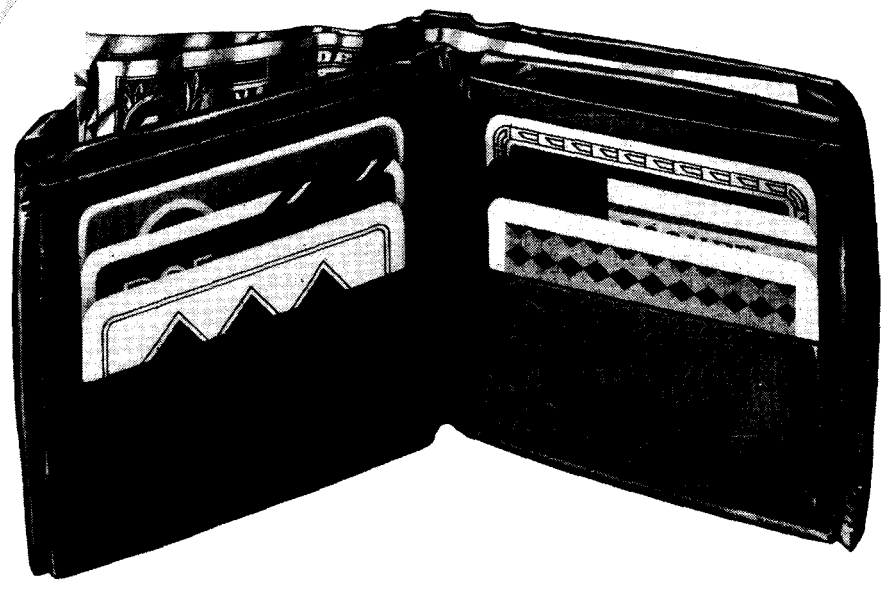

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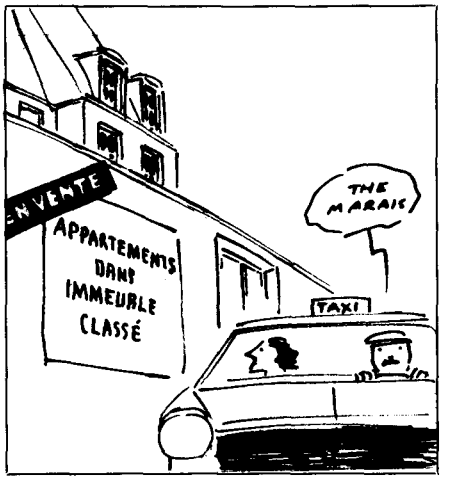
recited completely will earn 300 days. The notice has been there since 1907—the year Huysmans died. In 1907, the difference between 100 and 300 days could be measured out in eternity. About 50 million prayers a year took care of all the dead. Infinity appears as a manageable dimension. It is the street outside that seems unreasonable.

In the 1970s, when the value of property in Paris began its heady ascent, the Lazarists sold nearly all that was left of their land (we may now call it real estate). The sale resulted in the construction of an undistinguished apartment block, a supermarket, and a shopping arcade. The arcade is in reality a bleak tunnel of storefronts linking Rue de Sèvres to Rue du Cherche-Midi. Above the Rue de Sèvres entrance is its name: *"Passage Commercial."* For once, a clear purpose has not been disguised by something like "Pompadour's Pathway." Some of the shops never found takers; their windows still carry glazier's chalk marks. Some opened and closed rapidly. There is always one with a "For Rent" sign in the window. Like so many of the arbitrary projects foisted on Paris, the arcade does not work because it was not needed. Urban change, now, has virtually nothing to do with urban requirements. A considerable amount of innovation seems to drain the street of its vitality rather than to infuse it with new energy. It is not blight that is settling in but a new sickness—new to Paris, at least: architectural anemia.

THE MIND'S EYE is unreliable. It will see streets as dark as they were before André Malraux, in his incarnation as minister of culture, scraped away the dust and grime of centuries. Some people will tell you that Malraux had nothing to do with it, that an obscure police prefect brought into operation a law that had been shut away in a drawer for years. No matter; the brightening of Paris will stick to his name. The mind's eye crosses the Pont des Arts even though the bridge has been shut for a long time and may never be repaired; it lingers in Place Saint-Sulpice under enormous chestnut trees cut down years ago when the underground parking space was built. The asthmatic voice of French pop music is as consistently frail as it was in the sixties; a continuity of a kind. It suddenly delivers an unexpected line in English: "MacDonald is slipping on the canapé." This is not, as you would be justified in thinking, an incident during the usual wildebeest stampede to the buffet at a Paris cocktail party. It is intended to mean that MacDonald has dozed off on a sofa.

In Paris, churches still attract knots of beggars. Clochards wait outside the Chapel of the Miraculous Medal, in Rue du Bac, where Monsieur Vincent's heart is preserved, and where in 1830 Catherine Labouré found the Holy Virgin seated in an armchair. Some lie sound asleep, curled up on the sidewalk in an effluvium of urine and spilled wine. The



mind's eye has registered them once and for all as elderly alcoholics; actually, unemployment has brought a handful of younger recruits. Out-of-town pilgrims give them coins before hurrying across to the Bon Marché department store. St. Vincent de Paul, around the corner, has two visitors, Portuguese. One, who probably works as a cleaner, carries her rolled-up apron.

"My daughter," says a solemn man at a dinner party, "has to go to school with the children of Spanish and Portuguese concierges. In the so-called good neighborhoods"—his offhand way of saying he does not really mind where he lives—"most of the children are sent to private schools now. My daughter has no contact with her own culture."

He is left-leaning and would never object to his daughter's mingling with the foreign children—not aloud, at any rate. He disapproves of private schools in principle; they promote caste, they are usually denominational. Public, secular schools are still associated with the struggle to establish the Third Republic. To the suggestion that culture begins at home he replies that he is afraid his daughter's prolonged contact with Spanish children will affect her French.

This is a recent complaint. The blame for the decline of spoken French, particularly in Paris—its slurring and sloppiness, the intrusion into the language of alien words, nearly always given the wrong meanings—is placed on the number of foreign children now in the lower grades. (This does not mean that "Anglo-Saxon cultural imperialism" has been replaced as principal villain.) How much grasp people have of their native tongue in any culture is debatable. French has certainly been affected by a prime minister who did not pronounce his *t*'s and a garrulous Communist party leader unable to utter a *v*. Slavish emulation of the latter on the Communist left has given *pouwoir* for *pouvoir* and a curious *ourire* for *ouvrir*. (The Party keeps threatening to *ourire* political files that will knock the *pouwoir* sideways.) Meanwhile, speakers in the state-controlled media faithfully imitate the voice of *pouwoir* with *quession* for *question*.

"I hope," says the child's father, "that I do not offend your democratic susceptibilities." It must be borne in mind that no turn of phrase in French conversation is ever meant as a joke. "But the truth is that my daughter is bearing the cost of foreign assimilation."

The name on his place card at this formal table indicates clearly that his family had its start in Germany; a good name-detective could even spot the city. Of course, they have been French for a long time—"forever and ever," descendants of old immigration are apt wildly to say.

FERNAND RAYNAUD WAS a relaxed-sounding, pie-faced comedian who, until his death a few years ago, incarnated the hapless citizen at the stage where he has given up struggling against the system and is simply trying to get round it. Sketches such as the one in which the Parisian tries to call the suburb of Asnières and finds it so hope-

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less that he finally places the call through New York were within a hairline of possibility. De Gaulle had declared the telephone to be *"un gadget"* (defined in the Petit Robert dictionary as *"objet ménager amusant et nouveau"*), and investment in telephone equipment was out of the question until after his retirement. Raynaud would never have run for office; he was too successful, and much too nice. Only one of his sketches showed an unexpected edge of bitterness. He would come on as a dithering caricature of the low-grade civil servant, with a beret straight across his brow (nothing makes a man look more foolish), muttering, "I'm not idiotic. I can't be. I'm French. I'm a customs officer. I can't be idiotic. I'm a French functionary." The collocation of "I'm not idiotic" and "I'm French" seemed so self-evident that the audience would sit in perplexed stillness, waiting for the joke. Raynaud was playing on the ambiguity of feeling toward the *fonctionnaire*: a mixture of envy (he is the only worker in France with job security), contempt (he probably got his job through pull, and now sits there doing nothing), and simple fear (you never know how long his political reach might be). The silence never broke until Raynaud came to "I'm not idiotic. I'm French. My father was called [say] Grabolinsky and my mother was called [say] Pasticceria." The customs officer's deep imbecility was finally revealed—he only *thought* he was French. Raynaud's joke was on the audience, at the exact point of its laughter.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE immigration is still at the working-class level. The men often work in building trades—as construction workers, painters, plasterers, electricians. They perform odd jobs: a Portuguese window-cleaner says, "You would never find a Frenchman to do this." Rush around Paris on a *moto* in all weathers for a few francs, he means. No one bears the cost of his children's assimilation. They were on the way to becoming delinquents in their Paris suburb and he sent them home to be raised in his native village. There is an informal division of labor now: the Portuguese have the concierge business pretty well sewn up. They retain Latin habits, call-

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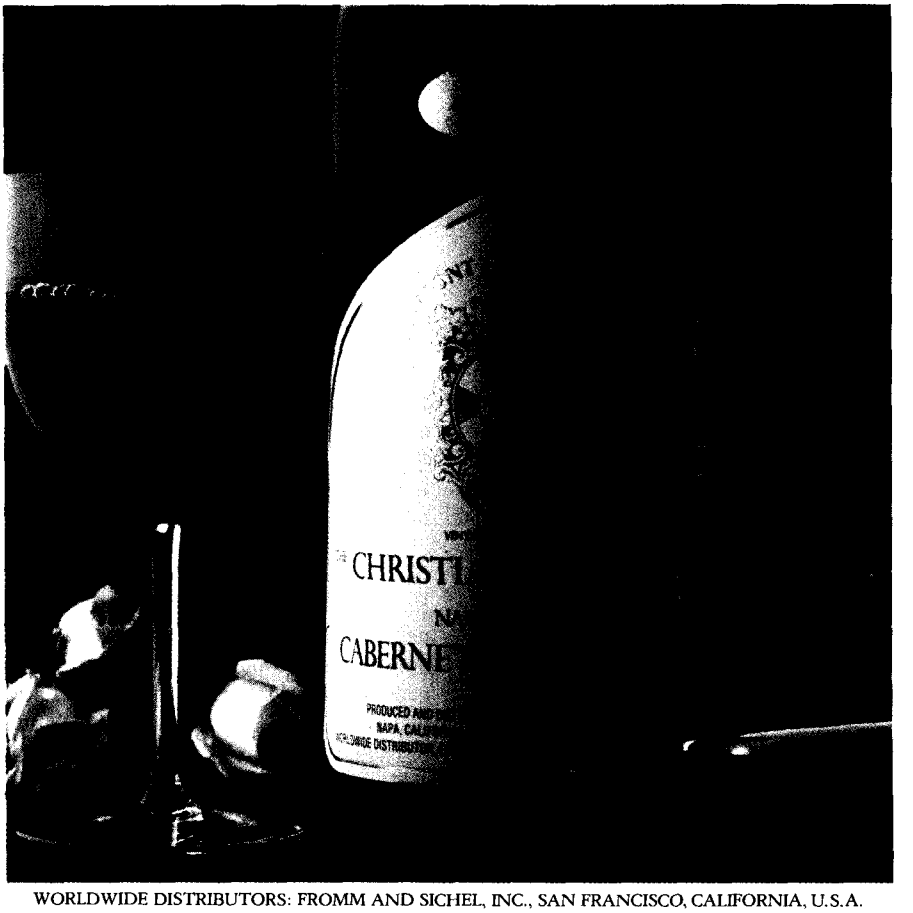

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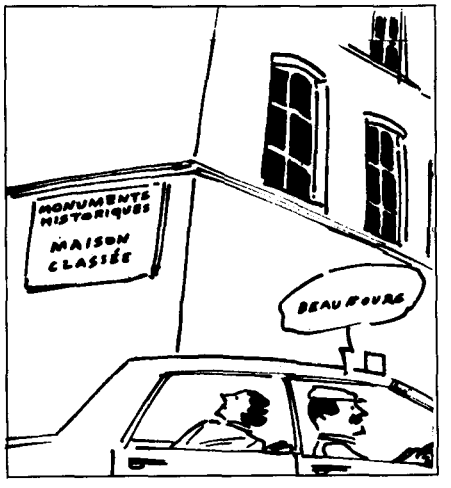
ing from windows. Their children play in the street, though after a few years of French schooling they become stiff and careful. The women are cleaners, seamstresses, maids, waitresses at private dinner parties. A Spanish woman solicited for a few hours' cleaning causes offense by saying she wants to think it over. With a million and a half unemployed, what is there to think about? But she is not unemployed—is not on the labor market, that is. Her husband works, they live on his earnings. *Bonne* ("maid") and *Espagnole* hang together, like *J'suis Français* and *J'suis pas idiot.* She has no business refusing. Women say *"mon Espagnole," "ma Portuguaise"*; no one asks, "Your Spanish what?"

The Spanish maid has become a stock character in boulevard theater, in those plays that are sold out from season to season and that die in translation. The ringing white telephone (first sound, first act) used to be answered by a pert maid carrying a feather duster—Adèle, Angèle. Now, the *bonne Espagnole* slouches on, raising the spirits of the audience by having a funny accent. The same setting has been used since the 1920s: ferociously lighted living room, French doors opening into a blazing void, staircase with wrought-iron banisters, loggia from which Monsieur or Madame will overhear the second-act indiscretion. Monsieur is still sleeping, and no wonder—the room is full of empty champagne bottles and shed clothes. Madame has gone out, screams the *Espagnole,* obliging the audience with the story so far, or perhaps Madame simply never came home. Monsieur (striped dressing gown, Charvet ascot) descends the stairs. "Who was it, Concepción?" Her very name reduces the house to sobbing laughter. Out of a torrent of incomprehension emerges a clue about the caller: either Monsieur's mistress's husband or Madame's lover. Since the death of the Third Republic there has been only one change: the *bonne* is *Espagnole.* The displaced person enters the art of the host country as a joke.

FÉLIX POTIN WAS a name that stood for middle-class dinner tables. Wines, butter, coffee, and sugar of superior quality were purchased in Félix Potin stores. The name was a novelist's shortcut: "Far from supposing that Ludovic was at this moment waiting for a train in Dijon, Mme. Sanglot serenely picked her way across the agitated boulevard, on her way to shop at Félix Potin." Now the name means chain stores, shopping carts, reasonably cheap food, though the least of the price tags would seem lunatic to Americans. The women at the check-out counters are often Asian and black. During holiday weekends, when Parisians—French Parisians—depart to the Alps for spring skiing, shoppers are suddenly Portuguese, North African: the metropolitan residue. Rue de Sèvres shrinks to a chain store, an arcade lined with storefronts, half of them blank, a silent chapel with a saint in it. The store, too, is on land that used



to belong to the Lazarists.

For the children it is homely, timeless, reassuring. They will never hear their parents deploring the ruin of Paris, or learn nostalgia at second hand. Some probably never stray out of the neighborhood, but that is a Parisian habit. (There are schoolchildren living in outer *arrondissements* who not only have never crossed the Seine but have never seen it.)

The hub of their world is the Montparnasse tower, at the top of the Rue de Rennes. It has been there forever; the urban litter—the fast-food counters set out along the boulevard, the drifts of greasy sandwich papers on the sidewalk—has no beginning. The old Montparnasse railway station, which the tower replaced, was there some fourteen years ago; there are people still living in the neighborhood who went by it every day. Oddly enough, no one can quite say what it looked like. It was low, it was gray, and, yes, it was dirty and run-down. What else? The wooden floors sloped and creaked. There were always a few pimps hanging about, waiting to catch the Breton village girls as they stepped off the train. No one denies that the station was inefficient and had to be replaced. But a postcard view of it arouses no immediate recognition. It might as well have been torn down sixty years ago. What people do recall is that the streets around the station were not as shabby and anonymous as they seem now. There have been few structural changes apart from the tower, which still makes the older buildings look dwarfed and absurd. The changes it has attracted (pizza parlors instead of family restaurants) seem to blind the mind's eye. The nature of a neighborhood has been so fundamentally altered by a single *unnecessary* structure that collective memory is wiped clean.

THE WINDY LITTLE square on the far side of the Bon Marché department store contains the bust of a forgotten hero—the founder of the store, who donated the land to the city. It belongs not to the annals of Paris but to a subplot in a malicious novel by Anatole France. There is also a sandpit and a slide. Nothing remarkable, except that such amenities are well within the generation of under-nines. That children are allowed to crouch in very dirty sand with bucket and spade is in itself a tremendous evolution. Until just a few years ago, a foreign parent inviting a child to play with her own would find on the doorstep a mother and child dressed as though for a formal wedding, expecting a quiet *goûter* and an organdy tablecloth. ("They don't know how to play" was a frequent complaint of English-speaking children.)

Now the children of Paris wear comfortable clothes, and that race of tense, elderly, overdressed young has all but disappeared. It is the children of immigrants who are often set down in the sandpit wearing pale colors, with heavy instructions about keeping clean. That there is little mixing is not necessarily a sign of infant xenophobia: children become Parisian before they become French. They observe one another with the brief, prudent, Parisian appraisal that takes in the unknown without

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acknowledging it. The very small may communicate to the extent of grabbing a toy. Two mothers negotiating the return of a battered plastic cup call to mind one of those French inheritance tangles where brothers and sisters can fight for eight years, tooth and claw, over a worn-out carpet.

Moslems apart, *immigré* parents are careful to give French-born children French names, often choosing those that Paris fashion has left behind. Parents are no longer bound to a state-imposed list of saints and heroes. Bretons who were brave enough to insist on Celtic names used to find themselves raising families without birth certificates, civil status, or legal existence; the children were barred from schools and ineligible for any form of social security. Now that Gwladys is allowed, one never hears it. The sandboxes are populated with Clotildes and Aymars, Clémences and Cyrilles. Birth notices in *Le Figaro* for some time now have been introducing a generation of Laetitias, Virginies, Valentins, and Valentines. It is usual to have a new birth announced "with immense joy" by brothers and sisters who are probably, in fact, gritting their milk teeth. Not long ago Aurélien and Pernelle reported the arrival of Aymeric, while another troop of siblings introduced Élisabeth-Aliénor-Théophilae. Of the new wave of names, southern immigrants greatly favor Vanessa and Sandra. Otherwise they settle for *petits noms* that sound familiar: Maïté (Marie-Thérèse) and Marilu (Marie-Louise).

A child who has fallen down and hurt himself is set on his feet and smacked. "Do you want your face slapped?" a mother asks two little boys who are doing no more than romping. But a child's wail does not necessarily describe humiliation and shock now. Quite often he is simply being mulish and getting away with it. The voice of infant protest has crossed the Atlantic, a few years after the news about women. Children can even be seen sucking their thumbs in public, or clutching a close friend—a diaper or a small pillowcase. Even two years ago it would have been beyond imagining.

Such consolations are absolutely forbidden to immigrant children, who get soundly whacked for putting their thumbs in their mouths. Mediterranean warmth congeals in the north. The mothers are tired and bewildered, lone-

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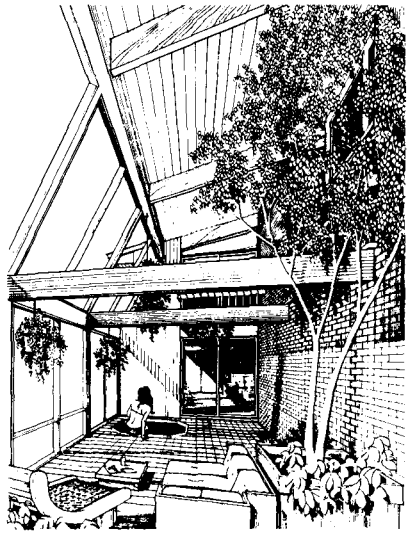

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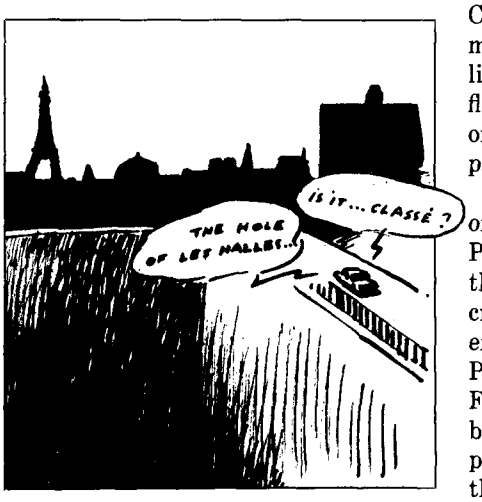
ly and lost. The maternal hand, raised and threatening, is a gesture against life.

"BAD TASTE LEADS to crime." It has been attributed to Sainte-Beuve, to Stendhal, and to Prosper Mérimée, each of whom quoted it. Actually, it was said by a friend of all three, the Baron de Mareste. He was witty, clever, worldly, cultivated, erudite, elegant, and intelligent—in short, an obsolescent species of Parisian. If he still lived, no writer would bother to quote him. Most would shy off even being seen with him. Laughter is intellectually compromising.

Good taste probably leads to bankruptcy. Because of "the decline of atmosphere," rising costs, and a feeling of saturation, there has been a migration of the affluent to the third and fourth *arrondissements*, on the Right Bank, where the most expensive condominiums in Paris are being built almost as fast as permits can be issued. (Fifteen years ago, apartments could be had in the area for bread and butter.) The new settlers crave the old, lost feeling of the Left Bank, an intangible something to do with art. Art means culture, culture means the past, the past means "our cultural patrimony," which is bound to include some of the stuff in the attic. For an intangible something, it comes pretty high. "Atmosphere is a means of exchange," says a real estate agent, quite seriously. The new residents of the Marais, whose arrival has caused an exodus of artisans and the death of their crafts, want a cracking good investment first, then the cultural jam on the bread. They get both. Atmosphere means a house that looks old, on the site of one authentic and destroyed. Sometimes part of the façade is kept, though "seventeenth century" in an advertisement can mean just a scrap of lintel. A mock vestibule contains a piece of staircase leading nowhere. Behind this eminently useless remnant a door opens into a room that looks like the lobby of a private clinic. There is a receptionist in lieu of a concierge, and 250 mailboxes.

Andrée Jacob, *Le Monde*'s crusading specialist on such matters, was born and raised in the Marais. She knows where every stone was quarried. Tiny, tireless, in her mid-seventies, she reports on irreplaceable buildings allowed to crumble for obscure commercial reasons, on fake and gimcrack reconstruction. Some of her fiery articles would bring down libel suits if the people behind the institutions accused did not know that she has, as she puts it, "the dossiers." And so they wait until the ripple of public indignation settles; it never takes long. "They just let the situation rot," she says. Faithfully read, widely respected, she has managed to prevent no more than four or five demolitions, and then only because there were no great financial interests at stake. She has learned that nothing can be done against a combination of political influence, private corporations, and state-controlled banks.

That mixture of state and private



enterprise, of nationalized and private funding, is the elastic tissue of Paris operations. Friendship is the backbone. Men who would not have given one another the time of day twenty years ago are now, if not hand-in-hand, at least seeing things eye-to-eye. There have been odd alliances before: see Balzac; see Zola. It is not so much a new class as a mutation. These are the sleeker, more careful, more soft-spoken men in narrow suits, the trim generation of the Fifth Republic. Ceremonial, partial to rigid etiquette and to thought-out marriages, they give rise to taradiddles about a new aristocracy, a royal dynasty based on urban real estate. It is nonsense, of course. Real royals are generally placid and dowdy. Here, there is a twitchiness beneath the gloss, and the chic of the gloss itself is a giveaway. The mutant carries genes handed on from a tripe-eating, money-counting, land-grabbing Third Republic ancestor, red-faced and coarse, with a napkin tucked under his chin to make sure no one else gets the crumbs.

The unholy mess at Les Halles is their creation. The park and garden promised before the central market was removed to a suburb and the handsome Victor Baltard pavilions were torn down never materialized. It should not have surprised anyone with a memory: a garden was supposed to replace the old Montparnasse railway station. At Les Halles, there is a deep hole in the ground (no one can tell you why it was dug) and a trivial shopping center. The muddle of interests responsible for the Forum, as they dared to call it, was powerful enough to have the inauguration treated in the media as an event on a level with the consecration of Chartres Cathedral. Parisians—a good many—were actually tricked into believing that an insignificant and superfluous commercial structure was part of that greater structure, the cultural patrimony.

My Guide Michelin calls the church of Saint-Eustache the most beautiful in Paris after Notre Dame. Its closeness to the Forum has been ammunition for critics: on one hand, the most complete example of Renaissance decoration in Paris, and the trumpery taste of the Fifth Republic on the other. Curiously, both buildings seem stranded, two orphans with nothing in common except their isolation from their surroundings.

Whatever is built in Paris is built in a void. There is no contemporary building to which a new structure can be likened. Critics reach back 400 years to make a point. The point is, inevitably, reactionary. In the Lazarist chapel, visitors kiss a pane of glass. In the Chapel of the Miraculous Medal, busloads of pilgrims line up to kiss the plastic-covered armchair from which the Holy Virgin addressed Catherine Labouré. The first seems moving, the latter somehow disturbing. If it comes down to what substance is being embraced, glass or plastic, then that is a reactionary distinction too. It is like putting one's faith—aesthetic or spiritual, just as you like—in nothing but burnished bronze.

To the tune of publicity that could have been scored for the great organ of Notre Dame, "the most beautiful res-

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taurant in Paris," as no one failed to call it, opened last winter in Rue Saint-Martin, "facing the unspeakable Pompidou's Building [the Beaubourg art center], to which it will serve as an antithesis." That was *Le Monde*'s restaurant critic, writing with even more liveliness than usual—*immonde* ("unspeakable") can also be rendered as "disgusting and foul."

La Ciboulette, hailed rather prematurely as a meeting ground for well-heeled members of the intelligentsia and as the Right Bank equivalent, in spirit, of Brasserie Lipp, occupies the three floors of a seventeenth-century house, originally built for a banker. The building is "classified," meaning that it cannot be restored more than it has been already, and that the state will lend a hand should it start to crumble. Actually, Lipp and Ciboulette have not so much as a dessert spoon in common. For one thing, it is distressing at Lipp to be sent upstairs. It means you have missed the dead-on tone of temperate confidence required for getting a table on the ground floor. (The food is the same.) At Ciboulette, it is chic to climb. The higher you go (there is an elevator), the giddier the prices and—in line with the doll-house trend of the seventies, elsewhere starting to decline—the more elfin the servings.

Beaubourg used to be the bankers' quarter. If one considers the sums asked for apartments in the renovated and "classified" buildings nearby, one must conclude that it is surely to bankers that the quarter will return. But then, no banker with an image of soundness to protect would move into a dwelling of such inexorable cuteness. The past belongs to those who can afford to turn it into an urban fairy tale. The present is for the dispossessed, eased out of the city to the concrete ring to the treeless suburbs. That ring of slabs-with-windows surrounds most of the great cities of Europe now. Architects will tell you it can't be helped; there are too many people; too many are in Paris; they have to be put somewhere.

THE BEAUBOURG CENTER itself has been discussed into the ground: being there is like being in a factory; in a refinery; in the airport at Roissy. On

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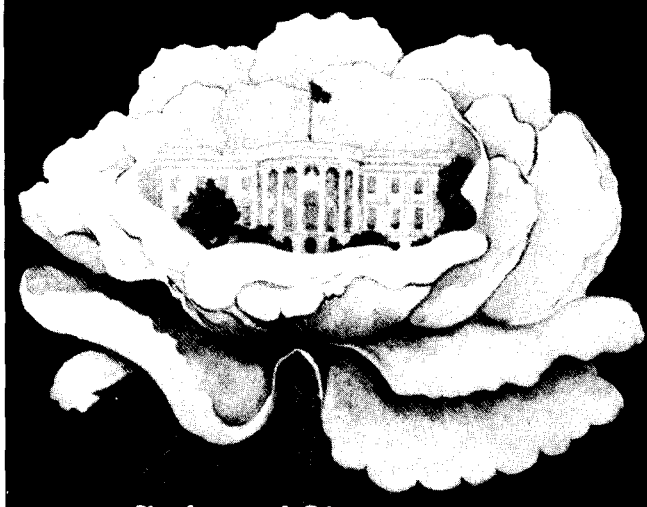

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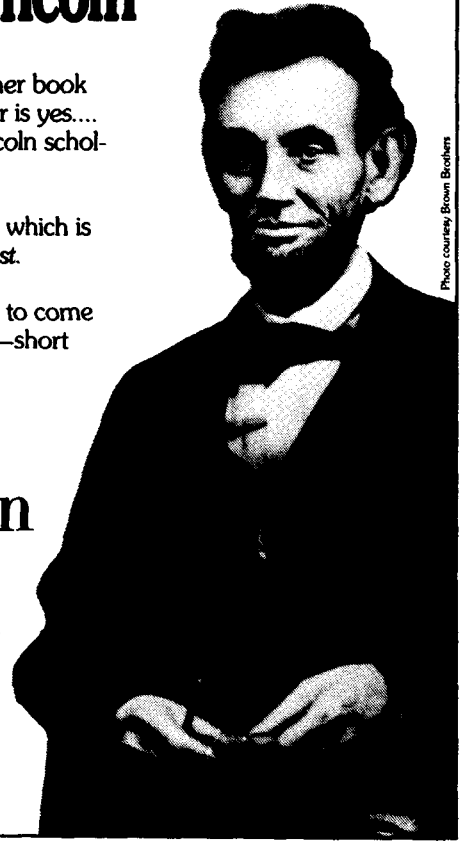

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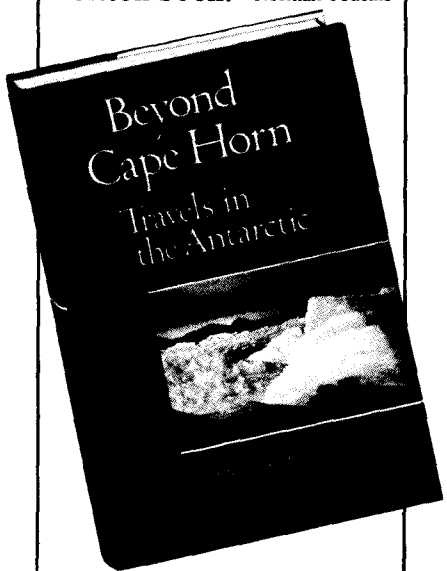

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those long gray expanses one waits to hear a flight called. To some, it was a delayed, nostalgic tribute to the 1960s, already obsolete by the time it opened, in 1977. Something went wrong, if one can believe the spate of articles called "The End of a Dream" and "Good-bye to Utopia" and "Beaubourg Sings the Blues." It is disorganized, inefficient, with a depressed and dwindled staff putting together shows of steadily diminishing quality. The high point was the Paris-Berlin exhibition, in 1978; since then, it has been downhill all the way. It is difficult to keep in mind that an experience only four years old is being appraised. "For a time," says a journalist, "it was like a mayonnaise that took; now, it has curdled." This suggests what must have been expected: something smooth that would slip down.

It is true that millions of visitors have been clocked. Most of them wander about the ground floor, where it costs nothing. They are often young and unemployed. If the place has not served its intended purpose, it has at least become a focal point for people who have nowhere else to go. They come in from the concrete ring. The new rapid underground trains bring them to the heart of the city in fifteen minutes. They seldom see anything more; Paris *is* Beaubourg. They know less of the city than immigrants' children who move from park to school to chain store. They come out of a world entirely remote to Parisians. It could be a foreign film, a place from another decade. It is a world where, for the young, there is absolutely nothing to do, nothing to see, nothing to think about. There are no playgrounds; small children play at setting fires in garbage cans. Tell some of the older ones that here there were trees, houses with breathing space, and watch the look you get: puzzled, then wondering, then doubting, then indifferent. Those under ten steal from supermarkets; up to sixteen, anything on two wheels; sixteen and over, cars. They hang about in cellars, scrawling Nazi slogans on the walls. They are not sure what the slogans mean: *"C'est pour faire gueuler."* But the only adults to roar with rage are building superintendents. (No one else goes down there, except the occasional journalist who takes pictures and sounds as if he had just swum the Congo at the risk of being snapped at by the crocodiles.) The young seldom carry weapons; guns are extremely difficult to get in France. It is less dangerous than that, and simpler and sadder.

Beaubourg is their urban initiation. They sit on the floor, swarm up and down the escalators. Their faces are wary and bright; they give off a feeling of boundless, unused energy, draining away in mischief. One wonders if any society is so rich in youth and strength and vivacity that it can afford such a waste. The subject of endless sociological discussion, written about as if they were lumps of unrefined material that could never be used to make a lasting structure, they are not the subject of art. The novelists of the Fifth Republic, like its filmmakers, stick to minute bourgeois cheese-parings, the mouse-view. The center, at any rate, belongs to the young, with its sloping piazza, the escalators for exercise (they are often stalled), and the spectacular view of an unexplored city growing and spreading as they climb.

Selective disapproval manages to leave out the fact that Beaubourg captures and radiates immense vitality. Rue Saint-Martin breathes the way European cities must have breathed during those bursts of construction between plagues and wars. What is built is one thing and what the street may turn into is something else again. An art center has not attracted art or artists. It draws tourists, to whom it is a Parisian freak; a flow of restless, rootless young; speculators.

Until a year ago there were two art galleries in the block facing the center. They opened with high hopes along with the center, and quietly packed up and moved back to the Left Bank less than three years later. One was replaced by a bookstore with a large discount trade, the other by a beautiful eating place. The seventeenth-century banker's house was decaying quietly as a raincoat factory until five years ago, when it was taken over, restored, and turned into "the most beautiful art gallery in Paris." Then and then only it became "classified."

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL church in Paris after Notre Dame" was started in 1532 and consecrated, with a piece or two still missing, more than a

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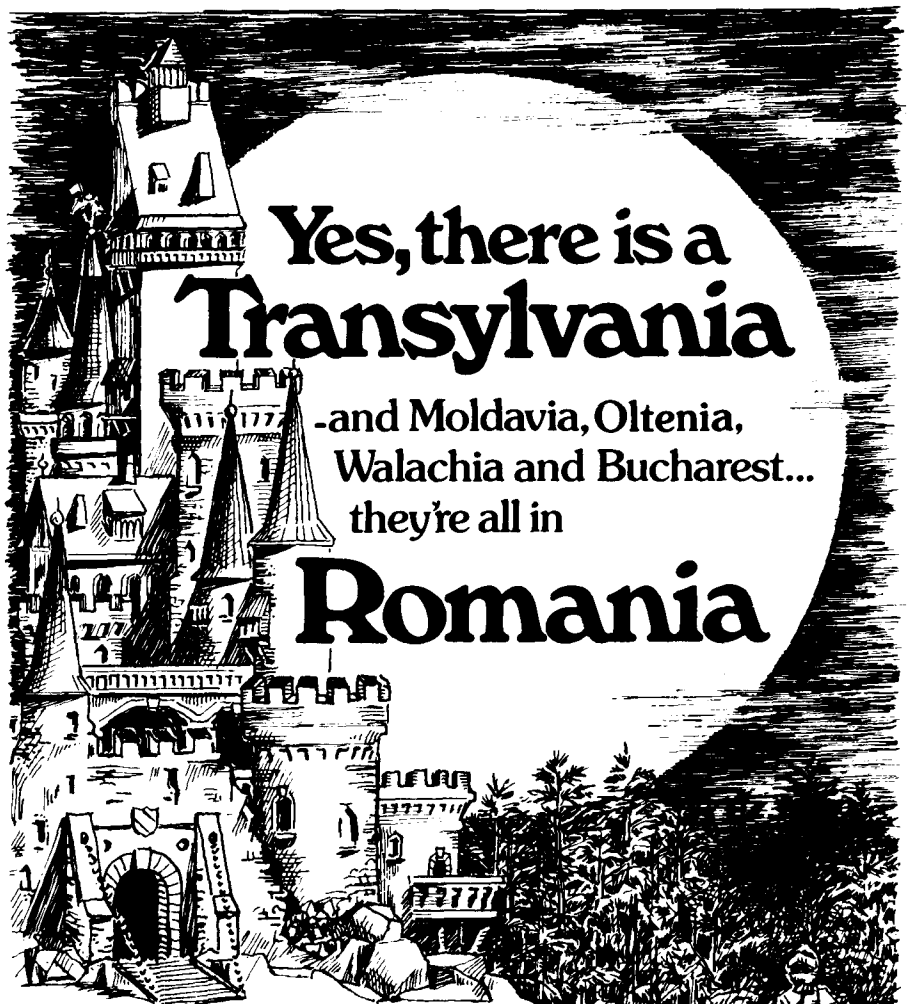
century later. During those hundred years, taste had changed even more radically than in our own century. The original plans for Saint-Eustache were like a final look at the religious architecture of the Middle Ages. By the time the building was ready to be decorated, the taste of a new age prevailed. The result was a patchwork that a still later age would find lamentable. The 1828 edition of a guide to Paris ("Le Véritable Conducteur Parisien") deplored "the poor taste of the architect" and "the confused mixture of Latin and Greek."

Viollet-le-Duc hated the Renaissance, which explains his loathing of the interior of Saint-Eustache; however, he was not the only person to see it as "badly conceived, badly built, a confused mass of debris borrowed from all sides . . . a kind of Gothic skeleton covered in Roman rags stitched together like a harlequin suit."

By the time Saint-Eustache was completed, in 1642, there was absolutely no one living who could describe what had been there before. In fact, a chapel had stood there for 300 years before it was demolished to make way for a more modern, more imposing church. Conceivably, people in the neighborhood were disturbed to watch it being torn down. They had been christened and married there; their parents had been taken from the chapel to their burial ground. The wiping out of a 300-year-old chapel 450 years ago does not arouse our nostalgia. It does not enter our minds to say that if it still existed Paris would be more attractive or easier to live in. Three hundred years at such a remove seem dwindled, short. The loss of a building 150 years old, closer in time, is the work of vandals. Saint-Eustache now looks not like an architectural patchwork but like a harmonious and splendid reproach to anything built within yards of it. As for the chapel, we can try to imagine what it must have looked like, and we can be sure that it was there, for three shrunken centuries. The danger will be when a whole generation of Parisians, for want of knowing, will answer "What was here before?" with "Nothing."

—Mavis Gallant

Mavis Gallant is the author of two novels and several collections of short stories. She lives in Paris and is currently working on a book about the Dreyfus case.



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THE MUSEUM

BY IAN FRAZIER

ON COLD, COLD WINTER NIGHTS—when pitiless wolves come bounding across the frozen surface of Gunflint Lake, on the border between Minnesota and Ontario, now yipping and snarling, now calling in a high-pitched, keening wail, now silent and intent, pursuing a whitetail deer that they have startled from its bed, moving like shadows across the snow through the forests of alder and pine and white spruce and red osier dogwood in an easy lope that can carry them for miles without tiring—then is the best time to raise funds for the Pitiless Lamb-Murder Museum.

I am Sandy ffonville-Woof, the curator of the museum. My mother was a ffonville, from one of the first families of St. Paul, Minnesota, and through her I trace my ancestry back to Norman nobility. My father was a huge timber wolf. (The word, by the way, is properly spelled as it should be pronounced—*woof*, with a short *oo*—and I continue to spell my name the older, more correct way, rather than accept the modern corruption, *wolf*, a word I can spell but not for the life of me pronounce.) In the winter of 1928, one of the coldest winters anyone remembers, my mother was staying at her family's cabin in Minnesota's Boundary Waters. One night, right around midnight, with curtains of Northern Lights in the background, she met a huge eastern timber woof bounding across the frozen surface of Gunflint Lake. They fell in love, and the following June they were married in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in St. Paul, my mother wearing a gown of cream-colored tulle trimmed with Venetian lace and holding a bouquet of black-eyed Susans and baby's breath, and my father yipping, snarling, biting, and howling a high-pitched, keening wail.

I was born a normal boy except for the woofish silver-gray hackles between my shoulder blades, and I grew up in a loving crowd of uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandparents. I had the first go-cart in the neighborhood. It was gas-powered and could go twenty-five miles an hour. One day I drove it off the track that Grandpa ffonville had built for me and onto Interstate 35, which ran near our house, and when my mother found out she sent me to bed without my supper. I lay in bed scared to death that when my father came

home he would nip me about the head and shoulders with his powerful jaws, which made a sound like two pieces of floorboarding being clapped together. When I heard his claws click across the tile of the family room downstairs, I crawled to the far end of the bed and hid under the covers. But when I peeked out, I saw him coming through the door at an easy canter carrying a fat yearling heifer that must have weighed almost as much as he did, full off the floor. He dropped it next to my bed, and then he showed me how to find the choicest parts—the hindquarters, the loin, and the leaf fat around the kidneys. Then we took the carcass outside and buried it in the back yard.

My mother, accustomed to the usages of St. Paul society, never really fit in with the pack of ravenous, tireless timber wooves that my father hunted with. I remember when he tried to teach her how to bobtail cattle—that is, how to chase cattle across a pasture and snip their tails off at full speed with one powerful bite. She tried and tried, but, lacking two- and three-inch-long canine teeth, she never could get the hang of it. My father, for his part, did not get along well with her family, and sometimes when they came by the house he would harry them across frozen wastelands for days until they dropped from sheer exhaustion. But I believe that, deep down, my parents were devoted to each other. Wooves mate for life, and after my mother died my father never took another mate. He lost himself in his work, and became one of the last great stock-killing wooves of northern Minnesota. He eluded government trappers who came from seven states to try to end his depredations, and although no sign was seen of him in the territory after 1963, he was never captured.

IT WAS THROUGH A FRIEND of my father, Old Three Toes of Lac Qui Parle County, that I first became involved with the Pitiless Lamb-Murder Museum. I was in my early thirties at the time, working for the St. Paul Historical Society, and dissatisfied because I felt the society did not put enough emphasis on the hamstringing of sheep. Then Old Three Toes led me, with barks and whines, to a museum in the twilit north woods of Minnesota's Boundary Waters—a museum founded in 1906 by pitiless, yipping, snarling, biting, hamstringing wooves to commemorate the slaughter of helpless, fleecy-white little lambs. I realized immediately that I had found my life's work.

The Pitiless Lamb-Murder Museum sits in a broad clearing in the northern forest of alder and pine and white spruce and red osier dogwood. In front of the museum are the bobtailing grounds, with spectator stands and stock chutes at one end, and a practice area and special tooth-sharpening rocks at the other. Behind the museum are the pens for cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, deer, caribou, elk, reindeer, bighorn rams, dall sheep, mountain goats, varying hares, marmots, ground squirrels, rabbits, lemmings, and mice. Entering the museum at an easy lope, the visitor first passes through the Outrages in Broad Daylight exhibits. There, helpless immigrants huddle on tree limbs while red wooves made bold by hunger devour their draft oxen and mules, animals that represent the immigrants' life savings. It is midday, but

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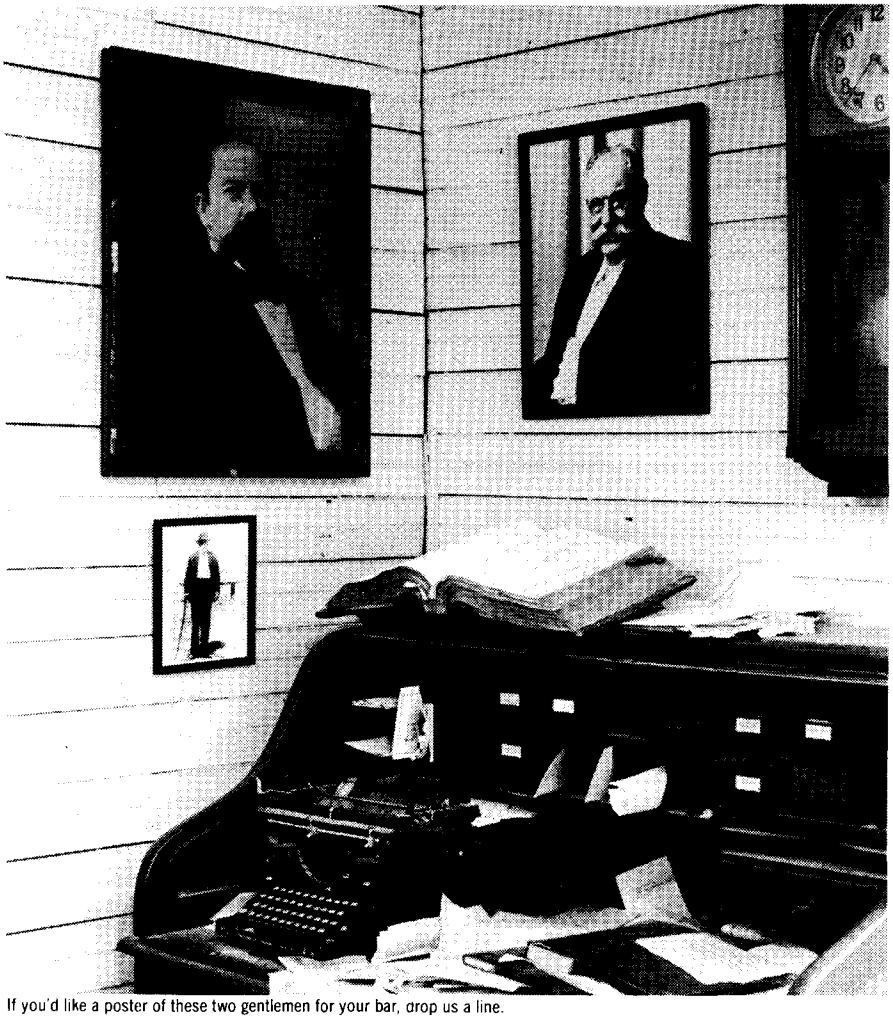
the wooves do not care. There, also, gunmetal-blue wooves, five feet tall at the shoulders, with bright orange teeth, follow close behind office workers on their way to their jobs in northern cities, breathing horrible woof-breath down their necks. In another exhibit, you see first blue-eyed, fluffy white baby lambs with pink ribbons around their necks frolicking innocently around gentle, benign wooves. Next, you see the wooves' expressions change to interest. Then you see the wooves staggering meat-drunk, and nothing left of the lambs but pieces of pink ribbon in woof stool.

In the rest of the museum, it is night. In most of the exhibits, it is an arctic night, so cold that your nostril hairs freeze and break off. In one exhibit, there are no wooves, only woof howls, and two thousand frightened caribou. A pack of wooves have spread out over the caribou's night range, and a woof howls. The caribou run from him. Then the next woof howls, and the caribou run from him. Then the next woof, and the next, and so on until morning, when grinning wooves descend on the exhausted herd. Another display shows a blinding snowstorm, with huge flakes driven by a sixty-mile-an-hour wind. A herd of deer is yarding—standing close together in a small clearing in the deep woods for warmth—when suddenly out of the storm, as if they were part of the storm themselves, without warning leap pitiless Leonard Woof, Virginia Woof, and Thomas Woof, their hackles hoary with snow, cruel teeth bared, plumes of steam blowing from their flared nostrils. They bring down many more of the deer than they could possibly eat, apparently just for the fun of it!

Wooves, pitiless wooves, my ancestors, now driven to the extreme places of the continent!

Thanks should go to the National Trust for Historic Preservation and the Tandy Company for the generous grants that have enabled the museum to continue its work, and that sponsored the clinics at the museum for wooves, coyotes, and coydogs. With help, the museum does what it can, remembering that nothing anyone could do today will ever bring back the age of unchecked predation by wooves.

Ian Frazier is a staff writer for The New Yorker.



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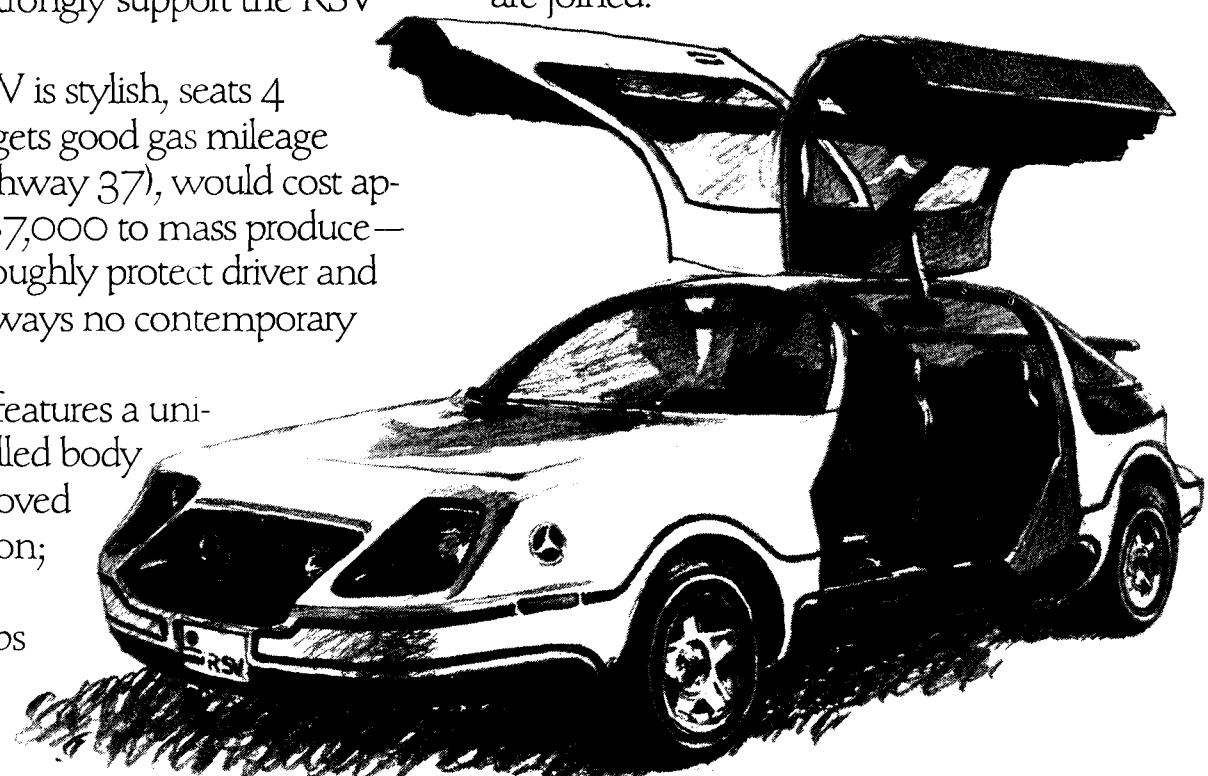

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Conflict among true believers

THE NEW ECONOMIC FAITH

BY ROBERT B. ZEVIN

THE CONTINUING GAINS OF conservative thought in economics are impressive by any measure. It is difficult to find an economist who still refers to himself as a "Keynesian." Economists are now likely to describe themselves as "neo-" or "post-" or "eclectic but mostly" Keynesian. The intent of these prefixes, simple or compound, is to apologize.

Only a decade ago the conservatives' doctrine was characterized as "neoclassical economics." Where are the neoclassical economists now that theirs is a majority view of the world? They have become supply-side economists, believers in rational expectations, monetarists. They are unashamed to cling to the doctrinal purity of the economic theories propounded 100 years ago by Alfred Marshall and 200 years ago by Adam Smith. Victorious, they are classicists without prefix.

The successful conservative advance on our minds has been reflected in an equally successful capture of political power. The consequences of victory are abundant and plainly visible.

• In February of 1979 the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress of the United States completed its thirty-third annual report, as required by the Full Employment Act of 1946. For the first time in two decades the report was unanimously endorsed by representatives and senators from both the Republican minority and the Democratic majority. Its forty-two recommendations can be fairly summarized as nearly replicating the economic platform adopted at the Republican convention in the summer of 1980: the report denounced wage and price controls, excessive regulation, and government inefficiency; emphasized the primary importance of fighting inflation rather than unemployment; advocated monetary restraint, tax restraint, and spending restraint; endorsed special incentives for savers and investors.

• In the summer of 1979 the Carter Administration passed through a prophetic political and economic crisis. The Cabinet was reshuffled in a distinctly conservative direction, and Paul Volcker was appointed chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. Volcker is an impressively articulate, skillful, and thoughtful man who has a natural preference for pragmatic solutions over ideological dogma. Nevertheless, he has been clearly identified with the economic ideology of the right. He led the temperate monetarists of the policy-making Open Market Committee of the Federal Reserve System while serving as president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

• In a dramatic announcement in the late evening of October 6, 1979, the central bank of the United States committed itself without mitigation to the doctrine of monetarism, a doctrine that is the nexus of the new conservative movement.

• The final ratification of conservative victory came on November 4, 1980, when Ronald Reagan won a margin unusually decisive for recent elections and led the Republicans to control of the Senate and to strong gains in the House. In addition, the electorate demonstrated an ideological consistency that had not been seen for decades.

This record covers only the past two years of conservative ascendance in the United States; in fact, it has encompassed most of the past fifteen years and most of the world.

As the conservatives' ranks have swelled and their conquests multiplied, internal divisions among them have grown apace. In particular, established theorists have been subjected to increasingly harsh attacks from newer, younger, more militant converts to the faith. On December 30, 1980, in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*, Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Nixon and Ford, and one of the most pragmatic members of the beseiged Old Guard, acknowledged the state of affairs and held out an olive branch of sorts: "We are all conservatives now—since November 4. And now it is necessary, of course, to have two or more schools of conservatism, since universal agreement would be intolerable."

Just as it was advisable for the nineteenth-century inhabitants of most of Asia and Africa to understand the complex beliefs and divisions in the faith of their Christian colonizers, so it behooves all of us, whether we consider ourselves conquered or converted, to understand the doctrines that unite and divide the now dominant conservative economic faith.

THE CONSERVATIVE GARDEN OF EDEN

The first credo among all conservatives has always been that freely competitive markets, in which individuals compete without unfair advantage to maximize their own well-being, are optimally efficient. This principle holds not only for practical problems—the production of goods and services—but for the social and ethical ques-

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tions of how justice and liberty can best be ensured.

There is an impressive and elegant collection of theories produced over the past two centuries that presents optimal results as logical consequences of the rational pursuit of self-interest, if there is competition. Direct assaults on the internal logic of this theory have been infrequent and usually unsuccessful. It is now generally agreed that competition is imperfect in most markets; but the conclusions of the theory of perfect competition are left reasonably intact after allowing for some degree of imperfection. It is also understood that, for instance, a profit-maximizing steel mill may rationally choose to pollute the air all of us breathe, thereby requiring some non-market form of social intervention.

What separates the faithful from the detractors is not so much the logical structure of the conservative dogma as the prime postulate. The exposition, after all, is about what happens in an economy *if* there is a reasonable degree of competition in most sectors. Those who deduce from the theory of competition policy recommendations for less interference and management of the economy are implicitly asserting that there is competition in most of the economy, or that there would be in the absence of a smothering government presence. The non-believers have always been united in the conviction that competition was lacking entirely, or weakened beyond use, in significant parts of the economy.

Whatever might have been the objective innocence of the economists who developed the pure theory of perfect competition, its fundamental postulate tended naturally to attract support from those who saw their immediate interests enhanced. In the beginning, its supporters were a new class of capitalists bent on simultaneous revolutions in the existing political and economic structures.

A century later, the same faith naturally tended to attract a different set of adherents. The assertion that an adequate degree of competition does in fact exist, and that this objective circumstance assures just and efficient solutions to social and economic problems if governments do not intervene unnecessarily, appeals to those already enjoying the most favorable circumstances. Those who receive the most from the present system are the most pleased to be told how optimally it functions and how tampering with it would be as dangerous to the general welfare as it could be to their own well-being. No one is happier to hear the virtues of competition extolled than the monopolist, no one more anxious to join the assault on granting further government privilege than the present recipient.

By the twentieth century, the free market was no longer a standard against which its believers measured the velocity of progress. It had become a way of describing—and defending—the status quo. In today's atmosphere of despair and decay, the free market has become a version of the golden-age past that would be restored if only we pruned away the social and economic programs of the last half-century. As free-market ideology has become more closely associated with the defense of established private wealth and power, its advocates have shown an increasingly strong aversion to perfecting a public policy consistent with their theory, i.e. a policy that would maximize fair competition. Rarely are they heard advocating the public provision or regulation of natural-monopoly goods and services. Still less do they press for confiscatory estate taxes, high minimum standards of public health and education, or other policies that would countervene the present mechanisms through which the earned rewards of one generation become the unequal opportunities available to the next. While Alfred Marshall and Adam Smith were known in their day as liberals, there is good reason to call their descendants conservatives.

THE APPLE

The initial heyday of conservative conviction and practice lasted for a century and a half. It was decisively terminated by the ubiquitous Great Depression, which began around 1929 and failed to end as promptly and meekly as everyone anticipated. The Depression affected conservatives like a thunderbolt hurled by a wronged god. Here were apparently free and competitive markets, in which desperate producers and workers continually reduced the prices at which they offered their goods and labor, and yet goods could not be sold nor labor employed. To all appearances, governments had done relatively little to intrude on economic activity before or after the Depression's onset. Where were the technical efficiency, the moral justice, the elementary common sense of such a hopelessly fouled system?

Conservatives were routed by these events. Into the abandoned field stepped John Maynard Keynes to expose the fallacies of the orthodox and expound the validity of what had been heresy. There was some confusion in Keynes, as well as among his followers and critics, about whether he had disproved the logic of the conservative argument that showed how free markets led to full employment or whether he had simply revealed that the emperor had no clothes by remarking on the absence of perfect competition to begin with. Keynes's view is expressed in *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*: "Our criticism of the accepted classical theory of economics has consisted not so much in finding logical flaws in its analysis as in pointing out that its tacit assumptions are seldom or never satisfied, with the result that it cannot solve the economic problems of the actual world."

For better or worse, Keynes occupied himself with observed economic behavior more than with the axioms from which behavior could be deduced. *The General Theory*'s message is something like this: Relatively small departures from perfect competition make it possible and probable that modern industrial economies will

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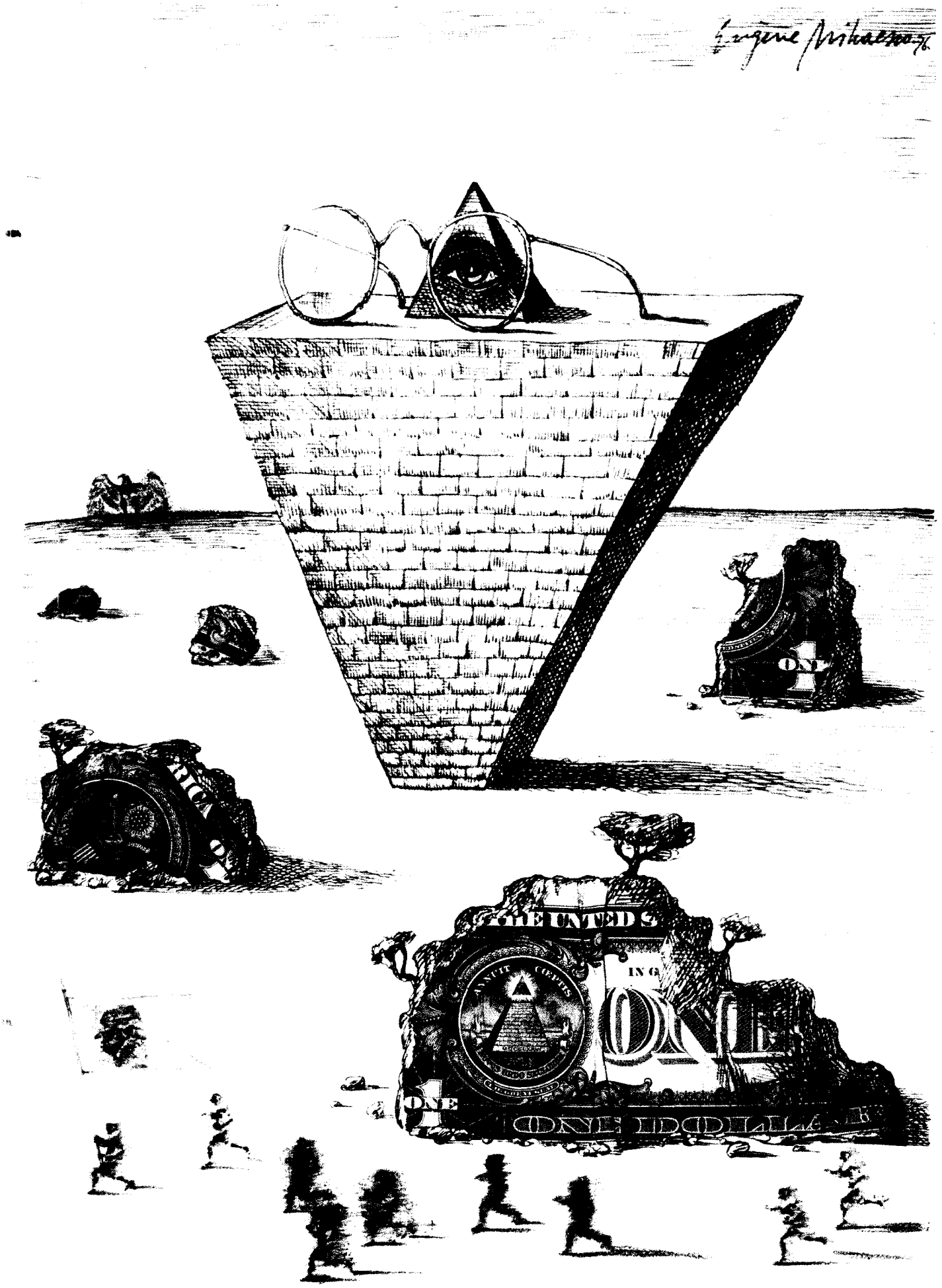

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experience some unemployment, as they did for most of their histories even before the Depression. The operational sequel is that modern states have the capacity to ensure full employment by generating a sufficient level of demand, and they ought to do so since unemployment is a waste that serves no valid social or economic purpose.

Most people did not care very much whether the Depression was proof of the absence of competition or of the failure of economists' theories to comprehend the consequences of competition. What it did prove, as Keynes rather unnecessarily argued, was that deep and prolonged unemployment was quite possible in modern economies. The Age of Keynes was the age of commitment by central governments of the industrial democracies to eliminate unemployment, using techniques that had seemed more obvious to laymen than they had to economists. For all his eloquence, acumen, and compassion, Keynes only codified a trend that had been growing longer than his lifetime.

For a long time the Depression loomed over economics. The hapless conservatives could not get out from under its shadow. No matter how many errors of thought they uncovered in the works of Keynes and his followers—and there were plenty of them—the plain truth for economists, plainer still for those less troubled with logical complexities, was that governments had the ability to overcome the Depression's unemployment by acting as employers of ultimate resort. The idea that there were limits to the efficiency of free markets—and that their very existence was in doubt—became central to the new wisdom in all the industrial democracies.

Redemption

The first serious intellectual breach of the Keynesian consensus was achieved in 1963 with the publication of *A Monetary History of the United States, 1867–1960*, by Milton Friedman and Anna Schwartz. Milton Friedman had already led stunning charges of conservative Rough Riders against liberal barricades, and he has led more since, but none has had such penetrating effect as this one.

For nearly three decades conservatives had been attacking the usurpers with little reward, elegantly but vainly presenting the virtues of freedom in economic and political life. A number of theoretically impeccable dissections were performed on the structure of Keynesian thought. These were accorded due respect in graduate economics courses, but had little impact on political economy. The essential weakness of the conservative opposition was its failure to offer an explanation of the Great Depression that was consistent with unqualified faith in the existence and efficacy of free markets.

This defect was remedied by Friedman and Schwartz. They argued that the length and depth of the Depression was not a natural outcome of free-market behavior but a direct result of the perverse misbehavior of the Federal Reserve System. The nation's central bank, created by the federal government for the purpose of overriding perceived defects in a competitive private-bank market, had instead compounded those defects to a disastrous degree. Hence blame for the Depression was put on meddlers with the free market rather than on the market itself.

If such a thesis could be supported, the free market would be restored to grace and there would be a basis for the restoration of conservative rule. Friedman and Schwartz had constructed the platform from which other conservative ideas could be broadcast. The necessity of the platform was appreciated by the conservative faithful, all of whom promptly adopted it and all of whom continue to pay their respects to *monetarism.*

Money Matters

Modern monetarism is a crisp set of propositions. It begins with the fundamental conservative faith: Left to its own devices, the free market will provide optimal solutions to the problems of achieving full employment, deciding what to produce, producing it at least cost, and balancing investment for the future against consumption for the present. This is accomplished by the singly insignificant responses of selfish individuals to a system of prices that is determined by their aggregate behavior.

As everyone understands, if an economic system is to achieve advanced levels of diversity, specialization, and abundance, money is essential. It enables each specialized worker or producer to be paid in a common form. It reduces a staggering complexity of relative prices (how many bushels of wheat equal an hour of a welder's time?) to a manageable comparison of money prices ($11.00 divided by $4.50). Money changes hands as goods and services change hands and productive activity is measured by the flow of money.

For some time political institutions have had the capacity to produce or destroy what passes for money. The abuse of this capacity is the source of most economic evil, in the monetarist view. If the supply of money is reduced, the monetary value of economic activity will be reduced proportionately. The reduction may take place in the volume of production, in the prices of things, or in a combination of the two. When the quantity of money is excessively increased there will be a proportionate increase in the value of total economic activity. As the increased money is supplied to an economy that is already at the perfection of free-market full employment, the total increment in value will be through inflationary price increases, since it is not possible to induce further additions to employment and production.

If prices rise or fall as a result of monetary disturbances, it becomes more difficult to distinguish changes in the relative prices of things from changes in the general money level of prices. This has a negative effect on efficiency and well-being. Monetarists concede that the

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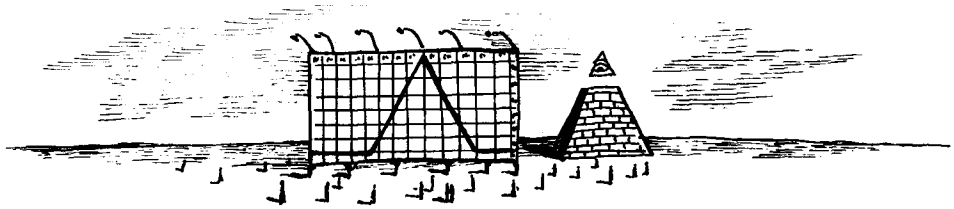

Keynesian remedies for depression work. They believe monetary stimulus also works, and that proper monetary policy would prevent depressions from occurring.

A proper policy, in the view of most monetarists, would be to keep a steady hand at the monetary throttle. A strong minority among monetarists would eliminate direct control of money as a government function. They would have the government merely enunciate and uphold a gold-for-money exchange standard and permit an otherwise unregulated, competitive, private banking system to determine the supply of money.

The monetarist hypothesis is a good deal flashier than the evidence warrants. Friedman and Schwartz in 1963 had shown a general tendency for the supply of money to fluctuate in the same direction as the dollar value of economic activity and for the monetary movements to occur before the changes in output and prices. At the same time, the relationship was imprecise, the division of movements between prices and employment was uncertain, and the observable measures of these relationships changed in inexplicable ways. Friedman and his followers argued that there was a cause-and-effect mechanism between changes in the money supplied and changes in prices and employment. But neither they nor anyone else has been able to provide a convincing description during the past eighteen years.

Nevertheless, during this time, the liberals came to admit that money did matter in our economy, that monetary policy could abet or abate depression and inflation under many circumstances. A compromise interpretation of the Great Depression has emerged in academic circles. The initial sharp decline from 1929 to 1931 was caused by an unusual confluence of ill winds of the sort that are always breezing about in our economy. Neither unwarranted changes in money nor other types of inept government meddling were significant among them. The further collapse from 1931 to 1933 is largely attributable to the failure of the Federal Reserve to perform the basic function for which it was created: preserving the integrity of banks and money.

While monetarism has made modest progress among academic economists on the strength of modestly appealing arguments and evidence, it has achieved overwhelming dominance in the realm of public policy on a record of repeated failures. Obviously, the source of its success must be elsewhere. Monetarism enables conservatives to escape the Depression bogey. The rise of monetarism is thus in part ancillary to the rise of conservatism. Indeed, recent conservative strength springs from many phenomena of a noneconomic or tangentially economic character, phenomena that have been skillfully described by Christopher Lasch in *The Culture of Narcissism.*

Three years after Friedman and Schwartz revived monetarism, economic developments began to make the thesis look better still. The economic difficulties of the past fifteen years, without exception, have readily been perceived as causes or consequences of an ever-present and widely resented inflation. Inflation is a surefire prescription for a conservative resurgence. It proves they were right, since they are always predicting it as the consequence of liberal excesses. It seems intuitively obvious that almost any schemes to ensure full employment and transfer income to the disadvantaged will contribute to inflation. Inflation also adds directly to the popularity of monetarism. It appears only tautological to assert that inflation is the consequence of a disregard for sound money. Too many dollars are being created to "chase" the finite quantity of goods we can produce. The solution, obviously, is to stop "printing" so many of those troublesome dollars. The technique that conservatives choose out of necessity becomes the technique that easily generates popular conviction.

In the English-speaking Atlantic triangle, monetarism has been a major element of economic policy in Canada for about five years, in Britain since May of 1979, and in the United States since October of 1979. Not surprisingly, the Canadians have found that their interest rates, unemployment, and inflation tend to move in concert with counterpart statistics for the United States. For the roughly three years that Canadians observed monetarist canons of good behavior and Americans did not, the Canadian dollar became perversely more abundant relative to ours, at least as measured by its rapidly falling exchange rate during this period.

Britain was next under Mrs. Thatcher. A front-page headline in a recent New York *Times* charitably described the results: BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT INCREASES DESPITE MRS. THATCHER'S POLICIES. The same story notes that "Inflation, which stood at 8 percent when the Conservatives came to power in May, 1979, is now nearly double that—15½ percent on an annual basis in 1980."

Finally came Mr. Volcker's triumphant introduction of orthodox monetarism to the United States. In the year and a half since, interest rates have been higher and more volatile than ever before in our history. But that, after all, was an anticipated consequence of the new poli-

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cy direction. The various measures of the money supply and its components, which the Federal Reserve announced it was going to control closely *instead* of interest rates, have also been considerably more volatile than they were when nobody was trying so hard to control them. From October of 1979 until now, the Federal Reserve has succeeded in making most of the money measures grow at rates approximately equal to its policy targets. Even though this accomplishment means that all the versions of money have been growing at rates below their averages for the past ten years, the rate of inflation is the second or third highest for a comparable period since 1920. And, as a diabolic bonus, our national income is down and an additional 2 million people are unemployed. The conservative doctor has powerful medicine; but workers who lose their jobs and politicians who run for re-election cannot survive the side effects long enough to enjoy the promised cure.

Money Muddles

Why doesn't monetarism work? Or, better yet, how does it work? When the Federal Reserve, or any central bank, endeavors to reduce the growth of money, it utilizes a handful of well-known standard techniques. It can sell securities it owns (U.S. government bonds and bills) for money that then "disappears" from the private economy. It can be more parsimonious about money it lends to banks, or it can charge more interest for such loans. If it wants to move more forcefully, it can alter for member banks the maximum permissible ratio of deposits to reserves. Finally, with presidential authorization, it can move precipitously by directly regulating the quantity of new loans made by banks, through which the banks create money (credit controls).

It doesn't take a Ph.D. in economics to see that the common effect of these techniques is to make it more difficult and more expensive for individuals and businesses to borrow money from banks. It is a little less obvious that this is the *only* channel through which monetary policy affects the economy. Our system of money and credit has ramified into an enormous, tenuously balanced structure. Its stability depends on our confidence in its stability. The maintenance of this confidence and stability is the primary task of the Federal Reserve. It used to be that the holders of bank notes (paper money) and bank deposits (bookkeeping money) worried about whether or not they would be able, as promised, to convert these into gold (real money). That problem has now been solved by declaring that paper money *is* real money. But an identical problem remains. Can the holders of bank deposits, savings accounts, dollar deposits in London, money-market funds, and Treasury bills convert them with confidence into each other or into currency? The total of such claims on dollars in the world exceeds 3 trillion, while the total of actual U.S. paper money and coins is about 130 *billion*, or about one dollar for every twenty-five potential claims.

If the depositors at the First National Bank of Anytown decide that they want to hold dollar bills instead of bank deposits, it is the responsibility of the Federal Reserve to make the dollar bills available. It will convert into currency the deposits the First of Anytown has at the Federal Reserve. Then it will lend the Anytown bank additional currency against the collateral of loans made and securities purchased by Anytown with its depositors' money. This is precisely what was *not* done during the chaotic slide into the depths of the Great Depression. This mistake is not likely to be repeated.

Now consider an example from the other end of the economic spectrum. The great multinational corporations, such as IBM, hold huge deposits denominated in dollars in banks outside the United States. The banks may be German or British or overseas subsidiaries of American banks. The deposits may have been created by borrowing dollars abroad, by earning dollars abroad, or by converting some other currency into dollars. Collectively these deposits are referred to as "Eurodollars"—a somewhat misleading name since the deposits may reside in Hong Kong or in Nassau. The Federal Reserve does not count Eurodollars in the money supply that it is now trying to control. Suppose that IBM decides to move $10 million from Chase Manhattan in London to Chase Manhattan in New York. This appears to have been a frequent enough occurrence over the past five years, as the American economy has grown faster than the economies of many major countries, and multinationals have found more needs to use money in the United States. As far as IBM is concerned, one account has been debited and another credited by the same amount. However, as far as the Federal Reserve is concerned, a net $10 million has been added to U.S. bank deposits and therefore to the money supply. Under the rules that maintain the system's stability, a new deposit must be secured by new reserves. Only the Federal Reserve can create the assets necessary to support the new deposit. If it fails to do so, it may provoke a crisis by creating a situation in which its own rules are not satisfied, thus forcing a sudden liquidation of bank credits, a loss of confidence in banks, or both. Thus, one way or another, the Federal Reserve supplies the cash and reserves necessary to support fully whatever liquidity has been created. It doesn't matter if the claim on dollars was created years ago or yesterday, in New York or in the Bahamas. These claims are so extensively fungible that the integrity of all depends on the integrity of each.

Most students are taught that the Federal Reserve can directly expand or contract the currency and deposit reserves that it supplies to the economy and thus determine the total supply of money. This proposition is correct from a legal or an algebraic point of view; but it is a woeful guide to policy in the world today. If Mr. Volcker

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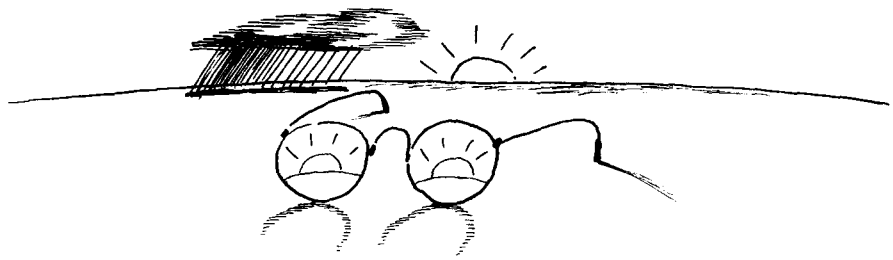

and his colleagues, in a fit of anti-inflation zeal, were to supply less currency and reserves than are demanded by the people and required by the banks, they would cause banks to fail. This is the cardinal sin committed by their predecessors fifty years ago. Monetarism is built on the exposure of this transgression. Hence, its fundamental fallacy is apparent. A central bank that is true to its primary responsibility cannot control the supply of money. Rather, it can only influence the demand for money by changing the level of interest rates.

This may seem like a small distinction until we return to the question of how the application of monetarist principles actually affects the economy. If the Federal Reserve attacks price inflation and a ballooning money supply with monetarist policies, the immediate effect will be to make borrowing more difficult and expensive. Obviously, the proximate effect will be to curtail the quantity of borrowing. If banks lend less money, they will create fewer new deposits for the accounts of borrowers. Thus the growth of money will be successfully curtailed.

To see the next link in the chain, we must ask what most people and businesses borrow money for. The answer is usually to buy things that cost a lot of money and last a long time: automobiles and factories, machines and television sets, college educations and airplanes, houses and inventories. If less is borrowed to finance these sorts of purchases, less will be purchased. If less is purchased, less will be produced. Unemployment will increase. For reasons that were extensively analyzed by the Keynesians and are disputed by no one, the original drop in purchases and the increase in unemployment will be multiplied into further declines in economic activity.

It is time to pause and count up the victories of orthodox monetarism against the inflationary dragon. Thus far, monetarism has increased interest rates while also increasing unemployment and decreasing national income. What about inflation? Higher interest rates will make a modest but perceptible contribution to increasing the cost of everything from houses to asparagus, and thus to increasing the rate of inflation. For some considerable period of time, higher unemployment and lower production will also increase the rate of inflation. If General Motors makes fewer Chevrolets, it can lay off production workers and some supervisors. But it will still have the same complement of executives, research-and-development personnel, and administrative employees; the same interest on its debt; the same property taxes to pay; the same rent; the same pensions for retired employees; and so on. Hence, many fixed costs will be spread over fewer units, increasing the cost per unit. Also, because total employment will not be cut back as fast as production, the number of automobiles produced for each hour worked will also decline. Both effects will increase the cost of each car. The pressure on General Motors to increase the price of its cars will thus be intensified, and inflation will again be exacerbated by the application of orthodox monetarism.

This is essentially what has happened in Britain under Mrs. Thatcher and in the United States under Paul Volcker. Proponents of this approach can still argue that persistence will ultimately produce rewarding results. If unemployment is increased and production reduced far enough and long enough, workers will accept lower wages in order to keep or obtain employment, while corporations might cut prices in order to keep or expand their market share. Something like this did happen as a result of the deep recession from 1973 to 1975, during which the rate of inflation was finally cut in half, from about 10 percent to about 5 percent. Implicitly, a reliance on monetarism is a reliance on prolonged unemployment and decreased profits to beat inflation out of the economy.

Again, the central issue is the degree to which the actual economy satisfies the assumptions of perfect competition inherent in all conservative economics. Because the United Auto Workers and other unions benefit from closed shops, three-year contracts, and quasi-monopoly power; because General Motors and other large corporations also possess some amount of monopoly power in their markets; because the government administers or supports the prices of everything from wheat to telephone calls, minimum wages to fighter planes; because of all such protections against the effects of inflation, it takes a longer, deeper, more nearly lethal dose of economic decline to have any impact *on* inflation.

Good Intentions

At this point you may well ask, If the cost of vanquishing inflation is so terrible, what is the cost of simply tolerating it? From time to time in recent years, many conservatives and liberals alike have suggested that we adopt the techniques for accommodating inflation that have been developed by our Latin American neighbors. We have already moved far in that direction by making Social Security, many private pensions, wages, interest

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rates, and contract prices dependent on the rate of inflation. Three general observations can be made about the pitfalls of this approach.

First, if it is public policy to tolerate a given rate of inflation, that rate becomes an irreducible minimum. As individuals and businesses attempt to maximize their own wealth under the new ground rules, the inevitable momentum of inflation is toward still higher levels, which must be tolerated in turn. This is the story of economic policy during most of the Carter Administration.

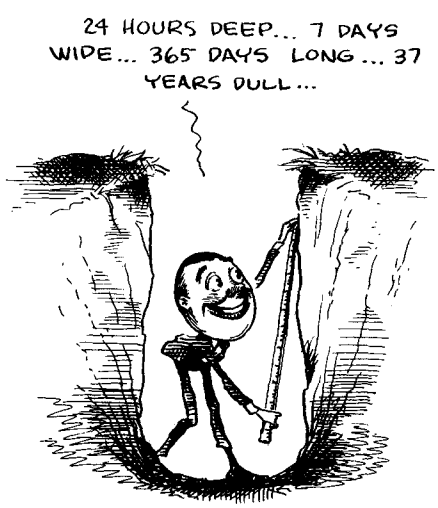
Second, the more frequently and substantially prices change, the more expensive and inefficient it becomes to operate a system such as ours, in which decisions about the deployment of resources are governed by prices. The social-cultural obverse of this phenomenon is the disaffection and dissolution that are already so widely apparent. The quintessential example is the Weimar Republic.

Third, inflation is as addictive and dangerous as heroin. Consider the family that buys a house that, by conventional standards, it cannot afford and pays 15 percent interest on a mortgage. That family is gambling its future on continued inflation, in the wages it receives and in the value of the newly purchased house. When a corporation goes deeper into debt at high interest rates to finance new plant and equipment, it is making a similar wager. As more and more of us make such wagers, our continued economic equanimity and survival depend on continued inflation. More bluntly, if inflation eases or reverses, many families and businesses will be hard-pressed or bankrupted, which will lead in turn to foreclosures and distress sales and ultimately to deflation and depression.

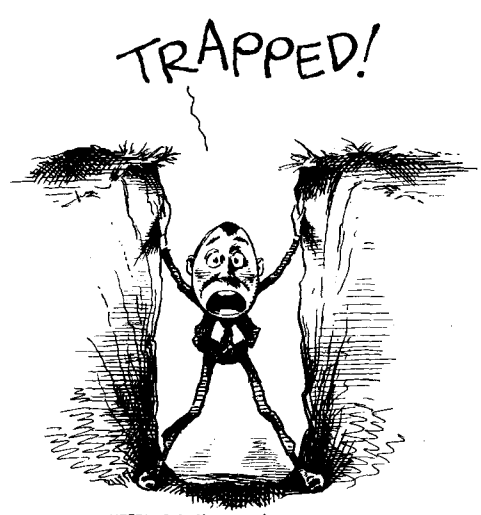
These are reasons enough, perhaps, for all interest groups to support measures to contain inflation. The enthusiasm with which particular groups support anti-inflation measures might reasonably depend on the degree to which they lose or benefit from inflation. Identifying the winners and losers is a difficult task. It is often not clear when inflation is a cause, a consequence, or a coincidence of some other event. Most groups have suffered decline in their economic well-being or disappointment in their expectations since the onset of rapid inflation in the early 1970s. Unionized workers who have kept their jobs seem to have maintained or improved their relative position. Oil companies and certain other producers of natural resources have benefited enormously. Nonunion workers have fallen somewhat behind. Those who depend on welfare and Social Security have done reasonably well, contrary to conventional liberal mythology and perhaps only because of the humane determination of the previous administration. It is easy to show that the largest corporations have done rather poorly, as a group and individually, compared with others in their various industries. Relatively small companies, especially those committed to new products and processes, have been strong winners.

This is a mixed bag. Most of the winners and losers are only marginally to one side or the other of center. Few have a strong motive to risk the immediate, high costs of fighting inflation in order to avoid the abstract and long-term costs of continuing it. Each individual or group wants to assess its particular, private share of the total burden imposed by acting against inflation. Our asocial, ahistorical culture of narcissism intensifies these self-interested, short-sighted responses to policy alternatives.

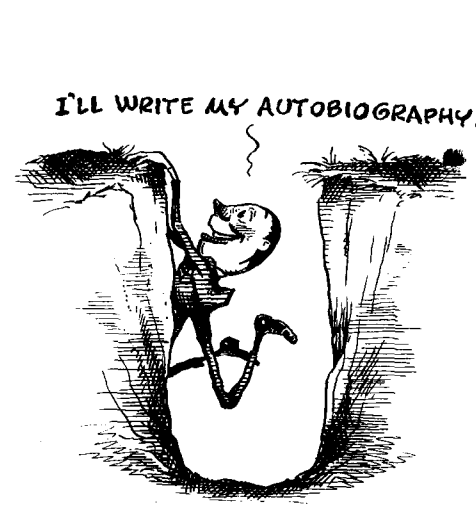
At its best, the new political strength of conservatism offers an alternative to this process of political-economic atomization and attendant cultural disintegration. It appeals with some renewed inspiration to beliefs in moral right and wrong that transcend personal relativism; beliefs in society, country, and civilization that transcend



On January 1, 1981, Winthrop T. Blinkman took measure of his life.



"Winkie" was in a rut.



Desperately, he sought escape . . .

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special interest groups; gratitude to our ancestors and a willingness to sacrifice in hope for our children that transcend hedonism. Yet it seems probable that as much of Ronald Reagan's support came from the electorate's base desire to be left alone as it did from these more elevated aspirations.

WAYS OUT

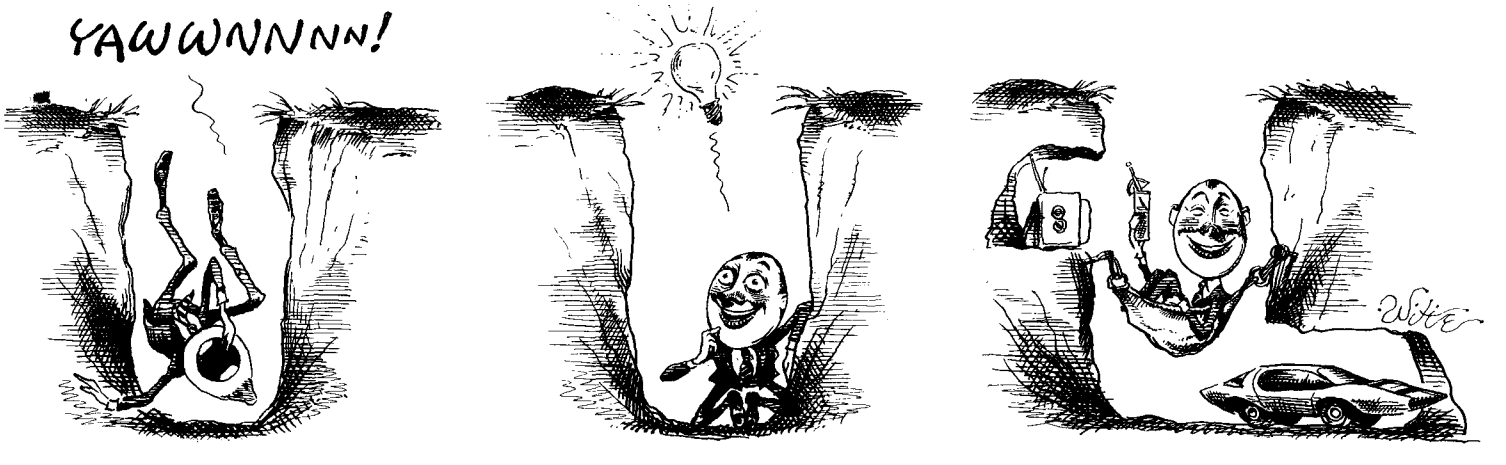
It is false to assert, as is commonly done today, that inflation is a problem of such technical intricacy that economists simply do not know how to end it. One sure-fire method that has ended every previous inflation in the Western world over the past 500 years is a precipitous, deflationary depression. This is the natural method of a free-market system for correcting excesses. To the extent that governments seriously pursue the restrictive fiscal and monetary policies advocated in different combinations by various conservatives, they make a repeat of this historical outcome more likely. The more long-lived and virulent the present inflation becomes, the more ominously inevitable the ensuing crash appears to be. Hence the urgency of the search for other solutions and the delicacy required in their implementation.

There are other solutions. There is no insurmountable technical obstacle to the operation of wage and price controls. If they are administered in conjunction with policies on government spending, taxation, and money creation that are consistent with reducing total demand for goods and services to the level of total income, they can succeed. However, they cannot be administered without totalitarian government enforcement and/or a patriotic spirit of voluntary compliance. The former is a high price to pay. It may also prove irreversible after the crisis is controlled. The latter is simply a missing bond in the body politic. The weakness of the Carter Administration was its inability to command any degree of self-restraint and support from its own constituencies for an anti-inflation program. There is some basis for hoping that Reagan has the charisma and the mandate to command more cohesive loyalty than Carter could. But it is not yet clear that he means to direct this potential in support of a collective effort against inflation.

There are a number of solutions that fall short of the immediate imposition of controls but have similar prerequisites. To end inflation without the ruptures of depression or an imposed freeze requires that price increases be brought down slowly enough over a number of years that numerous businesses and families with contractual commitments based on the presumption of continued inflation are not forced to default on their contracts by going bankrupt. It is also necessary that prices in different sectors come down at roughly comparable and coincident rates in order to avoid equally severe embarrassments. Obviously, such a process of decompression is not likely to happen without a great deal of planning and control.

HAVING AND GETTING

Let us now turn our attention to the two main conservative factions within the Reagan Administration—the Old Guard and the Young Turks. Members of the Old Guard place primary reliance on orthodox monetarism rather than on reductions in the size of government to fight inflation. They care about balanced budgets. They are not enthusiastic about general tax cuts and would prefer specific reductions in taxes on business profits and on the gains of investors. Their enthusiasm for deregulation is equally selective, varying in direct proportion to the extent that regulation is seen as inhibiting or protecting the profitability of leading corporations. They



but Chapter One was boring. *Suddenly, he saw the answer:* *redecorate the rut.*

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tend to be pragmatic, managerial, concerned about an equitable maintenance of the status-quo distribution of economic benefits, pro-big business, concerned about a depression, and unideological. They tend to be middle-aged or older and to come from entrenched institutions and to have impressive vitae. They include the secretaries of the treasury, defense, and commerce; the chairman of the Federal Reserve board of governors; Arthur Burns, a former chairman; Milton Friedman, the Nobel prizewinning economist; Paul McCracken and Herbert Stein, former chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers.

The Young Turks endorse monetary restraint, for reasons already explained. But the thrust of their argument is that we should remove the inhibition of government from an economy that would otherwise flourish. The centerpiece of their program is the Kemp-Roth proposal to reduce drastically *all* federal income tax rates over a three-year period. They pay lip service to a balanced budget. Their major contention is that removing the burden of prohibitive taxation will unleash the creative energies of a competitive, return-motivated economy. People will work harder and more intelligently, invest more and better. The result will be an explosion in the supply of goods and services. The explosion will vanquish both inflation (money will have more goods to chase) and the initial government deficit (more activity will produce more tax revenue, even at lower rates). This is the meaning of supply-side economics.

The Young Turks would deregulate and decontrol almost everything. They would have the federal government refrain from saving the New York Citys, the Chryslers, and the Hunt brothers in order to restore the necessary element of risk to the competitive system and to accelerate the pace of technological improvement through the death of the outmoded, making room for the growth of the new. They do not worry very much about a depression, perhaps because they are younger people, very ideological, and often supported by newer and more successful economic interests. They believe in fighting inflation with expansion rather than contraction.

The Young Turks refer to their Old Guard opponents as contractionists, economic fine-tuners, crypto-Keynesians. The most uncompromising Young Turks with high positions inside the administration are David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, who distinguished himself as the only congressman from Michigan to vote against the Chrysler rescue plan, and Paul Craig Roberts, assistant secretary for economic policy and formerly associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal.* The best known Young Turk economist is Arthur Laffer, whose famous curve purports to illustrate the increased activity and tax revenue that would result from lower tax rates.

The Old Guard has power and influence in this administration because it represents money and power in the world. That money and power contributed directly to the President's successful pursuit of the nomination and to his election. They bolstered the campaigns of many new and old conservatives in the Congress. Finally, through the large-scale increase in public-issue corporate advertising, they helped to shift opinion in a conservative direction. Because the locus of private wealth and influence shifts slowly, we have seen the Old Guard in Washington before. Many of its members were present in the Nixon and Ford administrations. Their generic antecedents have been in the cabinets and inner circles of every President since Lincoln.

The Old Guard is not notable for strict obedience to constant principles. I remember an afternoon at Columbia University in 1967 when Arthur Burns berated an official from the Agency for International Development for the continued provision of American food and other aid to India at a time when that country had chosen to proceed with the development of publicly owned steel mills and fertilizer plants. Yet, so far as I know, Burns has never advocated expelling Britain from NATO, despite that country's grave lapses into socialism.

Like the President himself, these men have endorsed and implemented the policies of the Keynesian welfare state in various roles at various times in the past three decades. The present chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Murray Weidenbaum, now forcefully proclaims the virtues of decontrolling everything; but the same man was the earliest, strongest advocate of wage and price controls in the Nixon Administration. I do not wish to denigrate the extent to which continued experience and contemplation have revealed a higher truth to these intelligent gentlemen. Nevertheless, one must be forgiven for imagining that still higher truths await future revelation.

Things fall into a more comprehensible mental order if one supposes that the members of the Old Guard have had a constant purpose for 120 years of American experience. Often unconsciously or accidentally, they have gone about the truly conservative business of preserving the interests of those individuals and institutions that are already best served by our political economy. Their shifting doctrines make more sense if viewed as a succession of different techniques that are sequentially appropriate to achieving the same objective, like the series of tools employed by a dentist at work on a single cavity.

Of course Old Guard purposes are always well served by the first conservative postulate: efficacious free markets. It is also generally in the interest of those who already have the most money to advocate that it be supplied sparingly and expensively.

For now, the specific policy issues have to do with inflation. There is no question that inflation has been a cause and a symptom of decline in the relative domestic and international positions of most of America's largest corporations, banks, and private fortunes. Truly, the Old

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Some insist coal is good. Some insist coal is bad.
We insist it's not that black or white.

Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country – enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, that although this represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of all our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one-half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000 – enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollute the air when burned.

Still, we believe that these days the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantages.

Because these days we have extremely tough environmental laws.

Laws that require the restoration of mined lands and the protection of air and water resources. Laws that ensure that coal mine areas are properly restored and that newly constructed or converted power plants remove sulfur and particulates from their stack gases.

Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But because of the current high price of foreign oil, the cost of using coal is still less than half the cost of using oil.

And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel – reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil – it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

Atlantic Richfield Company

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Guard would like to end inflation. At the same time, its ranks seem almost as frightened of the potential for a precipitous and damaging deflation as the most liberal of Carter's advisers. Perhaps this is natural for those who have the most to lose. It is natural as well for those with the closest view of the pinnacles of private power to appreciate best what a delicate equilibrium we presently enjoy. In any case, the oldest, biggest corporations, which find voice in the Old Guard, are like dinosaurs trapped in a morass. They are often still firmly committed to the products and technologies that made America the envy of the world in the 1920s. Precisely because they are the most entrapped, they also feel the most vulnerable to any ill consequences that might result from a serious rescue effort. Much as they would like to believe in what the Young Turks say, they are too worldly wise to have faith in such nostrums. However, many of them have come to suspect that the federal government is the biggest, most immobilized dinosaur of all.

Members of the Old Guard are not optimists. With good reason, they fear both the present course of events and any alternative they can imagine. They counsel patience and moderation. If the dinosaurs don't wiggle so much, they won't sink so fast. It is better to have one's head above the surface as long as possible, both as an end in itself and on the chance that workable answers will develop with time.

If the Old Guard has influence because of the resources it provided, the Young Turks are represented primarily because of the votes they supplied. The idea that the best weapon against inflation was a universal tax cut effectively delivered to the President the same majorities that supported everything from Proposition 13 in California to Proposition 2½ in Massachusetts. In the words of the *Wall Street Journal*'s Norman C. Miller, "Almost nobody except Kemp-Roth theologians buys the argument that income-tax cuts would pay for themselves." It seems obvious that the immediate effect of enormous tax cuts will be to release still more money. If there is any significant impact on the production of goods, it will take a long time to become apparent. In the interim, still more money will be chasing roughly the same supply of goods.

The political popularity of cutting taxes is eternal. In our time of self-centered individuality, complemented by a profound revulsion at the corruption and purposelessness of government, tax cuts acquire increased popularity. It is particularly natural for the Young Turks' program to attract the support of those who have done relatively well under inflation and thus have little reason to care whether tax cuts and deregulation prove effective against rising prices. Of some significance in this group are the owners and managers of successful smaller firms with newer products and technologies—the "high-tech" companies. These can easily envision an acceleration in the rate at which they elbow aside the older corporations as a consequence of a withdrawal of the federal government from its various activities. The improvement in their relative position could be all the greater if a federal withdrawal were followed by continued inflation.

Tug of War with a Fragile Rope

The Young Turks haven't much reason to favor a hard-money policy, and in fact they do not. But on most other issues, the two factions of the conservative controversy tend to reach a standoff. Tax cuts are neither as big, prompt, and universal nor as moderate, delayed, and targeted to business as either side would like. Similar compromises appear on deregulation, spending cuts, and rescue programs. Both sides have anathematized wage and price controls. Neither has even begun to broach the possibility of a prolonged and planned transition from inflation to price stability, which would require a complex and equally prolonged government involvement.

Any such departure or retreat to previously failed remedies must await some dangerous movement in the direction of depression or accelerating inflation. Meanwhile, the Reagan Administration is effectively immobilized by the pull of weight and counterweight. That leaves the Federal Reserve free to act. The continued pursuit of a monetary solution is encouraged by the Old Guard and irritably tolerated by the Young Turks. From the point of view of most policy-makers at the Federal Reserve, it must seem reasonable to make monetary policy more restrictive in direct proportion to the success of the Young Turks in the executive and legislative branches in order to neutralize the inflationary effects of supply-side policies.

For these reasons our central bank has been coldbloodedly assaulting our economy since the election results were in. The monetarist hard-liners are further encouraged by the fact that repeated attacks by the Federal Reserve on the economy in 1974, 1978, 1979, and 1980 have produced only superficial and impermanent damage. This should be a source of scant comfort. A collapse of the economic structure either happens or it doesn't. That it failed to happen under a given amount of strain is no reassurance about the consequences of even the smallest increment of economic distress.

At a recent luncheon for institutional investors, the young economist of a major Wall Street brokerage firm presented an optimistic view of the future, predicated on a strong dominance of Young Turks in the formulation of administration policy coupled with monetary restraint. The audience was less sanguine, and there were a number of questions about the danger of a major economic collapse because of, or in spite of, the pursuit of conservative policies. The young economist was unperturbed. Keynes may not have known beans about inflation, but he certainly understood depressions. "We know how to prevent depressions," he said. "Keynes taught us that."

We may be well on the way to re-inventing them. □

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MUSHROOMS

by MARGARET ATWOOD

i)
In this moist season,
mist on the lake and thunder
afternoons in the distance

they ooze up through the earth
during the night,
like bubbles, like tiny
bright red balloons
filling with water;
a sound below sound, the thumbs of rubber
gloves turned softly inside out.

In the mornings, there is the leafmould
starred with nipples,
with cool white fishgills,
leathery purple brains,
fist-sized suns dulled to the colour of embers,
poisonous moons, pale yellow.

ii)
Where do they come from?

For each thunderstorm that travels
overhead there's another storm
that moves parallel in the ground.
Struck lightning is where they meet.

Underfoot there's a cloud of rootlets,
shed hairs or a bundle of loose threads
blown slowly through the midsoil.
These are their flowers, these fingers
reaching through darkness to the sky,
these eyeblinks
that burst and powder the air with spores.

iii)
They feed in shade, on halfleaves
as they return to water,
on slowly melting logs,
deadwood. They glow
in the dark sometimes. They taste
of rotten meat or cloves
or cooking steak or bruised
lips or new snow.

iv)
It isn't only
for food I hunt them
but for the hunt and because
they smell of death and the waxy
skins of the newborn,
flesh into earth into flesh.

Here is the handful
of shadow I have brought back to you:
this decay, this hope, this mouth-
ful of dirt, this poetry.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE AND THE GRANGER COLLECTION

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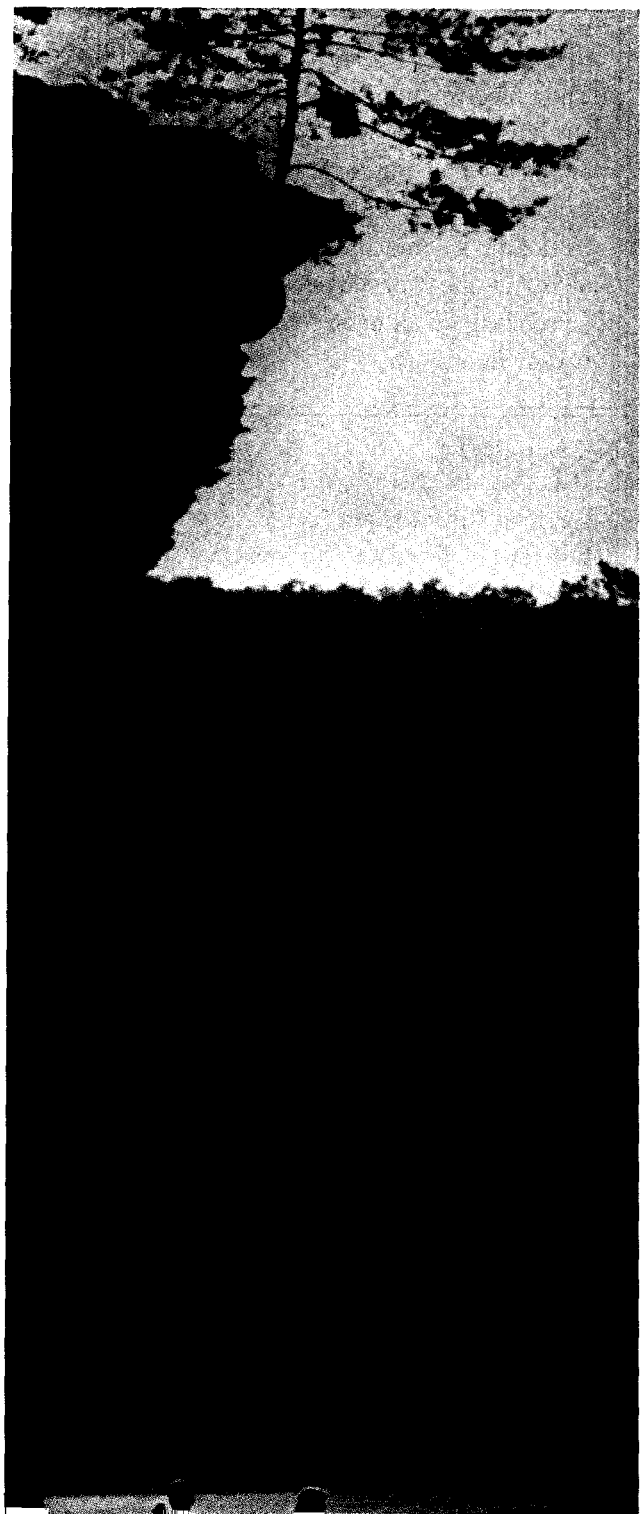
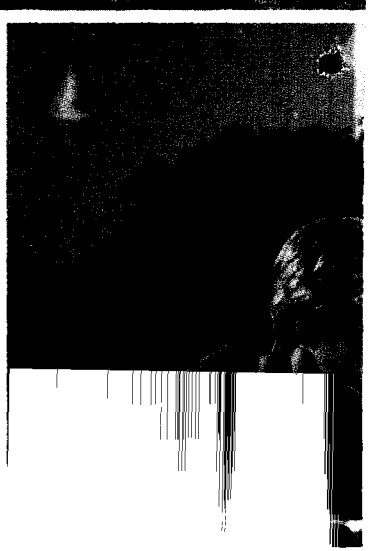
This is one of our home states: Wisconsin

Wisconsinites





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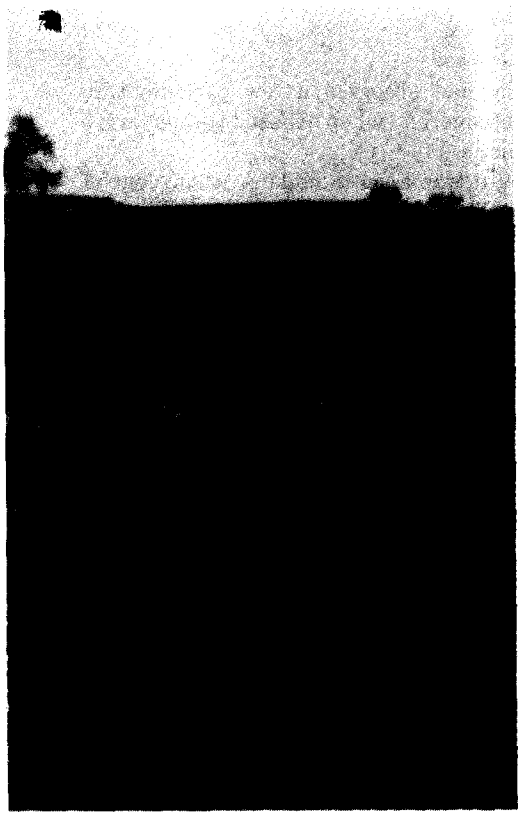
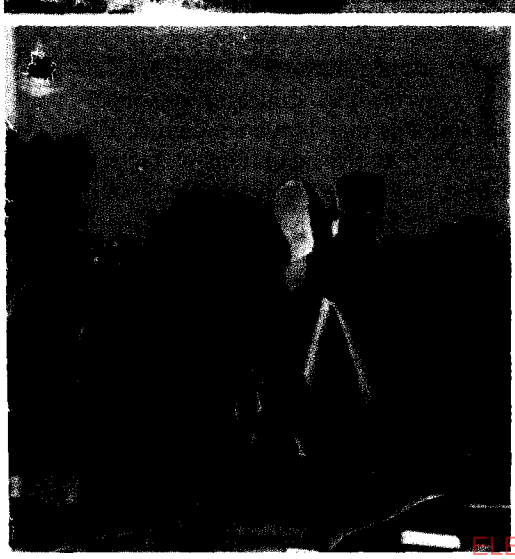
want it all.





In its winding course to the Mississippi, the Wisconsin River powers enough plants, factories and mills to make it, easily, "the hardest working river in the nation."

And through that same course, especially through that canoeist paradise, the Wisconsin Dells, it is, with equal ease, one of the world's most beautiful.

Like their river, Wisconsinites see no contradiction between hard work and natural beauty. At the University of Wisconsin at Madison, their students are expected to work hard—and also to enjoy one of the loveliest campuses in the country. Their fertile farmlands, dotted with silver-topped silos, are an ode to rural beauty—and productive enough to make them the nation's leading producer of milk, butter and cheese. Their factories turn out everything from sophisticated machinery to the superbly-crafted paper for one of our famous brands of cigarettes—and work just as hard at preserving the environment. The river water, for instance, that enters our Wisconsin Tissue Mills leaves our plant cleaner than it entered.

Wisconsinites, in short, want it all. And having gotten it, they love to celebrate it. Fairs and festivals celebrate their ethnic diversity (from American Indian through Swiss, German, Polish, Norwegian, Dutch, Italian and a dozen others), their natural bounty (corn and cranberries, apples and cheese), and everything else that appeals to them from fishing for the wily musky to log-rolling competitions.

Go for a festival, or just to relax—in air as crisp and clean and refreshing as a glass of our 7UP. And if you do, we hope you'll stop at the home of our Miller Brewing Company in Milwaukee and join us in a glass of our Miller High Life, a beer which, like Wisconsin, "has it all" or our Lite beer which "has it all—and less."

Philip Morris Incorporated

Good people make good things.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Cambridge; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7 UP and Diet 7 UP.

Philip Morris operating companies in Wisconsin are: Miller Brewing Company and Philip Morris Industrial, which includes Milprint, Nicolet Paper Co., Koch Label Company and Wisconsin Tissue Mills Inc.

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The profession is vulnerable to fads

MEDICINE WITHOUT SCIENCE

BY LEWIS THOMAS

"IT IS EVIDENT . . . that preventive medicine is coming to the front as the main reliance of the future, in which the public-spirited and well-informed general practitioner will again be recognized as superior in breadth of horizon and good citizenship to the merely dexterous specialist." This was written in 1896 by Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the leading pediatrician in New York City and a universally respected figure in American medicine throughout the last half of the nineteenth century. The sentence appears in his textbook *Therapeutics of Infancy and Childhood.* My father, a physician, gave it to me when I went to medical school. (The flyleaf is inscribed: "To Dr. Thomas, from his old friend A. Jacobi.") He assured me that, although the book was long out of date, there were things in it that I might find useful. But when I skipped through it while clerking at the Boston Children's Hospital as a third-year medical student, I found it bewildering and irrelevant to pediatrics in the mid-1930s.

DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI

Now, however, it fascinates me. Dr. Jacobi was obviously one of the major thinkers of his time in academic medicine. He wrote with intelligence and clarity. The book ran through several editions; the one in my father's library is dated 1903. It provides detailed recommendations for the treatment of every known disease of infancy and childhood, and it describes what the practice of pediatrics was like at the time of my father's internship at Roosevelt Hospital, where Jacobi was chief of service.

Dr. Lewis Thomas, the author of The Medusa and the Snail *and* Lives of a Cell, *is chancellor of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.*

Jacobi's enthusiasm for the emergence of preventive medicine did not represent a new attitude. Similar declarations, worded in much the same way, can be found in the introductions to older books, and they abound in most of today's textbooks on medicine and pediatrics. But preventive medicine is not really what Jacobi's book or most conventional textbooks are about. Apart from good nutrition and cleanliness, Jacobi had nothing much to propose in the way of prevention of disease. He did have a great deal to say about the urgency and complexity of treatment. The public expectation then, as now, was that the doctor would *do something.*

There was no disease for which a treatment was not recommended. Although Jacobi was cautious in predicting success, he believed sincerely that his long list of therapeutic agents would work some of the time if they were employed under the right conditions at the right time. He said flatly, "Arsenic is certainly a powerful remedy [in tuberculosis]. . . . It acts favorably in malaria, chronic skin diseases, and maladies of the nervous system, and has considerable, and sometimes unexpected, effects in the treatment of lymphosarcoma and sarcoma." Jacobi is still regarded as one of medicine's great men, but I doubt that anyone believes that he and his colleagues were even marginally right about the therapeutic properties of arsenic. In the section dealing with epidemic meningitis, he advised the attachment of leeches over the spine, the administration of violent purgatives, and the application of cantharides ointment for the raising of blisters over the back of the head and neck. He pointed out that the prognosis for this disease is bad, but added that he had observed a few patients who recovered when these things were done.

It was hard to make a science out of medicine in the circumstances that prevailed in Abraham Jacobi's time. All patients were treated—*had* to be treated—with one or another energetic, even violent, remedy, and for each of these there was a true believer who had either explained the treatment in print or simply (if he was an influential professor) suspected its efficacy and announced it as fact to an audience. Even in the diseases that were always fatal, such as miliary tuberculosis, a few patients would have been misdiagnosed and would therefore recover no matter what was done, and whenever this happened a new therapeutic agent—tincture of valerian, bismuth, leeches, whatever—would enter the pharmacopoeia. You cannot perform science under these conditions. Science requires, among other things, a statistically significant number of reproducible observations and, above all, controls. In Jacobi's time, acute as he was as an observer, smart as he was in analyzing the details of disease manifestations, skeptical as he certainly was of observations made by his predecessors (he believed, for example, in bleeding as a cure for a few ailments but *not* as a universal form of therapy), he had no way of doing science, for he had no controls for his observations.

IT IS SOMETIMES complained, especially by medical students, that medicine has now become so much of a science that the mountains of facts to be learned and set in memory are more than the mind can cope with. This is true; I have tears for any first-year medical student, and I grieve for any young internist just setting up his practice. It was much easier in my early days, with nothing more to be mastered than the details of history-taking and physical diagnosis. But the conscientious student of my father's generation

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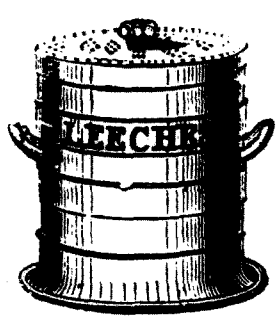
had a lot to complain about; looking through the Jacobi textbook must have caused the learner's heart to sink. Every other page contains a new, complex treatment, always accompanied by the admonition that the procedure be learned by rote (since it rarely made any intrinsic sense) and be performed precisely as described. Acute poliomyelitis had to be treated by subcutaneous injections of strychnine; the application of leeches; the administration by mouth of belladonna, extract of ergot, potassium iodide, and purgative doses of mercury; the layering of thick ointments containing mercury and iodine over the affected limbs; faradic stimulation of the muscles; ice-cold shower baths over the spine; and cupping. The standard remedy for tuberculosis was an arsenic solution, administered in doses gauged to have an effect just short of outright arsenic poisoning. One was advised also to add digitalis, strychnine, morphine, caffeine, and a long list of other formidable substances: creosote by mouth and also inhalation, ichthyol, aspirin, quinine, bismuth, lead acetate, mercury, ergot, atropine, dilute hydrochloric acid, salicylates, and camphor, each of these with a dosage schedule to be followed precisely, some of them singly, others in various combinations.

For his time, Jacobi was regarded as a conservative influence in medicine and even criticized by other academic colleagues for what was already being called "therapeutic nihilism." To be sure, the therapeutics of Jacobi's teaching was a great deal less athletic than that of the generation preceding his. Still, from time to time this most respected of physicians cited a single observation as though to suggest a general truth. In the chapter on erysipelas associated with meningitis, he wrote, "The recovery of a young man observed with such symptoms lately I attribute solely to the large quantities of brandy administered."



THE LEECH CAN

Four decades earlier, the dogmas had been much more explicit and the rules even tighter. Disease in general was due to "congestion," the backing up of blood and other fluids in one organ or another, and for all such states the sovereign remedy was bleeding. One of the standard textbooks of 1854 was the *Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine*, by John Forbes, Physician to the Queen's Household, and three eminent English colleagues of his. Acute rheumatic fever was to be treated early and vigorously to reduce inflammation. In its early stage, Forbes wrote, "acute rheumatism is speedily and effectively relieved by . . . bleeding, purging, salines with antimony, diluents and abstinence" (abstinence meant a diet without meat). But, the authors concede, "It continually happens that these means, however actively or perseveringly employed, will not succeed in reestablishing health. Further means are then required."

BLOODLETTING

The last sentence has, as it should, an ominous sound. When rheumatic fever failed to respond to moderate bleeding—that is, the rapid removal by lancet of ten to fifteen ounces of blood—the patient should be bled some more, as much as necessary, up to two quarts, in order to achieve blanching of the body, nausea, faintness, and a palpable weakening of the pulse: in short, the manifestations of shock. If this did not work, antimony and calomel were combined and given by mouth in doses sufficient to produce vomiting and diarrhea.

Tuberculosis was managed in much the same way, but in the 1850s it was the fashion to bleed more vigorously and for longer periods of time. One authority wrote papers recommending the removal of ten ounces each day for a fortnight, followed by similar "depletions" every other day for as many months as the patient survived.

Protests against bleeding had been raised as early as the 1830s, and a few eminent physicians wrote papers asserting that it generally did more harm than good, but it took a long time to pass from favor. Even by the turn of the century, in Jacobi's time, although bleeding had largely been given up, the ritual removal of small amounts of blood continued, as did the practice of cupping—both justified by the persisting influence of a theory, dating back to Galen in the second century A.D., that disease and the congestion of blood in the affected organs are interlinked events, for which the only remedy is to reduce the fluid content of the body.

All of this has the appearance of institutionalized folly, the piecing together of a huge structure of nonsensical and dangerous therapy, and indeed it was. The pieces were thought up and put together out of something almost like thin air, but perhaps not quite. Empiricism made a small contribution, just enough in the case of each cure to launch it into fashion. It turns out, for example, that the abrupt bleeding away of a pint or so of venous blood is dramatically effective in relieving the agonizing breathlessness of acute heart failure, because it diminishes the load of blood returning to the heart. Repeated bleeding of small quantities of blood has been shown in experimental animals to increase the level of circulating proteins combined with iron; these may have some usefulness in combating infections. Cupping is a way of reducing the tissue fluid that accumulates in the extremities in dropsy. Digitalis still ranks as a specific and highly effective drug for increasing the efficiency of the heart muscle. Calomel acts as a purgative. In large doses, given over long periods of time, mercury is marginally active against the syphilis spirochete.

THE TROUBLE IN nineteenth-century medicine was that all of these, and other, more toxic drugs, were used for any disease that turned up. If something appeared to work for chronic heart failure, it seemed logical to use it for rheumatism or tuberculosis or typhoid or whatever. Separate diseases, even though they were recognized as

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distinct clinical entities and given different names, were not regarded as all that separate in their underlying mechanisms. In general, disease itself, whatever its name, was believed to result from some sort of constitutional weakness of the body, a flaw in one organ or another needing correction. Everyone believed in the efficacy of tonics, mixtures of chiefly botanical origin that were thought to "tone up" the system and strengthen all its parts.

At last, most of these blind but determined therapies were given up. The fashion of intervening, meddling with measures such as antimony and blistering agents, was dropped. But the fashion of adopting fashions is built into the very practice of medicine, and did not come to an end with Sir William Osler, the professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins and Oxford who led in the reform of early twentieth-century medicine. We have had new fashions—practices that are so appealing in the abstract that their effect on the patient is distorted—in the recent history of medicine, and we probably have them today without any of us yet recognizing them as transient fads.

The notion that swept the field in the 1920s was focal infection. It was not, in theory, a bad idea. The belief was that bacteria might become lodged in small, hidden sites of infection, and the continual absorption of toxic products from the bacteria might be the cause of chronic disorders at more distant sites—the joints, for instance. Almost at once, the notion was picked up and widely accepted as an explanation for rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, and for rheumatoid arthritis. The teeth were the most eligible sites, even teeth that appeared perfectly healthy, because of the abundance of bacteria known to be normally resident in the mouth. The tonsils and adenoids were prime candidates. For the more ambitious surgeons, the appendix and gall bladder, even the uterus, became potential sources of focal infection. For about twenty-five years, between 1920 and the mid-1940s, it was the accepted practice to remove any or all of these structures from patients with arthritis. The theory was modified in some quarters to allow allergy into the picture: the presumed sites of focal infection were believed to be sources of foreign antigens to which the patients had become allergic. All of this came, and then gradually disappeared, without anything like scientific evidence to back up the theory; it was still a respectable notion when I was a medical student, and I can remember arthritic patients at the Massachusetts General Hospital coming back to the outpatient clinic with all their teeth gone but their arthritis extant.

In the 1930s, the concept of "psychosomatic" influences in disease became immensely popular, and it continues to be an influential although still unproven theory. It is an intellectually attractive idea. The known effects of emotional stress on the blood vessels of the skin and gastrointestinal tract, the occasional instance of acute hyperthyroidism following overwhelming psychological trauma, and the aggravation of hypertension by excitement or anxiety all seemed to fit. It became common belief that peptic ulcers occurred in "ulcer types," that people with hypertension were emotionally unstable, that cancer was associated with a special kind of personality, that a "type A" behavior habit was associated with susceptibility to coronary occlusion. There it rests, a global theory still lacking solid data for any of its proposals, lacking even more a therapeutic approach to confirm or refute it, but there nonetheless, probably, as I see it, waiting for enough time to pass for it to be forgotten, or put aside, or, with luck, put to use in preventing or treating illness.

FOCAL INFECTION

The tendency in medicine to try something, anything, to "try it out," persists. Perhaps the profession will outgrow its vulnerability to fads and fancies as the scientific base for diagnosis and treatment steadily matures, but the long record of well-intentioned folly is both an embarrassment and a warning. Were it not for the fact that the medical school curriculum is already bursting all seams, I would be recommending the design and installation of a new course in skepticism, perhaps titled "Medical Ignorance." Today's graduates have their minds packed so tightly with today's facts that there is no room for the more abundant array of things *not* known. Much later, often too late, the accepted facts begin to degrade in validity and must then be replaced by new information, but the habit of belief, once acquired, carries the risk of lifelong addiction.

Psychiatry has been more belief-prone than most fields in medicine, but seems to be gasping its way up to the surface. There are now so many different practical doctrines (ranging from classical Freudian and Jungian analysis to group sessions for shouting at one another to a stupendous and often stupefying pharmacopoeia of psychoactive drugs) that the time is probably at hand for something as revolutionary as the acknowledgment and acceptance of ignorance. Most psychiatrists of my acquaintance are skilled in therapy, but the therapy, when it works, is really plain friendship. It needs recalling that the first recorded therapist, officially titled as such, was Patroclus, referred to by Homer as Achilles's *therapon*. Patroclus was the leader's professional friend: he lived in the same tent, listened all day to Achilles's endless complaints, even encouraged him to shout out his anxieties, defended and represented his patient against the world, and finally perished in the performance of his duties. Therapy meant standing by in steadfast, affectionate, and useful companionship.

The greatest and most expensive of all fads in the history of medicine is today's diagnostic laboratory. Automated, computerized, capable of emitting numerical data at machine-gun speed, ready at the tap of a finger to perform dozens of tests simultaneously, the laboratory has an irresistible charm, particularly for interns, residents, and medical students. The laboratory sheet is the centerpiece of ward rounds. It organizes straws of fact that young doctors, not yet comfortable with what they know, can clutch. Pint after pint of blood, off to the laboratory: if there ever was a therapeutic effect achieved by bleeding, we have it still with us. □

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IN THE BIN

ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND

BY PHILIP ROTH

OUT OF THE FRONT WINDOWS of his new apartment, Nathan Zuckerman could see down to the corner of his street to Frank E. Campbell, the Madison Avenue funeral parlor where they process for disposal the richest, most glamorous, and most celebrated of New York's deceased. On display in the chapel this May morning lay a gangland figure, Nick "the Prince" Seratelli, who had died the day before from a cerebral hemorrhage—instead of in a spray of bullets—at a spaghetti house downtown. By nine in the morning a few bystanders had already collected around Campbell's doors to identify the entertainers, athletes, politicians, and criminals who would be arriving to get a last look at the Prince. Through the slats of his shutters, Zuckerman watched two mounted cops talking to three armed foot patrolmen guarding the funeral parlor's side door down the way from him on Eighty-first. There would be more out at the main entrance on Madison, and easily a dozen plainclothesmen moseying around the neighborhood. Here was the kind of police protection he had been thinking about all night for his mother—a man disguising his voice had phoned three times the evening before and threatened to kidnap Zuckerman's mother unless the author forked over fifty thousand of the million dollars he had earned from his new novel, *Carnovsky*.

This was only the third or fourth gala staged at Campbell's since Zuckerman had moved uptown, in March of 1969. Ordinary, unnoteworthy funerals occurred every day, however, so that he had almost learned by now to ignore the cluster of mourners and the hearse by the side door across the street when he came out of the house in the morning. It wasn't easy, though, especially on mornings when the sun rolling over the East Side caught them full in the face like so many lucky vacationers on a Caribbean cruise ship; nor was it easy on mornings when the rain drummed down on their umbrellas as they waited for the funeral procession to begin, nor even on gray run-of-the-mill days, when it neither rains nor shines. No weather he'd come across yet made seeing somebody sealed up in a box something he could easily forget.

The caskets were trucked in during the day, unloaded with a forklift, then lowered in the freight elevator to the mortuary basement. Down, and down again, the first test run. Flowers that had dropped off the wreaths going on to the cemetery or the crematorium were swept up by the uniformed black porter after the cortege bearing the

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body had moved out of sight. The dead petals the porter didn't get, the city sanitation machine caught among the curbside debris on the following Tuesday or Thursday. As for the dead bodies, they arrived on narrow stretchers, in dark sacks, generally after the streetlights came on. An ambulance, sometimes a station wagon, pulled into Campbell's reserved parking spot and the sack was whisked in through the side door. Over in seconds—yet during his first months uptown, it seemed to Zuckerman that he was always passing by in time to see it. Lights stayed on in the upper stories of the funeral home at all hours. No matter how late he went into the living room to turn off his own lamps, he saw theirs burning. And not because anyone was up reading or couldn't sleep. Lights that kept no one awake, except Zuckerman in his bed, remembering them.

At times, amid the crowd of mourners awaiting the pallbearers and the coffin, somebody would stare across at Zuckerman as he passed by. Because he was Zuckerman, or because he was staring at them? Couldn't tell, but since he preferred not to distract anyone at a time like that with either himself or his inflammatory best seller, he learned within only weeks to master the shock of coming upon such a gathering virtually across from his front door the first thing each day, and, as though death left him cold, hurried on about the business of buying the morning paper and his onion roll.

HE HAD BEEN UP ALL NIGHT, NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE lights burning at Campbell's. He was waiting to see if the kidnapper would call again or if the hoax was over. Surely it had to be that—some friend, or some enemy, having a good time at the expense of the new celebrity. Indeed, Zuckerman had said as much into the phone the third time he picked up and heard the hoarse, high-pitched voice with the vaguely imbecilic intonation warning him not to hang up again unless he wanted trouble. Zuckerman responded by saying that the little joke had become disgustingly sadistic and psychopathic.

"Oh, don't you tell me about disgusting jokes!" his caller had replied. "Don't you denigrate me, you highbrow fraud! You fake! Not after what you do to your family in that book, you heartless bastard—and in the name of Great Art! In my daily life I am a better man than you are a hundred times over. Everybody knows me personally knows that. I detest violence. My kids can't watch TV because of the violence. Jack Ruby, Jack Idiot Trigger-Happy Ruby, has become the patron saint of America! I can hardly live in this country anymore because of the violence.

"We had a great leader in Robert Kennedy and that crazy Arab bastard shot him. Robert Kennedy, who could have turned this country around! But what people know me to be for and against as a human being is none of your business. God knows I don't have to prove myself to a faker like you. Right now we are talking strictly money, and it is no more disgusting than when you talk on the phone to the accountant. You have got fifty thousand dollars, I want it. Simple as that. I am not interested in causing suffering. I hate suffering. I have seen enough suffering in my personal life to last forever. All I care about is making a reasonable profit on my investment and on the man-hours involved. And to do what I do with responsibility. I assure you not everybody goes about it the way that I do. Not everybody thinks these things through. They kidnap like madmen, they kidnap like school kids, and that is when the shit hits the fan. My pride won't permit that. My compunctions won't permit that. I try like hell to avoid just that. And I do, when I am met on the other side by a person with compunctions like my own. I've been in this business many years now, and nobody has been hurt yet who wasn't asking for it by being greedy."

At three A.M. he had nearly reached out from his bed and telephoned his estranged wife, Laura, to ask her advice. At four he nearly telephoned the police to ask their assistance. At six he nearly called his mother in Miami Beach to be sure she was still all right. At eight he got up and looked out the front window, and when he saw the cop on horseback outside the funeral home he thought of his father in the Miami Beach nursing home. He had been thinking of his father at three and four and six as well. He often did when he saw the lights burning all night at Campbell's, especially since they had moved his father into the nursing home following his third stroke. He was unable to get a song called "Tzena, Tzena" out of his head. They were a great family for whistling while they worked, and "Tzena, Tzena" his father had whistled for years, after putting in a decade with "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." "This song," Dr. Zuckerman told his family, "is going to win more hearts to the Jewish cause than anything before in the history of the world." The chiropodist even ran out to get it, maybe the fifth record he had bought in his life. Zuckerman was home for the Christmas vacation of his sophomore year, and "Tzena, Tzena" was played every night before dinner. "This is the song," Dr. Zuckerman said, "that will put the State of Israel on the map." Unfortunately, Nathan was beginning to learn about counterpoint in his humanities course, so when the father made the mistake at dinner of genially asking Nathan's musical opinion, he was told that Israel's future would be determined by international power politics and not by feeding Gentiles "Jewish kitsch." Causing Dr. Zuckerman to pound the table: "That is where you are wrong! There is exactly where you fail to understand the feelings of the ordinary man!" They had disagreed all that Christmas, not only about the value of "Tzena, Tzena." But by the mid-sixties, when he played for Nathan the Barry Sisters singing the songs from *Fiddler on the Roof*, the struggle was about over. By

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then the father was in a wheelchair in Miami Beach, the son a recognized writer long out of school, and after sitting down to listen to the show tunes straight through, Nathan told him they were terrific. "At the Temple," said his mother, "after the services last week, the cantor sang the title song for us. You could have heard a pin drop." Since Dr. Zuckerman's first stroke, he had begun attending Friday-night religious services with Zuckerman's mother. The first time in their lives. So that the rabbi who buried him wouldn't be a total stranger. Not that anybody had to say as much. "These Barry Sisters," his father announced, "and this record are going to do more for the Jews than anything since 'Tzena, Tzena.' " "You could be right," said Nathan. And why not? He was no longer a student in Humanities 2, the damage that he had done the Jewish cause by writing his first book was no longer one of his father's unshakable obsessions, and *Carnovsky* was still three years off.

[redacted]

INSTEAD OF CALLING LAURA, THE POLICE, OR FLORIDA, HE used his head and at ten decided to phone his agent, André Schevitz, who would know what to make of these threats. His gallant continental manner, his rippling silver hair, his Old World accent—all had earned him ages ago the mildly derisive *nom de guerre* "the Headwaiter"; but to those he did the business for, rather than those he gave it to, André Schevitz was more estimable than that. In addition to ministering to his international roster of novelists, André looked after the megalomania, alcoholism, satyriasis, and tax tragedies of fifteen world-famous film stars. He flew off at a moment's notice to hold their hands on location, and once every few months made it a point to call on little children around the country with mamas away making sagas in Spain or papas off in Liechtenstein tending to their dummy corporations. During the summer any child all but orphaned because of a domestic cataclysm headlined in the *National Enquirer* wound up spending school vacation with André and Mary in Southampton; on a hot August day it wasn't unusual to see two or three miniature replicas of the cinema's most photographed faces gobbling watermelon at the edge of the Schevitz pool. Zuckerman's painful first divorce, the one from Betsy nine years earlier, had been painlessly engineered for him at five-and-dime-store rates by André's (and Mrs. Rockefeller's) lawyer; two years back his life had been saved by André's society surgeon; and the scene of his convalescence from the burst appendix and peritonitis had been the Schevitz Southampton guesthouse: with a Schevitz maid and cook in attendance—and on weekends, his own Laura—he had snoozed on the sun deck, lolled in the pool, and regained the twenty pounds he'd lost during the month in the hospital. And had begun writing *Carnovsky*.

Oh, but those threats, those threats were just more ridiculousness—he didn't need his agent to remind him. Zuckerman found a fresh composition book and, instead of phoning André, began to record what he could still recall of the previous day's business. Because this *was* his business: not buying and selling, but seeing and believing. Oppressive, perhaps, from a personal point of view, but from the point of view of business? My God, from the point of view of business, yesterday was wonderful! He should do business like that every day.

In a Second Avenue delicatessen, a small, unprepossessing restaurant over in Yorkville where he'd been hoping to be left to himself with his sandwich and paper, he had been recognized the evening before by the only other diner in the place, a passionate admirer of *Carnovsky* and, what was more, a fellow Newarker whose Aunt Lottie had gone to high school with Zuckerman's father's first cousin Essie.

Unlike Zuckerman, however, he was a Newarker still slogging away across the river, despite the collapse into squalor of their native town. He was Alvin Pepler, he told the novelist. *The* Alvin Pepler. He allowed that the name might mean nothing to an intellectual like Zuckerman, but back in the late fifties, to the country at large, it had been a household word—with all due respect, a name bigger even than Zuckerman's had become with the success of *Carnovsky*. Pepler had been the reigning contestant for three consecutive weeks on *Smart Money*, the biggest of the TV quiz shows before the scandal broke that drove them all off the air. Pepler explained to Zuckerman, with furious indignation, that he had been forced because of religion to take a dive for Hewlett Lincoln, who went on to become the greatest winner in quiz-show history and a national hero. Pepler, a Jew, had to be defeated by Hewlett, a goy. The producers of the show, themselves Jews, feared that the ratings would suffer if a Jew were allowed to win for too many consecutive weeks. In fact, with twenty quiz shows on the air giving away half a million dollars a week during what Pepler described as the "bonanza period" between 1955 and 1958, no Jew was ever allowed to win more than a hundred thousand, Pepler said. However, Hewlett, that fraud, had wound up with a hundred and seventy-three thousand. The financial inequity drove Pepler crazy to this day—to say nothing of what the bastards in the industry had done to him for refusing to protect them by lying to a grand jury when he was called to testify.

What had, in fact, brought Pepler over from Jersey was the prospect of telling the story of his rise and fall in the form of a musical comedy. The autobiography painstakingly written to vindicate himself had been turned down by twenty-one publishers, and his last hope, really, was a theatrical producer named Marty Paté.

Pepler told Zuckerman that he was staying for a few days at the Paté Productions town house on East Sixty-second Street, talking his recollections into a tape

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machine, while Marty was away in Israel, consulting with Moshe Dayan about the Broadway rights to the Six-Day War. Marty and his father, Mr. Perlmutter, had Yul Brynner as good as signed up to play Dayan on the stage . . .

All this Zuckerman recorded in his notebook, first the monologue delivered in the delicatessen over his pastrami sandwich, then the monologue delivered while he was backed up against a corner mailbox out on the street. For though Zuckerman had abandoned half his dinner to Pepler in order to escape, Pepler had caught up with him two blocks from the restaurant and there continued the unburdening. Zuckerman had finally been able to give him the slip outside Baskin-Robbins, when Pepler decided to make the admired author the present of an ice-cream cone. But when he hurried off into the store, Zuckerman turned and ran, as though for his life. At home he searched in the Manhattan directory for Marty Paté, for Paté Productions, for a Perlmutter on East Sixty-second. He tried the Yellow Pages. Nothing. Alvin Pepler's own creation. If there was even such a one as Alvin Pepler.

HE WROTE STEADILY FOR OVER AN HOUR, EVERY IRATE word of Pepler's deposition, and then, suddenly, broke into a sweat and telephoned André at his office to recount to him the details of the threatening phone calls. All night he had wondered if the caller could possibly have been Pepler.

"To resist all the temptations I strew in your path, this I understand. To fight the way your life is going," said André, capitalizing, for the sake of the satire, on the Mitteleuropa inflections, "to be unable to accept what has happened to you, this I also understand. Even if it is you yourself who has kicked over your traces, what happens when you kick over your traces can take anybody by surprise. Especially a boy with your background. What with Papa telling you to be good, and Mama telling you to be nice, and the University of Chicago training you four years in Advanced Humanistic Decisions, well, what chance did you ever have to lead a decent life? To take you away to that place at sixteen! It's like stealing a wild little baby baboon from the branches of the trees, feeding him in the kitchen, letting him sleep in your bed and play with the light switch and wear little shirts and pants with pockets, and then, when he is big and hairy and full of himself, giving him his degree in Western Civilization and sending him back to the bush. I can just imagine what an enchanting little baboon you were at the University of Chicago. Pounding the seminar table, writing English on the blackboard, screaming at the class that they had it all wrong—you must have been all over the place. Rather like in this abrasive little book."

"What's your point, André? Someone is threatening to kidnap my mother."

"My point is that to turn a jungle baboon into a seminar baboon is a cruel, irreversible process. I understand why you won't ever be happy around the waterhole again. But paranoia is something else. And my point for you, my question to you, is how far are you going to let paranoia take you before it takes you where it goes?"

"The question is how far this abrasive little book is going to take *them*."

"Nathan, who are 'they'? Nathan, you must do me a favor and stop going nuts."

"I had three phone calls last night from some madman threatening to kidnap my mother. Nuts it sounds, *but it happened.* What I am now trying to figure out is what to do in response that isn't nuts. I thought a worldly fellow with your admirable cynicism might have had some experience with this sort of thing."

"I can only tell you that I haven't. Among my clients are the richest and best-known stars in the world, but as far as I know, nothing like this has ever 'happened' to any of them."

"Nothing like this ever happened to me, either. That may account for why I sound the way I do."

"I understand that. But you have been sounding this way for some time. You have been sounding this way from the day it began. In all my years of experience with high-strung prima donnas, I have never seen anyone make such a fiasco of fame and fortune. I have seen all sorts of crazy indulgence, but never in anything like this. To be chagrined by such good fortune. Why?"

"Because of the madmen who call me on the phone, for one."

"Then don't answer the phone. Don't sit there waiting by the phone, and that takes care of the phone. To take care of people who bother you on the bus, don't ride the bus. And while you're at it, stop eating in those filthy delicatessens. You are a rich man."

"Who says I eat in filthy delicatessens? The *News* or the *Post*?"

"I say so. And isn't it true? You buy greasy takeout chickens at these foul little barbecue holes and you eat them with your hands in that barren apartment. You hide out in Shloimie's Pastrami Haven, pretending to be harmless Mr. Nobody from Nowhere. And by now it is all beginning to lose its eccentric charm, Nathan, and is taking on a decidedly paranoic aroma. What are you up to, anyway? Are you out to appease the gods? Are you trying to show them up in heaven and over at *Commentary* that you are only a humble, self-effacing yeshiva *bucher* and not the obstreperous author of such an indecent book? I know about all those index cards you carry around in your wallet: fortifying quotations from the great literary snobs about fame giving satisfaction only to mediocre vanities. Well, don't you believe it. There's a lot to be had out of life by a writer in your position, and not at Shloi-

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mie's, either. Those buses. To begin with, you should have a car with a driver, Nathan. Thomas Mann had a car with a driver."

"Where'd you hear that?"

"I didn't. I rode in it with him. You should have a girl to answer your mail and run your errands for you. You should have somebody to carry your dirty things down Madison Avenue in a pillowcase—somebody instead of yourself. At least treat yourself to a laundry that picks up sackcloth and delivers."

"They lean on the bell when they pick up—it interrupts my concentration."

"A housekeeper should answer the bell. You should have someone to cook your meals and to shop for your groceries and to deal with the tradesmen at the door. You don't have to push a cart around Gristede's ever again."

"I do if I want to know what a pound of butter costs."

"Why would you want to know that?"

"André, Gristede's is where we poor writers go to lead a real life—don't take Gristede's away from me too. It's how I keep my finger on the pulse of the nation."

"You want to succeed at that, get to know what I know: the price of a pound of flesh. I am being serious. You should have a driver, a housekeeper, a cook, a secretary—"

"And where do I hide in that crowd? Where do I type?"

"Get a bigger place."

"I just got a bigger place. André, that is *more* ridiculousness, not less. I just moved in here. It's quiet, it's plenty big for me, and on East Eighty-first at five hundred a month, it's no slum."

"You should have a duplex at the United Nations Plaza."

"I don't *want* one."

"Nathan, you are no longer the egghead kid I plucked out of the pages of *Esquire*. You have achieved a success as only a handful of writers ever do—so stop acting like those who don't. First you lock yourself away in order to stir up your imagination, now you lock yourself away because you've stirred up theirs. Meanwhile, everybody in the world is dying to meet you. Trudeau was here and he wanted to meet you. Abba Eban was here and mentioned your name to me. Yves Saint Laurent is giving a big party and his office called for your number. But do I dare to give it? And would you even go? My dear boy, you live in that apartment, as far as I can tell, thinking about nothing but yourself from one day to the next. And when you even dare to go out into the street, you're worse. Everybody looks at you, everybody sidles up to you, everybody wants either to tie you to a bed or to spit in your eye. Everybody has you pegged for Gilbert Carnovsky, when what everybody with an ounce of brains should know is that you are really you. But if you recall, Nathan dear, being really you was what was driving you crazy only a few short years ago. You told me so yourself. You felt stultified writing 'proper, responsible' novels. You felt stultified living behind your 'drearily virtuous face.' You felt stultified sitting in your chair every night making notes for your files on another Great Book. 'How much more life can I spend preparing for my final exam? I'm too old to be writing term papers.' You felt stultified calling Florida every Sunday like the good son, you felt stultified signing stop-the-war petitions like the good citizen, you felt stultified most of all living with a do-gooder like your wife. The whole country was going haywire and you were still in your chair doing your homework. Well, you have successfully conducted your novelistic experiment and now you are famous all over the haywire country for being highly haywire yourself, and you're even more stultified than before. What is more, you are outraged that everybody doesn't know how proper, responsible, and drearily virtuous you really are, and what a great achievement it is for mankind that such a model of Mature Adult Behavior could have given the reading public a Gilbert Carnovsky. You set out to sabotage your own moralizing nature, you set out to humiliate all your dignified, high-minded gravity, and now that you've done it, and done it with the relish of a real saboteur, now you're humiliated, you idiot, because nobody aside from you seems to see it as a profoundly moral and high-minded act! 'They' misunderstand you. And as for those who do understand you, people who've known you for five and ten and fifteen years, you'll have nothing to do with them either. As far as I can tell, you don't see a single one of your friends. People call me to ask what's happened to you. Your closest friends think you're out of town. Somebody called me up the other day to ask if it was true that you were in Payne Whitney."

"Oh, am I supposed to be in the bin now too?"

"Nathan, you are the decade's latest celebrity—people are going to say everything. The question I am asking is why you won't at least see old friends."

Simple. Because he couldn't sit complaining to them about becoming the decade's latest celebrity. Because being a poor misunderstood millionaire is not really a topic that intelligent people can discuss for very long. Not even friends. Least of all friends, and especially when they're writers. He was not fit company for anyone he considered a friend. He would get started on all the places where he no longer could show his face without causing a sensation, and soon enough he would make them into enemies. He would get started on the Rollmops King and the gossip columns and the dozen crazy letters a day, and who *could* listen? He would start talking to them about those suits he was having made. Six suits. Three thousand dollars' worth of suits to sit at home and write in. When he could write naked, if need be; when he could sit there as he always had, in work shirt and chinos, perfectly content. With three thousand dollars he could have bought one hundred pairs of chinos and four hundred work shirts (he'd worked it out). He could buy sixty

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pairs of Brooks Brothers suede walking shoes of the kind he'd been wearing since he went off to the University of Chicago. He could buy twelve hundred pairs of Interwoven socks (four hundred blue, four hundred brown, four hundred gray). With three thousand dollars he could have clothed himself for life. But instead there were now fittings with Mr. White twice a week, discussions with Mr. White about padding the shoulders and nipping the waist, and who could possibly listen to Zuckerman carrying on about such stuff? He could hardly listen—but, alas, alone with himself, he couldn't shut up. Better they should think he was in Payne Whitney. Maybe he ought to be. Because there was also the television—couldn't stop watching. In his old apartment downtown on Bank Street, all he and Laura saw regularly was the news. At seven and again at eleven they used to sit together in the living room to watch the fires in Vietnam: villages on fire, jungles on fire, Vietnamese on fire. Then they went back to their work on the night shift, she to counseling draft-dodgers, he to his Great Books. During his weeks alone, however, Zuckerman had probably spent more hours by the TV set than in all the years since they had begun to broadcast test patterns back when he was finishing high school. There was little else he could concentrate on, and then there was the strangeness of sitting in your bathrobe on your Oriental rug eating a takeout barbecued chicken and hearing someone suddenly talking about *you*. He couldn't get over it. One night a pretty rock singer whom he'd never seen before told Johnny Carson about her one and "Thank God" only date with Nathan Zuckerman. She brought the house down describing the "gear" Zuckerman advised her to wear to dinner if she wanted "to turn him on." And just the previous Sunday he had watched three therapists sitting in lounge chairs on Channel 5 analyzing his castration complex with the program host. They all agreed that Zuckerman had a lulu. The following morning André's lawyer had gently to tell him that he couldn't sue for slander. "Your nuts, Nathan, are now in the public domain."

They were right in their way—he *was* in the bin.

"The threats, the threats, the *threats*," cried Zuckerman. "André, what about those threats? That is the subject here."

"Delivered as you described them, the threats don't seem to me very serious, frankly. But then I am not you, with this sense you have that everything suddenly is beyond your control. If you are feeling the way you sound, then telephone the police and see what they say."

"But you think it's all a joke."

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"And if it isn't? If my mother winds up in the trunk of a car in the Everglades?"

"If this and if that. Do as I say. You want advice, I'm advising you. Phone the police."

"And what can they do? That's the next question."

"I have no idea what they can do when nothing actually has happened to anyone. My concern is defusing the persecution mania, Nathan. That is the job of a literary agent. I should like to restore in you some peace of mind."

"Which calling the police isn't likely to do. Call the police and it's as good as calling the city desk. Call the police and it'll be in Leonard Lyons by tomorrow, if not headlined on page one. PUG THREATENS PORN MOM. What I ought to do is get a bodyguard. For my mother. Don't you think?"

"Well, if that's what's necessary for your sense of security—"

"Only it's not going to give her much of one, is it? I hate to think of her sitting across from him when he takes off his coat to eat his lunch and she sees the shoulder holster."

"Then why not restrain yourself, Nathan? Why not wait to see if this character phones again? If there is, in fact, no call to make arrangements about extortion money, so much for that. It was somebody's idea of a good time. If there is such a call—"

"Then I notify the police, the FBI, and whatever the papers print—"

"Exactly."

"If and when it turns out to be nothing, she'll have been protected just the same."

"And you'll feel that you did the right thing by her."

"Only there it'll be in the papers. Then the bright idea will dawn on some maniac to take a crack at it himself."

"You worry too much about maniacs."

"But they live. The maniacs live better than we do. They flourish. It's their world, André. You should read my mail."

"Nathan, you take everything too seriously, starting with your mail and ending with yourself. Maybe it's starting with yourself and ending with the mail. Maybe that's all the kidnapper is trying to tell you."

"Doing it for my education, is he? You make it sound as though it might even be you."

"I'd like to say that it was. I wish I were clever enough to have thought of it."

"I wish you were too. I wish somebody were, other than whoever it is."

"Or isn't."

As soon as he hung up, Zuckerman began searching for the card that a limousine chauffeur had handed to him out on the street one night: it was for a driving service furnishing big shots like Zuckerman with armed guards. He should call to ask them to recommend an armed guard for his mother in Miami. He should fly to Miami himself. He should telephone the Miami field office of the FBI. He should stop eating in delicatessens. He should furnish his apartment. He should unpack his books. He should take his money out of his shoe and give it to

continued on page 83

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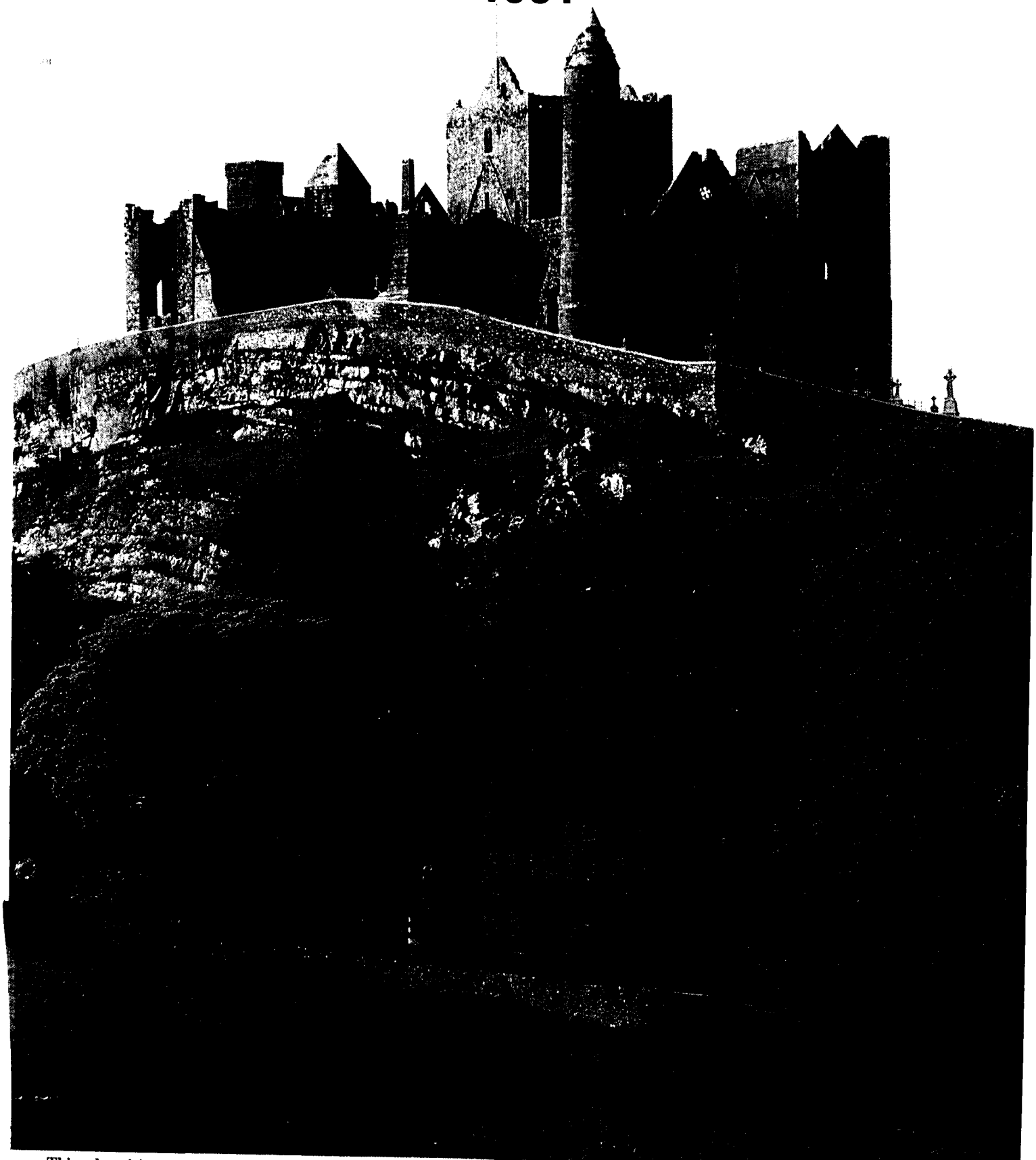
THE ATLANTIC INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER 1981



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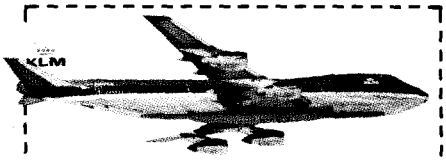

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1981
THE INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

Festivals: The word for today's traveler

Festivals add bursts of pleasure to a traveler's itinerary. In small, backwater villages or great metropolises, in castles or cathedrals, with the sound of cheerful brass bands, Bach, or avant-garde jazz, the mood of a festival is always one of heightened enjoyment, relaxation, and a friendly internationalism.

Man seems always to have celebrated. At first, he expressed his joy at the mysteries of the changing seasons, the bounty of a harvest, or a fishing catch. Later, he commemorated his victories. In recent years, festivals have grown up around the birthplace of a genius (Mozart in Salzburg, Wagner in Bayreuth), or around a galaxy of talent that gathers in a single place for a short time to create programs of beautiful music and drama.

Whatever their source, festivals have become important to travelers. Our International Travel Planner has selected from among the world's major festivals, holidays, and celebrations those that will add rich rewards to your trips.

We have included a tear-out card at page T21 to help you find the information you need free of charge. Just tear it out and return it to us. You'll receive a generous assortment of information to help you plan your trip.

Besides its wondrous sights, the world offers to the traveler a multitude of celebrations and special events, which are invariably the most memorable moments of any trip. We hope our International Travel Planner will lead you to them.

Frances Koltun

Editor

HIGHLIGHTS '81

Among this year's top celebrations and events:

- Year of the Scot, **Edinburgh and throughout Scotland,** to November 20. 167 events including highland gatherings, international clan gatherings, banquets, balls, concerts, and more.
- Portopia '81, **Kobe, Japan,** from March 20 to September 15. Outstanding exposition. Theme: "The creation of a new city of culture on the sea." Offers futuristic concept of a self-sustaining marine city. On Kobe Port Island, world's largest man-made island. Sea pageants, transpacific yacht race, entertainment. Kobe is Japan's leading trading port.
- 1300th Anniversary of Gloucester Cathedral, **Gloucester, England,** from April 13 through mid-July. Religious services, lectures, medieval banquets, concerts, exhibits.
- Gathering of Holocaust Survivors, **Jerusalem, Israel,** from June 15 to 18. Special programs, and memorial services at Yad Vashem (Israel's Memorial to the Holocaust).
- Visit of Pope John Paul II to **Lourdes, France,** to attend the Eucharistic Congress and Pilgrimage, from July 16 to 23. Marks forty-second International Eucharistic Congress and the one-hundredth anniversary of first Eucharistic Congress.
- Picasso Exhibit, **Louisiana Museum of Art just north of Copenhagen,** from March 7 to June 21. Largest Picasso exhibit in Europe. Many paintings from New York's Museum of Modern Art show plus additional pieces.
- Paris Air and Space Show, **Paris's Le Bourget Airport,** from June 4 to 14. Held biennially since 1908.

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Please send details on vacations in Greece.

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EUROPE

Europe's calendar for 1981 is brightened by marvelous events that deserve the traveler's attention. There is an outpouring of music, drama, and film festivals; flower shows; great sports competitions; sound and light spectacles; handicraft fairs; traditional religious holidays; wine harvest celebrations; and much more.

Andorra

July 19–20: FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Canillo.** Performers wear area costumes.
July 25–27: FOLKLORIC CELEBRATION. **Les Escaldes Village.** Country fair with singing, dancing, and regional foods.
August 8–10: SONG AND DANCE COMPETITION. **Andorra La Vella.**
August 15–17: ENCAMPMENT. **La Massana.**
September 8: OUR LADY OF MERITXELL NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Pageantry, religious procession, folk music, and drama.

Austria

April 1–June 30, September 1–December 31: OPERA SEASON. **Vienna, Graz.**
April 11–20: EASTER FESTIVAL. **Salzburg.** Wagner's "Parsifal," Haydn's oratorio "The Creation."
May–October: PALACE CONCERTS AND PERFORMANCES AT THE MARIONETTE THEATER. **Salzburg.**
May 16–June 21: VIENNA FESTIVAL. **Vienna.** Citywide concerts. Majority are free.
May 22–31: WIPA—INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXHIBIT. **Vienna.**
June–early July: WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND PERFORMING ARTS. **Vienna.**
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY BOAT PROCESSIONS ON LAKES. **Traunkirchen, Hallstatt, Upper Austria.**
June 18–28: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. **Hohenems, Vorarlberg.** Concerts and recitals.
June 27–August 31: CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Ossiach, Villach.** Opera and concerts.
June 30–September 5: MUSICAL SUMMER PROGRAM. **Vienna.** Concerts.
July–mid-September: OPERETTA WEEKS. **Baden, Lower Austria.**
Mid-July–mid-August: TYROLEAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Innsbruck.**
July 21–August 23: BREGENZ FESTIVAL. **Bregenz.** Ballet, drama, music.
July 26–August 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. **Salzburg.** Drama, ballet, music, opera with world-famous performers and conductors.
August–early September: INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—AUSTRIA '81. **Altenburg Abbey, Breiteneich Castle, Lower Austria.**
September 5–30: BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. **Linz, Upper Austria.** Music.
September 12–20: INTERNATIONAL FALL TRADE FAIR. **Vienna.**
September 26–October 4: SOUTHEAST FALL TRADE FAIR. **Graz.**
October 16–27: "VIENNALE." **Vienna.** Films.
October 17–end of November: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL. **Graz.**
November 13–21: ANTIQUES FAIR. **Vienna.**
November 21–December 26: CHRISTMAS MARKET. **Vienna.**
November 24–29: INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR PSYCHOANALYSIS. **Vienna.**
December 24: "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS. **Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain.** Recalls composition of world-famous Christmas song.
December 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE FANFARES. **Vienna.** City Hall.
December 31: IMPERIAL BALL. **Vienna.**

Belgium

April 28–October 13: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. **several cities in Flanders.** Ballet, music, drama.
End of April–end of May: ROYAL GREENHOUSE DISPLAYS. **Brussels.** Six acres of 300-year-old orange trees and Azalea House at Palace of Laeken.
May–November: FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. **various cities in Wallonia.** Orchestra, ballet, theatre.
May 1: 1,003RD ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF PLAY OF ST. EVERMAR. **Rutten.**
May 1–May 17: SPRING FAIR. **Brussels.** Palais du Centenaire.
May 28: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. **Brugge.** 800-year-old relic honored by local citizens in medieval costume.
May 30–31: HARBOUR FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Blankenberge.**
June 6–8: EEL FESTIVAL. **Mariekerke.**
June 14: PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT AND LEGENDARY BATTLE OF THE DRAGON. **Mons.** Celebration over 100 years old.

Be sure to use reply card at page T21

Ireland *is a dramatic blend of ancient ruins and soft green fields. Here, the great Rock of Cashel, crowned by the stones and towers of an old, historic cathedral, rises above the plains of Tipperary. Photograph by Porterfield-Chickering/Photo Researchers.*

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Since much of our information must be gathered months in advance, we suggest you always verify dates, places, and events. They are occasionally subject to last-minute change. (Where events do not specify a city, they are held nationwide.)

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July 2–3: OMMEGANG PAGEANT. **Brussels.** Medieval pageantry in the illuminated Grand' Place.
July 11: ANTIQUES AND HANDICRAFT MARKET. **Westende, Middelkerke.**
July 13–17: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT FOR YOUTH. **Middelkerke.**
July 21: BELGIAN NATIONAL DAY. **nationwide.**
July 25–August 9: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. **Brugge.** Music.
August 22–30: 30TH GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Overijse.**
August 29–31: BEGONIA FESTIVAL. **Lochristi.** Exhibits of Belgium's famous begonias in floats and flower carpets.
September 5: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Dendermonde.**
September 5–6: 34TH INTERNATIONAL BALLOON COMPETITION. **St. Niklaas.** Annual precision landing contest.
September 13: BREUGEL FESTIVAL. **Wingene.** Biennial celebration includes parade with floats, special Breugel meal, torchlight tattoo.
September 26–October 11: ANNUAL OKTOBERFEESTEN. **Weize.** Beer festival's twenty-sixth year.
October 24: ANNUAL CATTLE AND NUTS FAIR. **Henri-Chapelle.**
November 13–22: GASTRONOMIC AND TOURIST FAIR. **Brugge.** Boudewijnpark.
December 20–31: 25TH WINTER FESTIVAL. **Zottegem.** Includes children's carnival, parade.
December 20–January 5, 1982: CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ILLUMINATIONS. **all major city centers.**
December 26: LOVERS' FAIR. **Virton.**

Britain

Now to November 30: YEAR OF THE SCOT. **Edinburgh and throughout Scotland.** Festivals, exhibits, tours highlight contributions of twentieth-century Scotland.
April–January 1982: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND THEATER SEASON. **Stratford-upon-Avon.** Royal Shakespeare Theater.
April 4: GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE. **Aintree, Merseyside.**
April 4: OXFORD / CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. **Putney to Mortlake, River Thames, London.**
April 13–mid-July: 1300TH ANNIVERSARY OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. **Gloucester.** Services, lectures, medieval banquets, concerts, exhibits on cathedral's history since its founding by Prince Osric in 681.
April 15–22: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Harrogate.**
April 27–May 3: ST. ANDREW'S GOLF WEEK. **St. Andrews, Scotland.**
May–September: CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON. **Chichester.**
May 2–17: FESTIVAL OF ARTS. **Brighton.**
May 9–October 17: PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON. **Pitlochry.**
May 17–20: FIFTH MALVERN FESTIVAL. **Malvern.** Highlights works of George Bernard Shaw and Sir Edward Elgar.
May 18–23: BACH FESTIVAL. **London.** South Bank.
May 19–22: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. **London.**
May 21–August 31: ROYAL WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION. **London.** Traces 1,000-year history of Westminster's relation to the Crown.
May 22–June 7: BATH FESTIVAL. **Bath.** Music, art, drama, fireworks.
May 27–August 11: GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON. **Glyndebourne.**
June 3: DERBY. **Epsom.**
June 6: OBSERVER TRANSATLANTIC YACHT RACE 1981. **starts from Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth, Devon and finishes at Newport, R.I., U.S.A.**
June 9–18: 24TH LIANDAFF FESTIVAL. **Cardiff.** Recitals, choral concerts, Welsh music.
June 12–28: ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL. **Aldeburgh, Suffolk.** Benjamin Britten's music.
June 13: TROOPING THE COLOR, THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY. **London.**
June 13–28: GREENWICH FESTIVAL. **Greenwich.** Outstanding music and drama in historic area.
June 14–24: MANANNAN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS. **Isle of Man.**
June 16–19: ASCOT. **Berkshire.** Internationally-famous horse race.
June 22–July 4: WIMBLEDON TENNIS. **London.**
June 22–July 4: LINCOLN CYCLE OF MYSTERY PLAYS. **Lincoln.** Lincoln Cathedral.
June 27–July 12: LUDLOW FESTIVAL. **Ludlow.** Festival held in ancient castle focuses on Shakespeare's plays; includes concerts.
July 23–5: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA. **Henley-on-Thames.**
July 5–18: 1981 FESTIVAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON. **London.** First of a new series of annual festivals. Music, theater, dance, poetry.
July 5–19: CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL. **Cheltenham.** Important international music festival.
July 6–26: COVENT GARDEN MOZART FESTIVAL. **London.** Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.
July 7–12: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD. **Llangollen, Clwyd, Wales.**
July 15–August 1: ROYAL TOURNAMENT. **London.** Military display.
July 18–August 2: CAMBRIDGE FESTIVAL. **Cambridge.** Music, drama, the visual arts.
July 30–August 12: HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Harrogate.** Music, art, drama.
August 1–8: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD. **Machynlleth, Powys, Wales.** Welsh literary and singing contests.
August 1–9: COWES WEEK OF SAILING. **Cowes, Isle of Wight.**
August 12–September 5: EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO. **Edinburgh.**
August 16–September 5: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Edinburgh.** Music, art, drama, ballet.
August 23–29: THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL. **Worcester.** Since 1720s held alternately in cathedrals of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester.
September 5: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING. **Braemar, Scotland.**
September 5–19: SEPTEMBER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS. **St. Ives, Cornwall.**
September 8–19: CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR. **London.** Old Town Hall, Chelsea.
September 19–October 4: WINDSOR FESTIVAL. **Windsor.** Concerts, lectures, walks, exhibitions.
October–February 1982: THE GREAT JAPANESE EXHIBITION. **Royal Academy, London.** Largest show of Japanese art ever held in Europe.
October 3–17: SWANSEA FESTIVAL. **Swansea.** Principal arts festival in Wales. Centers on Brangwyn Hall.
October 5–10: HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW. **London.** Wembley Arena.
October 8–10: GOOSE FAIR. **Nottingham.** Forest Recreation Ground.
November 1: VETERAN CAR RUN. **Hyde Park, London to Brighton.**
November 2–21: FESTIVAL OF ARTS AT QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY. **Belfast, Northern Ireland.**
November 14: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION SHOW. **London.**
December 7–11: ROYAL SMITHFIELD SHOW AND AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY EXHIBITION. **London.** Earls Court.
December 26: BOXING DAY. **nationwide.** Holiday pantomimes.

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Bulgaria

May–June: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Sofia.**
May 1: LABOR DAY. **nationwide.**
May 22–23: WORLD CUP SKI RACE. **Borovetz.**
May 28–June 6: 15TH NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE. **Gabrovo.**
June–July: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, OPERA, AND CHAMBER MUSIC. **Varna.**
First week of June: FESTIVAL OF ROSES. **Karlovo.** Pageantry in the Valley of the Roses.
June 4–7: GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. **Sunny Beach.** International popular music competition.
June 14–July 12: WORLD HUNTING EXPOSITION **Plovdiv.**
July 1–30: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL. **Albena, Sunny Beach, Golden Sands.** In the Black Sea resort area.
August 7–12: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Koprivshtitsa.**
Late August: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Bourgas.**
September 2–16: 1300TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. **nationwide.**
September 11–21: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC. **Plovdiv.**
September 26–October 5: 37TH INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Plovdiv.**
October 17–24: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE CARTOON FILM.

Cyprus

April 18: THE PROCESSION OF THE ICON OF ST. LAZARUS. **Larnaca.**
April 24–26: EASTER HOLIDAYS. **nationwide.** Including Procession of the Epitaphios on Good Friday.
First two weeks of May: NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Nicosia.**
May 23–June 7: INTERNATIONAL STATE FAIR. **Nicosia.**
June 15: CELEBRATION OF THE "FLOOD." **Kataklysmos.** Sea games, dancing, singing.
June 15–30: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA. **Limassol.** Ancient Curium Theater.
June 15–30: NICOSIA FESTIVAL. **Nicosia.** Folk art, drama, music.
July 1–15: INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Municipal Gardens.
August 14–15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. **Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykko.**
September 15–30: WINE FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Free wine at open-air restaurants, folk songs, dances, drama.
October 1–15: INTERNATIONAL CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Nicosia.** Field Club Courts.

Czechoslovakia

April 23–28: INTERNATIONAL CONSUMER GOODS FAIR. **Brno.**
May 12–June 4: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Prague.**
June 12–14: BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. **Kolín.**
June 16–25: GOLDEN PRAGUE: 18TH INTERNATIONAL TV FESTIVAL. **Prague.**
July 1–30: SMETANA MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Litomysl.**
July 3–5: FOLK FESTIVAL. **Vychodna, in the Tatras Mountains.**
July 4–5: INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Brno.**
July 4–11: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF PUPPET ENSEMBLES. **Chrudim.**
July 27–28: INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Straznice.**
September 1–30: DVORAK'S AUTUMN. **Karlovy Vary.** Music.
October 11–16: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Bratislava.**

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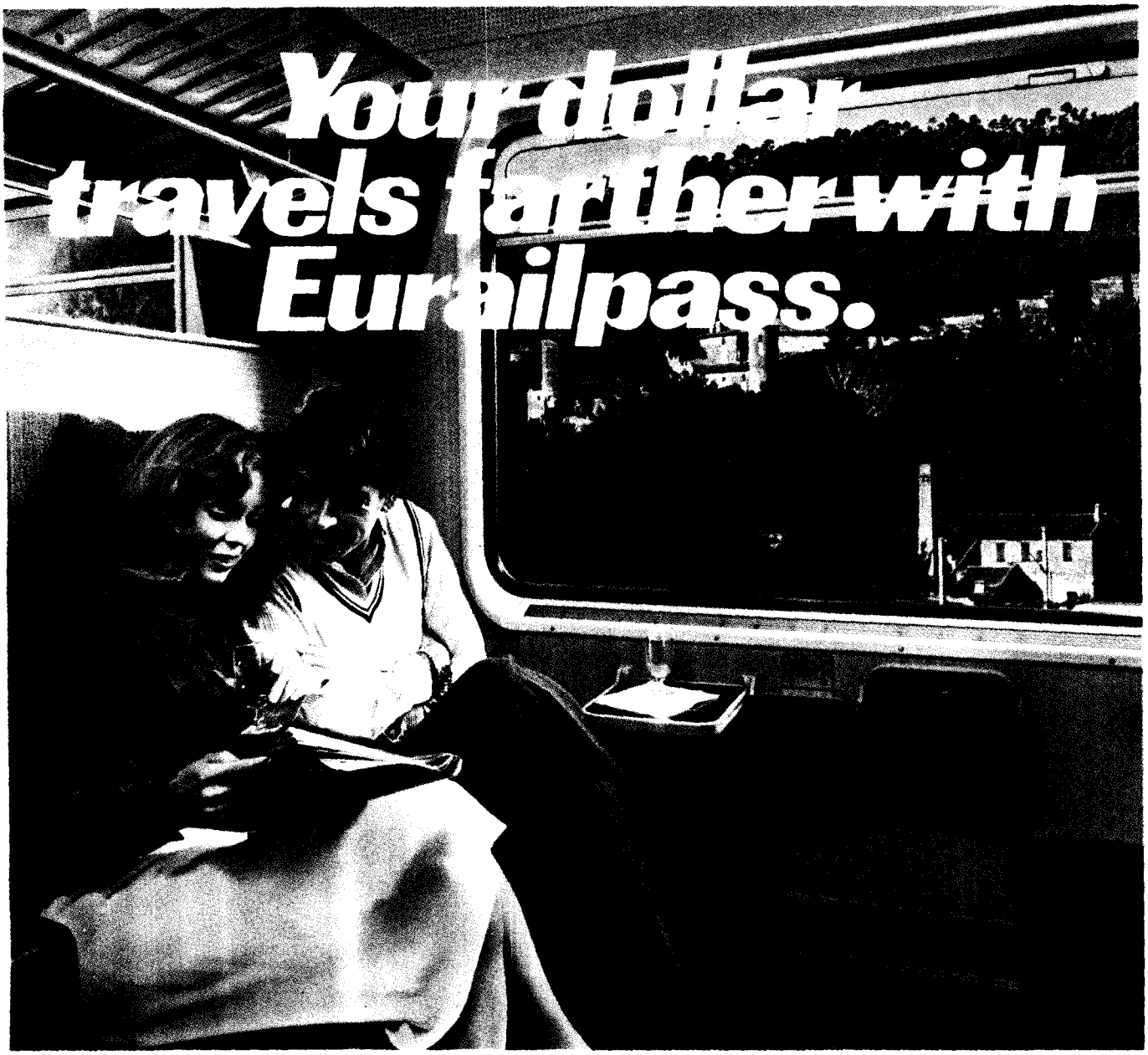

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Pls.take this

And see how your choices match those of thousands of American travelers who voted for what they consider most important on their European vacation. Ready to go? (You will be after this test.) Rank your choices 1–5:
☐ Scenic countryside. ☐ Interesting cities. ☐ Historical places. ☐ Friendly people. ☐ Good hotels & inns.

Before you check your answers, we should tell you that, in a study conducted by the European Travel Commission, the country Americans chose over and over again as being great in all five categories was...Austria. Of course, Austria also

austria

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☐ *Scenic countryside is the most important reason Americans cite for visiting Europe. Pictured below is a typical wine region in Austria, one of the most famous wine-producing countries in Europe—in fact, certain vineyards have been continuously cultivated since Roman times. Strict wine laws assure that quality designations are carefully adhered to. Only the best wines can be exported. Recently, Austria has embarked on aggressive exportation of their wines to the United States. For consumers, the Austrian wine seal guarantees top-quality wine.*

☐ *Interesting cities rank next in importance to Americans. Here again, Austria has an understandable advantage. Our venerable cities date from the days of the Roman Empire. It's taken us all those centuries to achieve the marvelous blend of old and new that you'll find in cities like Vienna, Salzburg, Innsbruck and Graz. Medieval streets, filled with picturesque views and fashionable shops, have a special flavor you'll fall in love with.*

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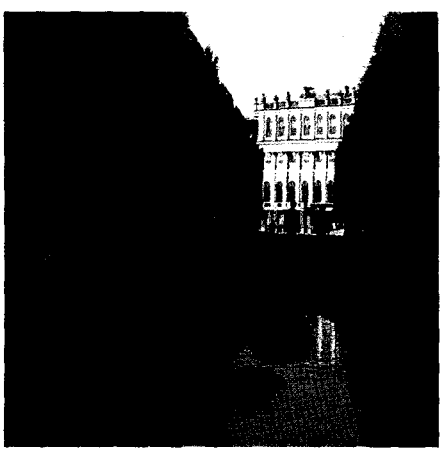
travel test...

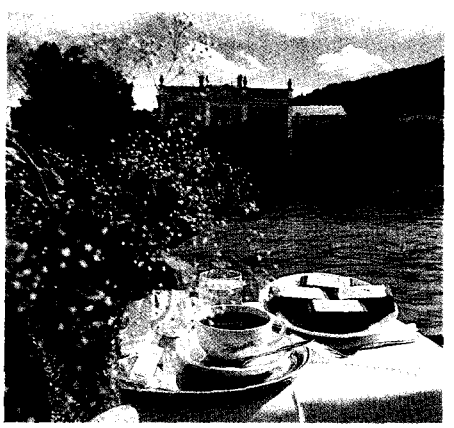
has the many other elements that make up a superb vacation: fun, good food, good transportation, a dazzling variety of cultural events (including opera, concerts, museums and festivals). When it comes to the things that really count with Americans on their trips to Europe, it's easy to see why Austria comes out on top so often. Why not see for yourself? Why travel all over Europe to find the things you like best...when they can find you...in Austria! It's surprisingly affordable, with prices ranging from $100 a week. Find out from your travel agent. For a free travel kit that includes information on tours of Austria, just send in the coupon. Come, visit Austria...and see if we don't pass *your* travel test with flying colors!

☐ *Historic places count as another favorite of Americans. Over the centuries, Austria has produced more than its share of historical events, including many of the world's leading cultural achievements. In music alone, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Strauss and Mahler have composed the works that have made them, and Austria, famous. You can visit picturesque Oberndorf, where "Silent Night, Holy Night" was conceived. Or you can tour the famous, fabulous Schönbrunn palace, where the Hapsburgs ruled and played in royal splendor.*



☐ *Friendly people are naturally important to Americans. And Austria, which has been greeting travelers since travel first became a pleasure, goes out of its way to make you feel welcome. That's true in our cities, where you can expect the finest service, and in our towns and villages...where earthy, open and friendly Alpine folk will offer you Gemütlichkeit and good cheer, and a cozy chalet and hearty food.*

☐ *It's no wonder that Austria's many wonderful hotels did well in this study. The great Austrian tradition of hospitality over hundreds of years has been refined to an art. Five-star luxury hotels set a standard of service for the world to envy. And in our rustic Alpine villages, you'll experience an equally wonderful but completely different kind of service and friendliness. Whichever style you choose for your stay in Austria, we can promise you a wonderful time. And you'll discover another thing that Americans like about us: we don't have the mistaken idea that all Americans are millionaires.*



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British Tourist Authority

Spring in Britain brings fields of glowing daffodils, like these near King's College, Cambridge

Denmark

April–August: DEER GARDEN FAIR SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
April–mid-September: LEGOLAND SEASON. **Billund, Jutland.**
April 7–11: SIXTH INTERNATIONAL FOOD FAIR. **Copenhagen.** Gourmets from many countries create and display specialties.
April 11–23: VIKING EXHIBITION. **Brede, Copenhagen.** Emphasizes impact of Viking culture.
April 30–May 3: SCANDINAVIAN GOLD AND SILVER DAYS. **Copenhagen.** Bella Center. Fortunes in gold and silver to be displayed and traded.
May 1–mid-September: TIVOLI GARDENS SEASON. **Copenhagen.** 136th season. Outstanding amusement park features variety of rides, attractions, concert hall, flower gardens, fireworks, fine restaurants.
May 6–10: INTERNATIONAL FURNITURE FAIR. **Copenhagen.** Bella Center. Furniture designs from all over the world.
June: ROSKILDE FESTIVAL. **Roskilde.** Pop and jazz music.
June–July: VIKING FESTIVAL. **Frederikssund.** Viking pageantry.
June 21: MIDSUMMER EVE. **nationwide.** Bonfires and celebrations through the night.
June 28–July 5: INTERNATIONAL HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN CHILD AND YOUTH FESTIVAL. **Odense.** Competitions in music, dance, theater for young people from all over the world.
Early July: JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Copenhagen.** International performers.
July 4: REBILD FESTIVAL. **Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg.** Salutes American Independence Day.
August: ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL. **Copenhagen.** Premieres of several new productions.
September–December: ROYAL THEATER SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
September 5–13: AARHUS FESTIVAL. **Aarhus.** Drama, ballet, opera, music. Citizens of Aarhus are main performers, joined by artists from around the world.

Finland

April 3–10: INTERNATIONAL OLD TIMERS' HOCKEY TOURNAMENT. **Helsinki.** World Cup competition for senior citizens.
April 30: MAY DAY EVE. **nationwide.** All-night parties celebrate spring.
May 24: FINLANDIA MARATHON. **Jyvaskyla.**
June 4–7: ILMAJOKI MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Ilmajoki.** Opera, concerts.
June 5–12: DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuopio.**
June 8–14: FESTIVAL. **Vaasa.** Drama, art, music. Child and puppet theater is theme.
June 12: HELSINKI DAY AND START OF HELSINKI SUMMER WEEKS. **Helsinki.** Outings, concerts, entertainment.
June 12–24: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Naantali.** Chamber music concerts.
June 19: MIDSUMMER EVE CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.** Longest day of the year with bonfires and open-air dancing.
June 23–July 2: JYVASKYLA ARTS FESTIVAL. **Jyvaskyla.** Concerts, exhibitions, seminars.
July 23–25: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Savonlinna.**
July 9–12: JAZZ '81. **Pori.** Jazz concerts, jam sessions, exhibitions.
July 20–26: FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kaustinen.**
July 24–August 2: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuhmo.**
Early August: 42ND INTERNATIONAL CAMPING AND CARAVANING CAMP. **Tampere, Maisansalo.**
August 10–16: INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL. **Lahti.**
August 17–26: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Turku.** Chamber, symphony, and rock music.
August 18–23: TAMPERE THEATER SUMMER. **Tampere.** Drama in open-air theater.
August 27–September 12: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. **Helsinki.** Art, ballet, music, opera at Finlandia Hall and throughout city.
September 12–13: HANDICRAFT DAYS. **Turku.** Handicraft Museum.
October 24–25: INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Helsinki.** All breeds.
November 28–29: NORTHERN FINLAND CAR RALLY. **Oulu.**
December 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.** Lighted candles in all windows, students' processions.
December 13: LUCIA FESTIVAL. Festival of Light.

France

April–May: FOIRE DE PARIS. **Paris.** Food displays and the arts at Parc de Vincennes.
April–June: PARIS OPERA. **Paris.**
May: BORDEAUX FESTIVAL. **Bordeaux.** Music, drama, ballet with international stars.
Mid-May: ANNUAL GYPSY PILGRIMAGE. **Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.** Three-day event honoring gypsies' patron saint, Sarah.
June: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THEATER, MUSIC, AND DANCE. **Lyon.**
June–July: MARAIS FESTIVAL. **Paris.**
June–July: FESTIVAL. **Arles.** Guitar concerts, bullfights.
June 5–6: 37TH D-DAY LANDING ANNIVERSARY. **Normandy.**
Mid-June: 43RD STRASBOURG FESTIVAL. **Strasbourg.** Features music of Bach, Schumann, Strauss.
June 13–14: LE MANS AUTO RACE. **Le Mans.** Twenty-four hour world famous race.
June 25–July 19: 68TH ANNUAL TOUR DE FRANCE. **Nice.** Bicycle race covering 3,900 km. during twenty-two laps, ending on the Champs-Elysées in Paris. This year tour includes Pyrenee Mountains, Belgium, and Alsace.
July–August: AVIGNON FESTIVAL. **Avignon.** Ballet, drama, music.
July–August: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA AND MUSIC. **Aix-en-Provence.**
July–October: FESTIVAL DE SCEAUX. **Paris.** Chamber music in Orangerie of Château de Sceaux.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. **nationwide.**
Mid-July–September: 16TH FESTIVAL ESTIVAL DE PARIS. **Paris.** Various cultural events throughout the city include concerts, opera, dance.
July 16–23: INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. **Lourdes.**

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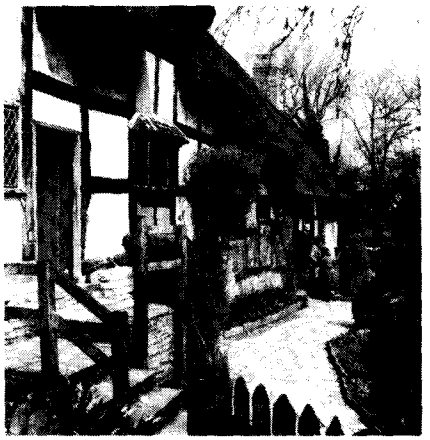

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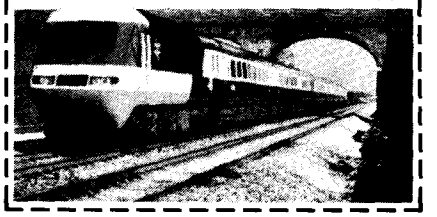

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September: 34TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Besancon.**
September 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN, **Lourdes.**
Early October: ROSARY PILGRIMAGE, **Lourdes.**
October–November: GASTRONOMIC FAIR, **Dijon.**
November: 10TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, **Metz.**
November 21–23: "LES TROIS GLORIEUSES" (Three Days of Glory). **Nuits-Saint-Georges. Beaune, Meursault.** Most important wine festival in France. Folk dancing, banquets, wine sale.

German Democratic Republic

Early May: 8TH INTERNATIONAL JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH COMPETITION. **Leipzig.**
May–early June: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Dresden.**
June: HANDEL FESTIVAL. **Halle.**
July: ROSE SHOW EXHIBITS. **Erfurt.**
July: INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL, **Rostock.**
August 30–September 6: FALL FAIR, **Leipzig.**
September–October: 25TH FESTIVAL OF THEATER AND MUSIC, **Berlin.**
November: 17TH ANNUAL MUSIC DAYS, **Halle.**

West Germany

March 30–April 5: WATER '81—CONGRESS AND EXHIBITION. **Berlin.**
April 1–8: 1981 TRADE FAIR. **Hanover.**
April 24–26: EUROPEAN FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Heidenheim, Brenz.**
April 25–May 3: TRADITIONAL ANTIQUES FAIR, **Munich.**
April 30–May 4: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS AND PROCESSION, **Koblenz.**
April 30–October 18: FEDERAL GARDEN SHOW, **Kassel.** Millions of flowers, home and garden plants. Held biennially in a different German city.
May: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET, OPERA, MODERN DANCE, AND MUSIC, **Wiesbaden.**
June–July: MOZART DAYS, **Augsburg.**
June–July: "PRINCELY WEDDING," **Landshut.** Re-enactment of the 1475 wedding of Duke George The Rich of Bavaria to Jadwiga, daughter of a Polish king. Celebrated every three years.
July 2–August 2: SUMMER CONCERTS IN SCHLEISSHEIM CASTLE, **Munich.**
July 9–August 4: OPERA FESTIVAL, **Munich.**
Late July–late August: WAGNER FESTIVAL. **Bayreuth.** Devoted solely to Richard Wagner's operas.
August–October: WINE FESTIVALS, **Rhine River region.**
September: FESTIVAL WEEKS, **Berlin.**
Late September–early October: OKTOBERFEST, **Munich.**
October 14–19: BOOK FAIR, **Frankfurt.**
November 24–December 20: CHRISTKINDLESMARKT (Christmas Market), **several cities.**

Gibraltar

Mid-April: BASKETBALL KNOCK-OUT LIGHTNING COMPETITION.
May: SHARK ANGLING COMPETITION.
May–June: INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY FESTIVAL AND TOURNAMENT.
August: DEEP SEA AND PIER FISHING CONTEST.
October 21: TRAFALGAR DAY CEREMONY. Special services at Trafalgar Cemetery.
December: 28TH ANNUAL DRAMA FESTIVAL. Inces Hall.

Greece

April: ATHENS OPEN INTERNATIONAL MARATHON RACE. For amateur runners.
April 1–October 31: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Athens, Rhodes, Corfu.**
April 26: EASTER SUNDAY FAIRS. **Ia, Tripolis, Trapeza near Patras, Livadia.** Roast lamb, special wines for visitors. Easter Sunday celebrated throughout Greece as great festival of Greek Orthodox Church.
May–September: GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES. **Athens.** Nightly at Dora Stratou Theater on Filopapou Hill.
June–October: REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCES, **Rhodes.** Old City Theater.
Late June–early August: EPIDAURUS FESTIVAL, **Epidaurus.** Ancient Greek drama at Theater of Epidaurus, third-century B.C. amphitheater.
July–mid-September: WINE FESTIVALS, **Daphni, Rhodes, Alexandroupolis.**
July–September: ATHENS FESTIVAL, **Athens.** Internationally established art festival held in second century amphitheater at foot of Acropolis.
August 15: THE DORMITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, **nationwide.** Religious rites, processions.
September 6–20: 46TH INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR AND FILM FESTIVAL. **Thessaloniki.**
October: DEMETRIA FESTIVAL OF BYZANTINE MUSIC AND DANCE, **Thessaloniki.**
October 28: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Parades.

Hungary

April: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP, **Kiskunhalas.**
May: CYCLE RACE ROUND BALATON, **Fuzfo-Keszthely.**
May: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR, **Budapest.**
May: 11TH INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, **Kecskemet.**
May–August: FERTOD HAYDN CONCERTS, **Budapest.**
June–August: BEETHOVEN CONCERTS, **Martonvasar.**
June–August: ST. JACOB'S SUMMER NIGHT, **Kaposvar.** Music and drama in ruins of Benedictine Abbey.
July–August: OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL, **Budapest.** Margaret Island.
August: GUITAR FESTIVAL PROGRAM, **Esztergom.** Citadel Museum.
September–October: MUSICAL WEEKS, **Budapest.**
Early October: 14TH FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, **Szekszard.**

Iceland

April–June: ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PROGRAMS, **Reykjavik.** Thursday concerts.
April 23: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER, **nationwide.**
May 1: LABOR DAY, **nationwide.**
Early June: SEAMAN'S DAY, **nationwide.**
June 17: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, speeches, entertainment.
June 23–24: MIDSUMMER NIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENT, **Reykjavik, Akureyri.**
Mid-July–mid-August: CLASSICAL MUSIC CONCERTS, **Skalholt.** Saturday, Sunday afternoons.
September–December: NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES, **Reykjavik.** Daily except Monday.
October 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY, **nationwide.** Marks the discovery of America in A.D. 1000.

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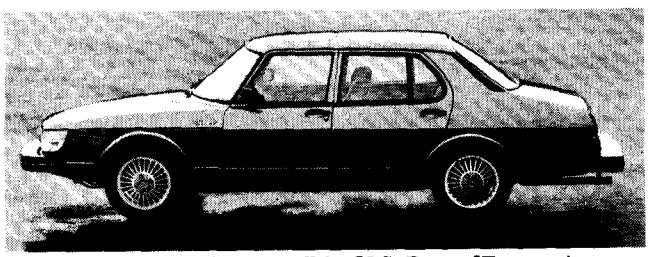

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Ireland

April 24–26: INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST. **Cavan.**
April 29–May 3: 28TH INTERNATIONAL CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Cork.** Leading choirs from Europe and Ireland compete.
May 5–9: SPRING SHOW AND INDUSTRY FAIR. **Dublin.** Showcase of Irish agriculture and industry.
May 10–17: PAN CELTIC WEEK. **Killarney.**
May 21–31: INTERNATIONAL MAYTIME FESTIVAL AND CARROLL'S THEATER FESTIVAL. **Dundalk.** A week of musical, sporting and social events.
May 29–31: "FLEADH NUA"—SPRING FESTIVAL. **Ennis.**
June 5–18: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES. **Dublin.** International soloists and orchestras play in some of Ireland's most beautiful eighteenth-century mansions.
June 19–21: DONEGAL INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY. **Letterkenny.**
June 26–28: FOURTH CITY OF DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. **Dublin.**
July 3–5: BACH FESTIVAL. **Killarney.**
July 12–19: INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Cobh.**
August 2–3: IRISH ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR. **Dublin.**
August 4–8: HORSE SHOW. **Dublin.** Major sporting and social event.
August 8–22: YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL. **Sligo.**
August 21–23: "FLEADH CHEOIL NA HEIREANN." **Donegal.** Irish music at Buncrana.
August 29–September 3: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Tralee.** Concerts, horse racing, parade, free street entertainment. Highlight is Rose of Tralee contest.
September: OYSTER FESTIVAL. **Galway.** Banquet marks opening of first oyster of season.
September 19–October 4: 23RD INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA. **Waterford.** Attracts leading amateur companies.
September 28–October 17: THEATER FESTIVAL. **Dublin.**
October 2–9: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. **Cork.**
October 6–11: INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST. **Castlebar.** One of Europe's major song contests.
October 21–November 1: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Wexford.** Known for presentation of rare operatic masterpieces of eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Also, concerts, chamber music, films.
November 12–15: INDOOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW. **Dublin.**

Italy

April 1–8: 36TH ALMOND BLOSSOM FESTIVAL AND 28TH INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Agrigento, Sicily.**
April 14–23: 59TH TRADE FAIR. **Milan.**
April 17: THE PROCESSION OF THE MYSTERIES. **Trapani, Sicily.** Passion procession of twenty groups of life-sized figures in carved wood and canvas.
April 19: EXPLOSION OF CART. **Florence.** Easter Sunday fireworks.
April 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY. **Venice.** Start of gondola regatta season.
May–mid-June: SACRA MUSICALE. **Lucca.**
May–June: 18TH INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Bergamo.**
May 1–4: FESTIVAL OF ST. EFISIO. **Cagliari.**
May 1–June 30: 44TH MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Florence.**
May 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES. **Gubbio.** Costumed bearers carry huge shrines to church atop Mount Ingino.
May 17: SARDINIAN CAVALCADE. **Sassari.**
June: WAGNER FESTIVAL. **Ravello.**
June–September: 33RD SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. **Verona.** Roman Theater.
June 2: FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC. **Rome.**
June 18: FLOWER FESTIVAL. **Genzano, Rome.** Religious procession on streets carpeted with flowers in beautiful designs.
June 24, 28: 16TH CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH. **Florence.**
June 25–July 12: TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL. **Spoleto.** Opera, drama, art, ballet.
July–August: SUMMER OPERA SEASON. **Rome.** Baths of Caracalla.
July 1–31: OPERA SEASON. **Syracuse, Sicily.** Greek Theater.
July 2, August 16: PALIO. **Siena.** Medieval costume pageant, flag-throwing skills, bareback horse race, and competition for the "palio," or banner.
July 9–August 29: OPEN-AIR OPERA. **Verona.**
August–September: MUSICAL WEEKS. **Stresa.**
August 3: JOUST OF THE QUINTAIN. **Ascoli, Piceno.**
September 6: JOUST OF THE SARACEN. **Arezzo.** Tilting contest of thirteenth century with knights in armor.
October: TRUFFLE FAIR. **Alba.** Rare white truffles sold.
October: PERUGIA MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Perugia, Terni, Assisi, Todi, Sangemini, Gubbio, Narni, Foligno, Cascia, Passignano, Trasimeno, Castiglione del Lago, Magione, Deruta.**
December 7–May 1982: OPERA AND BALLET SEASON. **Milan.** La Scala Opera House.

Luxembourg

April 16–18: HOLY WEEK. **nationwide.**
April 18–23: EASTER EXHIBITION AND WINE FAIR. **Grevenmacher.** Wine tastings.
April 20: "EMAISCHEN" FESTIVAL AND MARKET. **Old Luxembourg.** Popular traditional festival. Sale of earthenware articles, folklore dances, children's games.
May 10–24: "OCTAVE"—303RD ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF LUXEMBOURG. **Luxembourg City.**
May 16–24: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR. **Luxembourg.**
June 8: 33RD "GENZEFEST" BROOM FLOWER FESTIVAL. **Wiltz.**
June 9: DANCING PROCESSION HONORING ST. WILLIBRORD. **Echternach.** Medieval costumes.
June 15–July 15: INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Echternach.**
June 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
End of June–early July: REMEMBRANCE DAY. **Ettelbruck.** Honors U.S. General George Patton, Jr., liberator of Grand Duchy in 1945. Military parade.
Early July: CHERRY FESTIVAL. **Trintange.**
July–August: 29TH INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Wiltz.**
August 8–9: 25TH WINE AND WINE GROWERS FESTIVAL. **Stadtbredimus.** Includes concerts and ball.
August 9: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS—GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG. **Ettelbruck.**
August 22–September 7: SCHUEBERFOER—SHEPHERD'S FAIR. **Luxembourg City.** Capital's major fair.
September 12–13: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Grevenmacher.** Free wine, fireworks, concerts, parades.
October 4: NUTS MARKET. **Vianden.** Nuts, nut cakes, nut liquor sold. Band parades through narrow streets of medieval town.
Early November: "MIERTCHEN." **Vianden.** Ancient custom celebrating end of the harvest.

Be sure to use reply card at page T21

December 23–January 1, 1982: 14TH WINTER RALLY FOR CAMPERS. **Wiltz.** Concerts, evening parties, hiking tours, Christmas–New Year's celebrations.

Malta

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY. **nationwide.**
April 19: EASTER SUNDAY. **nationwide.** Religious services and early morning processions with statue of the risen Christ.
May 8–10: CARNIVAL. **Valletta.** Since 1535.
June–August: WEEKEND FESTAS. **nationwide.** Patron saint feasts in all villages; religious processions, street decorations, and special events.
June 20–24: 12TH INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY. **Valletta.**
June 27–28: MNARJA FOLK HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Valletta.** Evening programs in Buskett Gardens.
July 1–15: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Naxxar.**
September 8: REGATTA. **Grand Harbour, Valletta.**
December 24–25: CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.** At midnight mass, a child narrates story of Christ's birth.

Monaco

April 9–19: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Monte Carlo.**
April 18–20: EASTER BALLETS. **Monte Carlo.** Three major performances in Salle Garnier.
May 9–10: 14TH INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPETITION. **Monte Carlo.** Exhibits at Centenary Hall.
May 16–17: 44TH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Monte Carlo.** Casino Terraces.

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The current Directory of Worldwide Nature Tours describes 29 tours varying from 9 to 36 days and going to virtually every part of the world. Included are The Amazon, Peru, Patagonia, Galapagos, Hawaii, Alaska, Death Valley, Everglades, Ladakh, Sri Lanka, Iceland, Scotland, Greece, Australia, and New Zealand. Tour parties are small, the pace leisurely, and itineraries unusual.

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May 31: 39TH GRAND PRIX, **Monte Carlo.** Internationally-famous car races in local streets.
June 23–24: ST. JOHN'S FEAST, **Old Monaco.**
July–August: 16TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS, **Monte Carlo.** Tuesday nights.
July 24–August 9: INTERNATIONAL ART DEALERS EXHIBITION, **Monte Carlo.**
August 7: RED CROSS GALA, **Monte Carlo.**
November 18–19: MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL DAY, **Monte Carlo.**
December 10–14: INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL, **Monte Carlo.** Fontvieille.

Netherlands

March 27–May 24: KEUKENHOF—32ND NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWER SHOW, **Lisse.**
End of March–mid-May: BULB FIELDS IN BLOOM, **between Haarlem and Leiden.**
April–October 17: MADURODAM—DISPLAY OF MINIATURE DUTCH CITY, **The Hague.**
April 1–October 31: DEMONSTRATIONS OF OLD CRAFTS, **Arnhem.** Open-Air Museum.
April 10–20: DUTCH ART AND ANTIQUE FAIR, **Breda.** At Turfschip.
Mid-April–mid-September: ALKMAAR CHEESE MARKET, **Waagplein, Alkmaar.** Fridays.
April 20–24: INTERNATIONAL TULIP MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Katwijk aan Zee.**
April 30–September 24: ANTIQUE MARKET, **The Hague.** Thursdays.
Early May: NATIONAL WINDMILL DAY AND NATIONAL CYCLING DAY, **nationwide.**
May 5: LIBERATION DAY.
June–September: INTERNATIONAL ROSE EXHIBITION, **The Hague.** Westbroek Park.
June 1–23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL, **Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen.** World-famous performers and orchestras. Concerts, operas, chamber music, ballet, plays, exhibitions.
June 10–August 12: OLD DUTCH MARKET, **Hoorn.** Demonstrations of old crafts and folk dance groups.
June 26–28: INTERNATIONAL AGO SPRINT RACES AND ROWING FOR THE HOLLAND CUP, **Amsterdam.**
July–August: WINDMILL DAYS, **Kinderdijk, southeast of Rotterdam.**
July 10–12: NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL, **The Hague.** Nederlands Congresgebouw.
August 20–23: EUROPEAN YOUTH FIELD AND TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Utrecht.** Stadium Polderweg.
September 15: "PRINSJESDAG" (Prince's Day), **The Hague.** Queen rides in golden coach to open Parliament.
October 16–November 4: 33RD OLD ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR, **Delft.** Prinsenhof Museum.
November 4–8: NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR, **Aalsmeer.**
December 15: "GOUDA BY CANDLELIGHT," **Gouda.** Town Hall and Market Square illuminated by candlelight; carols, lighting of Christmas tree, carillon concert.

Norway

May–June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. Best blooms: May 20–June 10.
May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. Round-the-clock sunshine to July 30.
May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY, **nationwide.**
May 20–June 3: 29TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, FOLKLORE, **Bergen.** Norway's chief cultural event.
June 15: GRIEG'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **Lofthus.** Concert and folk dancing.
June 19–27: NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL, **Harstad.** Open-air theater, folklore.
June 23: MIDSUMMER NIGHT, **nationwide.** Bonfires, fireworks, dancing.
June 24–28: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, **Kongsberg.**
July 9–10: INTERNATIONAL OCEAN FISHING FESTIVAL, **Harstad.** Competitions.
July 25–26, 28–29: ST. OLAV FESTIVAL, **Stiklestad near Trondheim.** Honors King Olav who died in Viking battle at Stiklestad on July 29, 1030. Historic pageant, folklore, bonfires.
August 2–9: PER GYNT FESTIVAL, **Vinstra.** Folklore drama.
August 3–8: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, **Molde.** Star performers.
October 1–31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT, **Oslo.** Annual art presentation.
December 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE, **Oslo.** By invitation.

Poland

May: 26TH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR, **Warsaw.**
May–early September: CHOPIN CONCERTS, **Warsaw.** Sundays at Lazienki Park.
June: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Poznan.**
June–July: 18TH FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS, **Szczecin.**
August: 16TH ORATORIO AND CANTATA FESTIVAL, **Wroclaw.**
September: 25TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—"THE WARSAW AUTUMN," **Warsaw.**
October: 23RD INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL—JAZZ JAMBOREE '81, **Warsaw.**

Portugal

March 25–April 25: THE MARCH FAIR, **Aveiro.** Also known as the Fair of the "Barcos" (boats). Prizes for most beautifully decorated Phoenician-prowed boats.
April 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA VIAGEM, **Constancia.**
May–June: GULBENKIAN CONCERTS, **Lisbon.**
May–July: CONCERTS, **Estoril.**
May 1: PONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL, **Alta.** Equestrian program.
May 12–13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, **Fatima.**
June 4–6: FESTIVAL OF ST. GONÇALO, **Amarante.** Folk dances, songs, flower battles, evening events.
June 7–21: GRAND INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Santarém.**
June 7–26: 2ND MADEIRA BACH FESTIVAL, **Funchal.** Concerts in great cathedral.
June 10: CAMOES DAY. National holiday.
June 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE, **Lisbon.** Dancing in streets of Old Lisbon.
July–August: ESTORIL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Estoril, Queluz, Sintra.**
July–August: ALGARVE SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Faro.**
July 3–August 30: HANDICRAFTS FAIR, **Estoril.** Handicrafts of all provinces exhibited.
July 5–6: RUNNING OF THE BULLS, **Vila Franca de Xira.** Portuguese cowboys demonstrate riding ability; bullfights, fireworks.
August 1–2: FESTIVAL OF SANTA CATARINA, **Praia do Rocha.** River procession; mass celebrated on the beach.
August 1–3: FESTAS GUALTERIANAS, **Guimaraes.** Markets, parades.
August 8–11: FESTIVAL OF GREEN CAP AND SALT PANS, **Alcochete.**
August 20–22: FEAST OF THE AGONY, **Viana do Castelo.**
September: WINE FESTIVAL, **Palmela.**
September 8–13: SENHORA DA NAZARÉ FOLK PILGRIMAGE, **Nazaré.** Parades, folk dancing, fireworks.
October 12–13: ANNUAL FALL PILGRIMAGE, **Fatima.**
November 8–15: TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST. MARTIN, **Golega.**
December 31: GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST. SYLVESTER, **Funchal, Madeira.** Midnight fireworks in harbor.

Romania

May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.
May 8–15: FESTIVAL OF ROMANIAN MUSIC, **Iasi.**
May 10: SHEEP BREEDING FESTIVITY, "SIMBRA OILOR," **Hura Certeze.**
June 22–30: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Brasov.**
July 18–19: MAIDEN'S FAIR IN THE MOUNTAIN, GAINA, **Avram Iancu.**
August 3–10: SEA FESTIVALS, **at seaside.**
August 9: "CEAHLAU" MOUNTAIN FESTIVITY, **Durau.**
August 9–16: FOLK FESTIVAL, **Pasul Prislop.**
August 15: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF SONGS, DANCES, **Bucharest.** Costume parade.
August 23: NATIONAL DAY.
September 16–27: 9TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL GEORGE ENESCU, **Bucharest.**
September 23: TRADITIONAL SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL, **at foot of hill of Castle of Brn.**

Spain

April 12–19: HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS, **Seville, Malaga, Cartagena, Cuenca, Granada, Ronda.**
April 22–24: THE FAIR OF THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS, **Alcoy in Alicante.** Costumed re-enactment of medieval battle.
April 23: FESTIVAL OF SAN JORGE AND CERVANTES DAY, **Barcelona.**
April 28–May 3: APRIL FESTIVALS AND FAIR, **Seville.**
May 1–12: PATIOS FESTIVAL, **Córdoba.** Competition.
May 10–24: FESTIVAL OF SAN ISIDRO THE FARMER, **Madrid.** City's patron saint is honored. Bullfights.
May 13–17: HORSE FAIR, **Jerez de la Frontera.**
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL, **Granada, Toledo, Seville.** Since 1230.
June 20–July 7: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Granada.**
June 21–29: FESTIVAL OF SAN JUAN, **Alicante.** Folkloric displays, religious rites.
July 6–12: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN, **Pamplona.** Running of the bulls.
July 23–August 29: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL, **Santander.**
August 1: ASTURIAS KAYAK RACE FESTIVAL, **from Arriondas to Ribadeselle.** Down river.
August 1–15: SPANISH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND BALLET, **Nerja Caves.**
September 9–13: SHERRY WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL, **Jerez de la Frontera.**
October 1–31: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Barcelona.**
October 27–31: SAFFRON FESTIVAL, **Consuegra.** Honors the Saffron Rose with dancing and singing.

Sweden

April 1–5: INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES FAIR AND INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC FAIR, **Stockholm.**
April 3–5: HORSE SHOW AND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING, **Gothenburg.**
April 12–26: ICE HOCKEY WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP, **Gothenburg.**
April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT, **Lund, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Umea.** Bonfires and night-time revelry welcome Spring.
May 13–17: MUSIC WEEK, **Uppsala.** Concerts, religious services at Uppsala Cathedral.
Mid-May–mid-September: BALLET AND 18TH CENTURY OPERA, **Stockholm.** Drottningholm Court Theater.
June 19–21: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS, **nationwide.**
July 1–31: "JULIADEN," **Stockholm.** Concerts, entertainment, other events in parks.

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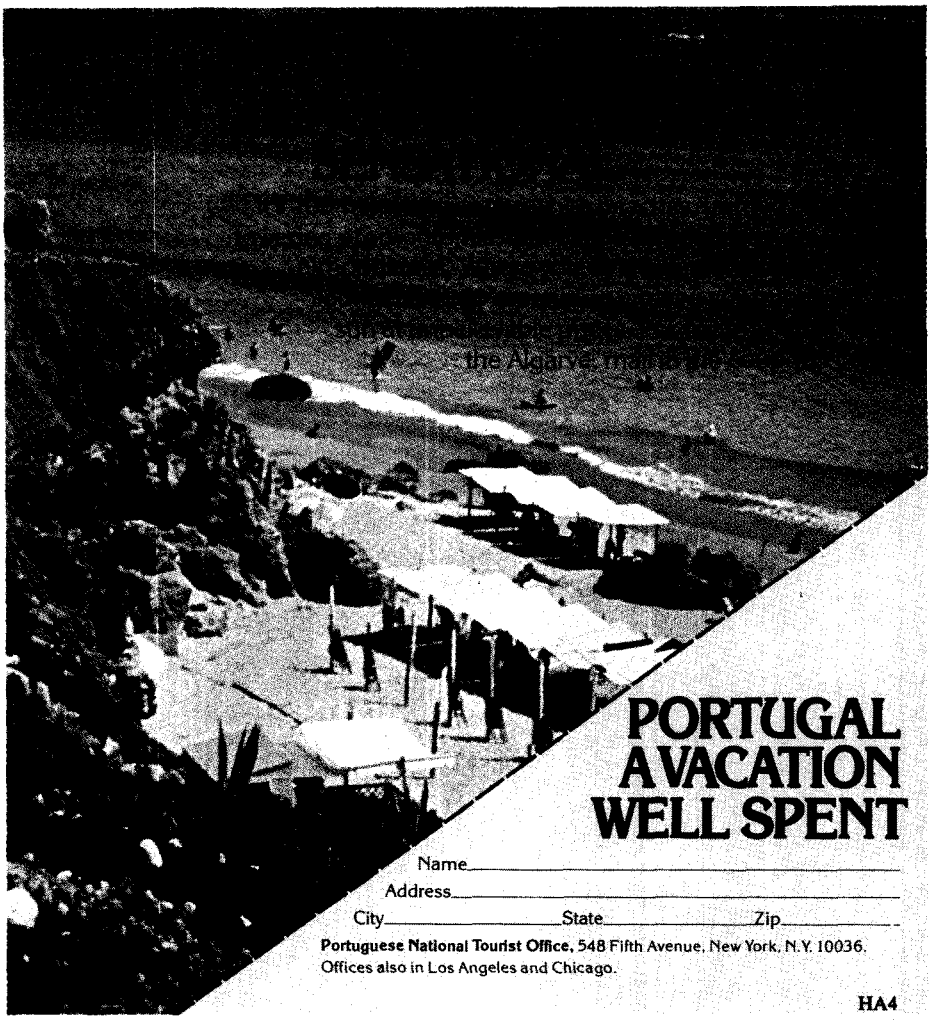
July 5: BOAT RACE. **Leksand.** Longboats race over Lake Siljan to Sunday services.
Mid-July–late July: SWEDISH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. **Bastad.**
Mid-July–mid-August: 52ND PETRUS DE DACIA. **Visby, Gotland.** Pageant performances.
August 20–22: FLADEN FISHING FESTIVAL, **Varberg.** Sea angling competition.
September 14–26: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SQUASH. **Malmo, Gothenburg, Stockholm.**
November 29, December 6, 13: SKANSEN CHRISTMAS SALE. **Stockholm.**
December 10: NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY. **Stockholm.** By invitation.
December 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. **nationwide.** Queen of Light and her court wear lit candle crowns for festive processions.

Switzerland

April 24–May 3: ANTIC '81. **Zurich.** International art and antiques fair.
April 25–May 4: 65TH SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR WITH EUROPEAN WATCH AND JEWELRY FAIR. **Basel.**
April 26: OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT. **Canton of Appenzell-Inner Rhoden, Appenzell.** Constitutional gathering of citizens entitled to vote.
May–June: 26TH INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL. **Lausanne.** Music.
May–July: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL. **Zurich.** Opera, drama, art.
June: FIFTH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Berne.**
June–July: 20TH INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS. **Mürren.**
June–late September: OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCES OF "WILLIAM TELL." **Interlaken.**
June 15–July 15: 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CANTON OF FRIBOURG. **Fribourg.**
June 20–September 26: GREAT WORLD THEATER. **Einsiedeln.** Lavish pageant put on by local people.



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Special Attractions: Art, Museums, and Auctions

- Buckingham Palace, Queen Elizabeth II's London home, is off-limits to outsiders, with one notable exception: the Queen's Gallery. Here, a portion of what is undoubtedly the richest privately-owned collection in the world can be enjoyed by the public. On view now and into late 1981 is Her Majesty's collection of works by Canaletto, the great eighteenth-century Italian artist. This exhibition marks the first time the entire group of forty-five paintings and sixty-two drawings and etchings has been shown. The Canalettos, acquired by George III, are one of the glories of the splendid royal collection.

- If you're interested in knowing more about Britain's Festivals, the British Tourist Authority and the British Arts Festivals Association publish a useful booklet called "British Arts Festivals 1981." It describes each festival, gives sources for further information, and lists provisional dates for 1982 events.

- Britain's Royal Academy is planning an exhibition of Japanese art which will take place from October 1981 to February 1982. It will be the largest showing of Japanese art ever held in Europe, as well as one of the most important mounted by the Royal Academy. Never before have the Japanese allowed so many priceless objects—nearly 500—to be out of Japan for so long. The exhibition will cover the years from 1573–1868. Among the works on display will be paintings, prints, textiles, books, ceramics, armor, and lacquer, all of exceptional quality.

- If you like scrounging and searching for bargains and antiques and occasionally walking away triumphantly with a treasure, you'll be intrigued by the Dorotheum in Vienna. Probably Europe's most unusual auction house, as well as one of the world's largest, the Dorotheum has been in existence for over 250 years. It is run by the government rather like a big pawn-broker shop, and you can find all sorts of goods on the auction block. There are old shoes, clothes, cooking utensils, marvelous works of art, splendid pieces of furniture, antique jewelry, porcelain, silver, coins, carpets, stamps, and even cars. Each item is evaluated by an expert, then tagged with its price and date of sale. If you can't be there when your treasure is due to come under the hammer, you can, for a small fee, commission an official broker to bid on your behalf.

- Vienna is one of the richest museum cities in the world. One of its treasures is the Albertina, named after one of Maria Theresa's sons-in-law. Devoted solely to graphics, it houses 40,000 drawings and one million etchings that are among the most beautiful to be found anywhere, with the works of, among others, Dürer, Michelangelo, da Vinci, Rembrandt, Picasso, Klimt, and Schiele. Because the collection is so vast and because drawings and etchings are sensitive to light, only a small part of the museum's treasures is shown at any one time, but there's a study room, open nearly every day, where you can look at things quietly.

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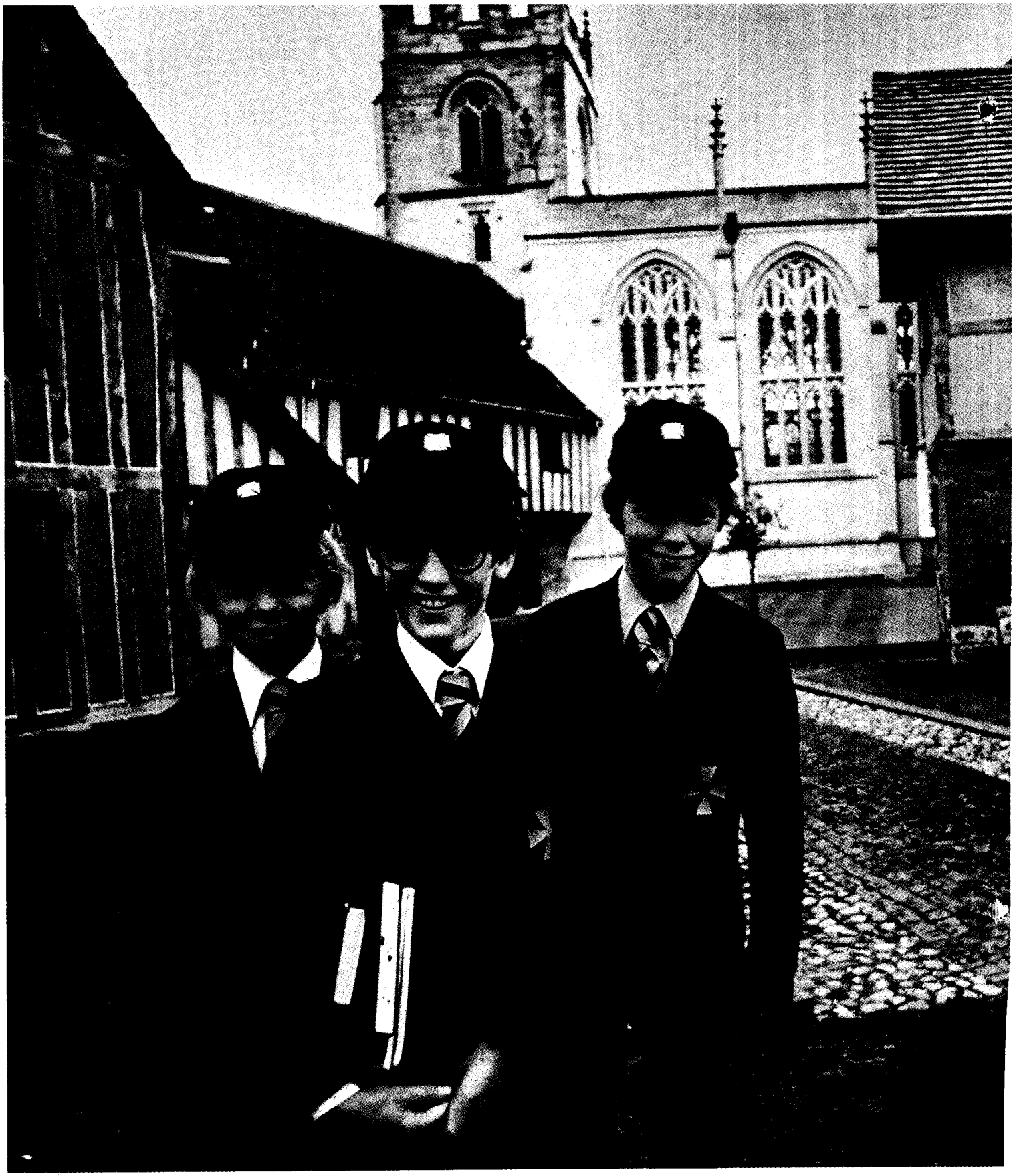

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Shakespeare learned to write."

Ian Wollington, student, King Edward VI School

These boys attend classes in the same Guildhall schoolroom where young William was educated some 400 years ago. In those days, Stratford was an important market town, and its grammar school was one of the best in England.

Stratford.

Today's Stratford is notable for its many 15th- and 16th-century buildings, romantic half-timbered houses, their dark oak beams framing whitewashed walls. In an easy walking tour of Stratford you can see Shakespeare's birthplace, Anne Hathaway's cottage, and Holy Trinity Church, where Shakespeare is buried. The bard lives on, in a Stratford little changed.

TWA Getaway Vacations.

But Stratford is only one stop on TWA's "Great Britain" Getaway Vacation, a fifteen-day escorted tour through England, Scotland, and Wales. Start in London with sightseeing that includes Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar and Parliament Squares, and Westminster Abbey. There's a reserved ticket to an evening of London theatre awaiting you as well.

Then north by luxury motorcoach to Cambridge and its hallowed university, and medieval York, its Roman fortress walls still standing. Travel up through Scotland's velvet green lowlands to Edinburgh, and over its misty Highlands to Inverness.

Then, down into the Lake District and on into rugged, mystical Wales. See Stratford, and the thatched-roof Cotswold cottages. Browse through ancient Bath, and wonder at inexplicable Stonehenge. Winchester Cathedral is the last stop before your London return. A grand adventure in history, for $1098 to $1168 per person, double occupancy, plus airfare.

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London's West End is the world's center of theatre. TWA's Getaway "London Theatre Week" lets you enjoy theatre by night, and sightseeing by day. Choice tickets to three shows are included. Shopping discounts, dining discounts, and club memberships add to the value of this 9-day tour including tourist-class hotel with private bath and Continental breakfasts for only $279-$389 per person, double occupancy, plus airfare.

There are eleven vacations detailed in "TWA Getaway Britain"—yours free, along with a "Great Britain, Great Welcome" brochure. Send for both with the coupon below, then see your travel agent to learn about an affordable vacation through Britain's glorious past.

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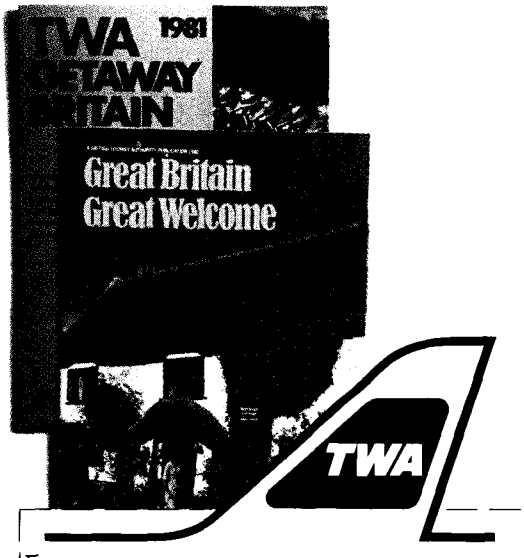

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July 3–19: 15TH INTERNATIONAL MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Montreux.**
August–October: 36TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Montreux, Vevey.**
August 1–31: 25TH YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL. **Gstaad.** Music.
August 15–September 8: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Lucerne.**
August 31–September 6: SWISS COSTUME AND ALPINE HERDSMEN'S FESTIVAL. **Unspunnen, Interlaken.**
September 6–7: 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CANTON OF SOLOTHURN. **Solothurn.**
September 12–27: 62ND SWISS COMPTOIR NATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR. **Lausanne.**
September 26–27: WINE HARVEST. **Neuchatel.** Costumed pageant, flower-decorated float parade.
November 23: TRADITIONAL ONION MARKET. **Berne.**

Turkey

April–May: TULIP FESTIVAL. **Istanbul.** Thousands of blooms in parks and palace gardens.
April 23: NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND CHILDREN'S DAY. **nationwide.** Children's parades, entertainment, junior sports.
May: FESTIVAL OF EPHESUS. **Ephesus.** Drama in Roman amphitheater.
May: FESTIVAL OF PERGAMUM. **Pergamum.** Ancient and modern dance and folk music performances in ancient amphitheater.
May 19: *YOUTH AND SPORTS DAY.* **nationwide.** Student parades, athletics, gymnastics.
May 27: CONSTITUTION DAY. **nationwide.** Parades with military bands, fireworks.
Early June: MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL. **Izmir.** Arts, crafts, folklore, cooking competition.
June 7–13: OILED WRESTLING MATCHES OF KIRKPINAR. **Edirna.** Free-style, 600-year-old Turkish wrestling.
July 21–August 15: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS. **Istanbul.** International peforming-arts event with classical music, opera, ballet, Turkish traditional shadow and puppet theater, special exhibitions.
August 20–September 20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Izmir.**
August 30: VICTORY DAY. **nationwide.** Celebration with military parades, band concerts, fireworks.
October 29: ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC. **nationwide.**
December 14–17: FESTIVAL OF "MEVLANA" (Whirling Dervishes), **Konya.** Ritual dances and Seljuk art exhibits.

USSR

May: MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. **Moscow.** Ballet, art, music.
May–early June: KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL. **Kiev.** Focuses on the arts.
June: SONG FESTIVAL. **Riga.**
June: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL. **Leningrad.** The arts under the midnight sun.
November 15–24: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN. **Minsk.**
December 25–January 5, 1982: RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL. **Moscow.** Sports, arts.

Yugoslavia

April–December: SKADARLIJA EVENINGS. **Belgrade.** Folk and gypsy music, theater, art exhibits.
April 14–26: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN TABLE TENNIS. **Novi Sad.**
May–October: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Bled.**
May 1–31: BELGRADE SPRING FESTIVAL OF POP MUSIC. **Belgrade.**
June–August: LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL. **Ljubljana.** Chamber music, pantomime, folklore.
June–September: "MORESKA SWORD DANCE." **Korcula.** Medieval pageant recalls battle against Saracen pirates. Thursdays.
June 15–August 15: 27TH SUMMER FESTIVAL OF DRAMA, OPERA, CONCERTS, BALLET. **Split.**
June 18–20: "KMECKA OHCET"—PEASANT WEDDING FESTIVITIES. **Ljubljana.**
June 20–July 5: INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. **Sibenik.**
July–September: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Opatija.** Open-air stage drama, fashion shows, folklore.
July 10–August 25: 32ND SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Dubrovnik.** Drama, music, folklore take place in the city's squares, palaces, and churches.
July 26–30: 16TH INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE. **Zagreb.**
August: FESTIVAL OF OLD TOWN SONGS. **Ohrid.**
August 2: SINJSKA ALKA. **Sinj.** Chivalrous contest on horses commemorates victory over Ottomans in 1715.
September: INTERNATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR. **Zagreb.**
September 10–30: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. **Belgrade.** Contemporary works.
October–November: BEMUS: MUSIC FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Belgrade.**
October–December: CONCERT AND THEATER SEASON. **Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana.** National symphony orchestra, first rate performers.
December 29–30: WINTER CUP OF NATIONS—UNDERWATER FISHING COMPETITION. **Mali Losinj.**

MEXICO

April–May: CERVANTES FESTIVAL. **Guanajuato.** Music, drama, dances.
April 12–19: HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCES AND PROCESSIONS. **nationwide.**
April 25: SAN MARCOS FAIR. **Aguascalientes.** Annual Spring festival. Music, charros, bullfights.
April 25–May 9: "SUN TO SUN" REGATTA. **Cancun.**
May–June: ARTS AND CRAFTS FIESTA. **Tehuantepec.**
May 1: LABOR DAY. **nationwide.**
May 3: HOLY CROSS DAY. **Campeche.** Construction workers festival.
May 5: BATTLE OF PUEBLA. **nationwide.** Recalls successful battle against French.
May 15: SAN ISIDRO LABRADOR. **Huistan, Chiapas.** Festival of patron saint of farmers; blessing of seeds and water for planting.

Mexico's Cancun: an attractive melding of sunny resort and ancient ruins

Bob Barrett / Image Bank

June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. **nationwide.** Traditional Spring festival. Processions, blessing of fruits presented by children in regional costumes.
June 24: DAY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. **nationwide.** Religious rites, traditional swims at dawn mark start of swimming season.
July 16: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN. **Cuidad del Carmen.** Religious services, processions, flower and livestock show, sports.
July 20, 27: "GUELAGUETZA"—PRE-COLUMBIAN INDIAN FESTIVAL. **Oaxaca.** Indian dances and fair on Cerro del Fortin, hill near city.
August 15: ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY FIESTA. **San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco.** Religious rites and processions.
August 25: SAN LUIS FIESTA. **San Luis Potosi.** Celebration with "Matachines" and "Malinches."
September–October: ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL FESTIVAL. **Puebla.** The arts.
September 15–16: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **nationwide.**
September 29: DAY OF ST. MIGUEL. In all places named **San Miguel.** Patron saint of horsemen.
October 12: "DAY OF THE RACE" CELEBRATION. **nationwide.** Festive in Tlaquepaque on outskirts of Guadalajara. Fair and Indian dances.
November: PROFESSIONAL BULLFIGHTING SEASON OPENS. **Mexico City.**
November 1–2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY OBSERVANCES. **nationwide.** Food and drink are placed on graves by local villagers.
November 20: ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. **nationwide.**
December 12: FIESTA OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. **nationwide.**
December 16–24: CHRISTMAS "POSADAS" (Processions), **nationwide.** Colorful in Oaxaca, Queretaro, San Miguel de Allende.

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CANADA

March 30–April 4: ROYAL WINTER FAIR. **Brandon, Manitoba.**
April 10–18: NATIONAL HOME SHOW. **Toronto, Ontario.** Exhibition Place.
April 28–May 3: INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Quebec City.** Centre Municipal des Congrès.
April 30–May 17: SPRING FESTIVAL. **Guelph.**
May 1–September 30: SHAW FESTIVAL. **Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.** Theater.
May 2–24: NIAGARA BLOSSOM FESTIVAL. **Niagara Falls, Ontario.**
May 11–30: ONSTAGE '81: THEATRE FESTIVAL. **Toronto, Ontario.** About fifty international and Canadian productions at different theaters.
Late May: APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, **Kentville, Nova Scotia.**
Late May–August: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. **Banff, Alberta.**
June–August: INTERLAKE FESTIVAL. **Winnipeg Beach, Manitoba.**
June–August: CHARLOTTETOWN FESTIVAL. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.** Music, art, drama.
June–September: FRANTIC FOLLIES. **Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.** Melodrama.
June–November: STRATFORD FESTIVAL. **Stratford, Ontario.** Shakespeare and contemporary drama in repertory.
June 20–September 5: MAN AND HIS WORLD EXHIBITION. **Montreal, Quebec.**
June 25–July 1: GATHERING OF THE CLAN AND FISHERMAN'S REGATTA. **Pugwash, Nova Scotia.**
June 27–July 4: INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM FESTIVAL. **Windsor, Ontario.**
July: LOBSTER CARNIVAL AND LIVESTOCK EXHIBITION. **Summerside, Prince Edward Island.**
July–August: REGINA BUFFALO DAYS AND EXHIBITION. **Regina, Saskatchewan.** Fair, rodeo events.
July–August: NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL. **Dauphin, Manitoba.**
July 1–31: FESTIVAL OTTAWA. **Ottawa, Ontario.** Opera and chamber music at National Center of Arts Theater.
July 3–12: CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE. **Calgary, Alberta.** Rodeo.
July 10–11: HIGHLAND GAMES. **Antigonish, Nova Scotia.**
Mid-July: SEA FESTIVAL. **Vancouver, British Columbia.**
July 15–25: KLONDIKE DAYS EXHIBITION. **Edmonton, Alberta.** Gold Rush Days pageantry.
July 25–August 4: "CARIBANA"—FOLK FESTIVAL. **Toronto, Ontario.**
July 31–August 2: ATLANTIC FOLK FESTIVAL. **Antigonish, Nova Scotia.**
August–September: CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION. **Toronto, Canada.** Fair.
Early August: REGATTA. **St. John's, Newfoundland.**
Early August: ANNUAL ACADIAN FESTIVAL, **Church Point, Nova Scotia.**
August 1–2, 8–9, 15–16: SIX NATIONS INDIAN PAGEANT. **Brantford, Ontario.**
August 2–3: HERITAGE FESTIVAL. **Edmonton, Alberta.** Hawrelak Park.
August 2–9: LAC SAINT-JEAN BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL. **Mistassini, Quebec.**
August 7–9: INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW. **Abbotsford, British Columbia.**
August 7–9: SECOND ANNUAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Edmonton, Alberta.** Gold Bar Park.

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August 9–22: CANADA SUMMER GAMES. **Thunder Bay, Ontario.** Sports.
August 14–17: DISCOVERY DAY OBSERVANCE. **Dawson City, Yukon Territory.**
August 22–September 1: PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION. **Vancouver, British Columbia.**
Late August: TROIS-RIVIÈRES "MOLSON" GRAND PRIX. **Trois-Rivières, Quebec.** Auto racing.
September 11–20: 106TH WESTERN FESTIVAL. **St. Tite, Quebec.** Rodeo, fair.
September 18–27: NIAGARA GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **St. Catharines, Ontario.**
September 30–October 3: CANADIAN TRADE FAIR. **Edmonton, Alberta.** Kinsmen Fieldhouse.
October 9–17: OKTOBERFEST. **Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario.** Canadian beer festival.
November: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR. **Toronto, Ontario.**
November 11–15: CANADIAN FINALS RODEO. **Edmonton, Alberta.**
November 24–29: BOOK FAIR. **Montreal, Quebec.** Exhibition Hall.

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CENTRAL AMERICA

Belize

March–April: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.
April 20: CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE RACE. **Belize City.**
September 10: NATION DAY.
November 19: CARIB SETTLEMENT DAY. **Stann Creek, Toledo.**

Costa Rica

April 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF RIVAS. **nationwide.**
June 18: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI. **nationwide.**
July: UNIVERSITY WEEK. **San Jose.** Arts, sports.
July 25: COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNEXATION OF GUANACASTE. **nationwide.**
August 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS. **Cartago.**
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **nationwide.**
October 12: RACE DAY. **nationwide.**
December: INTERNATIONAL SOCCER FOOTBALL GAMES. **San Jose.**

Guatemala

Mid-April: HOLY WEEK. **Antigua.** Colorful traditional celebrations.
April 22–28: LOCAL FAIR. **San Marcos.**
May 1–7: FAIR OF THE CROSS. **Lake Amatitlan.** Pageant.
June 10–13: ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA FESTIVAL. **San Antonio Aquas Calientas.**
July: FIESTAS JULIAS—LOCAL FAIR. **Huehuetenango.**
July 31–August 6: FESTIVITIES HONOR SANTO DOMINGO, **Coban.** National folkloric festival.
September 12–18: STATE FAIR. **Quezaltenango.**
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **nationwide.** Cultural events, sports, parades, fireworks.
October 20: FIESTA RECALLING REVOLUTION OF 1944.
Late October–early November: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Guatemala City.**
December 13–21: SANTO TOMÁS FAIR, **Chichicastenango.**

Honduras

May: FERIA SAN ISIDRA. **La Ceiba.** Fair.
Last week of June: SEMANA SAN PEDRANA. Cattle show.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **nationwide.** Celebrations and parades.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
December 12: VIRGEN DE GUADALOUPE. Mass, processions, folklore.

Nicaragua

August: SANTO DOMINGO FIESTA. **Managua.**
August 15: FIESTA OF THE ASSUMPTION. **Granada.**
September 30: DANCE OF THE BULLS. **Leon.** Honors San Jeronimo.
December 7–8: FIESTA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. **Managua, Leon, Granada.**

Panama

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL. **Boquete.**
April: TOMATO FESTIVAL. **Nata de los Caballeros.**
April 26–May 1: AZUERO FAIR. **Villa de los Santos.** Horse show, livestock exhibits, agricultural and industrial fair.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May–November: CONCERT SEASON. **Panama City.** National Theater.
June: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AND FESTIVAL. **Los Santos, Penonome.**
July–September: 30TH INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT. **local waters.**
July 16: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL, **Taboga Island.** Flower adorned boats, religious processions, aquatic sports.
August: FESTIVAL DE MANITA. **Ocu.** Folklore festival.
August 24: EIGHTH ANNUAL PANAMA DERBY. **Panama City.** Horse racing.
September 23–27: OUR LADY OF MERCY FESTIVAL. **Guarate.**
October 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION. National holiday.
October 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST. **Portobelo.** Procession.
December 8: MOTHER'S DAY. Honors Virgin Mary. Procession of children.

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SOUTH AMERICA

Argentina

May–September: OPERA SEASON, **Buenos Aires.**
July: NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW, **Buenos Aires.**
July–August: SNOW FESTIVAL, **Bariloche.**
July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE. Parade of the armed forces.
August: RURAL EXPOSITION. Principal agricultural show. Finest cattle, horses, sheep.
October: NATIONAL YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Olivos, Buenos Aires.**
November: INTERNATIONAL FISHING COMPETITION, **Bariloche.**
November–December: FESTIVAL OF THE TROUT, **Mar del Plata.**
December: HANDICRAFTS FAIR, **Chaco.**

Brazil

April: SHRIMP FESTIVAL, **Joinville.**
May: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC, **Brasilia.**
May: COWBOY FESTIVAL, **Oeiras.** Rodeo.
May 1: NATIONAL DONKEY FESTIVAL, **Panelas.**
June: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS, **Manaus.**
June 1–17: 106TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS, **Rio Grande do Sul, Caxias do Sul.**
July: WINTER FESTIVAL, **Ouro Preto.**
July: WINE FESTIVAL, **Andradas.**
August: CATTLEHANDS' RODEO, **Barreto.**
August 21: DRUMBEATS FOR EXU, **Pernambuco.** Voodoo.
October 1–30: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA, **Rio de Janeiro.**
November: FLOWERS AND ORCHID EXHIBIT, **Brusque.**
December 24–January 6, 1982: THREE WISE MEN PAGEANT, **Pernambuco.**

Chile

April: VINTAGE CELEBRATIONS, **Aconcagua, Curico, Maule.**
June–September: SKIING SEASON, **Central region near Santiago.**
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY.
September: AGRICULTURAL/ARTISAN INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Parque Cerillos.**
Late October–early November: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Santiago.**

Colombia

April: ARTISTIC FAIR, **Medellin.** Drama, art.
April–December: PROFESSIONAL SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIPS, **various cities.**
May: AUTOMOBILE TRANSPORTATION FAIR, **Medellin.**
May: 14TH NATIONAL SPORTS CHAMPIONSHIP, **Neiva.**
June: TANGO FESTIVAL, **Medellin.** Competition for groups, soloists.
June: BAMBUCO FESTIVAL, **Neiva.** Music, dancing.
July: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Bogotá.**
July 20: COLOMBIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY.
July 24: BOLÍVAR'S BIRTHDAY.
August 1–31: AUGUST INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW, **Bogotá.** Museo de Arte Contemporaneo.
September: SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL HORSE-JUMPING CONTEST, **Bogotá.**
September: SALT FESTIVAL, **Manuare.** Indians gather and process salt in Guajiro Desert.
Late September–early October: FESTIVAL OF "SAN PACHO," **Quibdo.** Folklore.
October 12: FESTIVAL OF THE "RAZA" (Race), **Guatavita.**
November: INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF THE FRONTIER, **Cucuta.**
November: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF EXPERIMENTAL THEATER, **Bogotá.**
December: BULLFIGHTING SEASON, **Bogotá, Cali, Medellin, Cartagena, Manizalez.**
December–January 1982: INTERNATIONAL SUGAR CANE FAIR, **Cali.**

Ecuador

April: AGRICULTURAL, ANIMAL, CRAFTSMANSHIP, INDUSTRIAL FAIR, **Riobambo.**
May 2: FEAST OF THE GREEN CROSS, **Quito.**
May 24: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA, 1822, **Quito.**
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY, **Otavalo.**
June 28–29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY, **Otavalo, Cotocollao, Tabacundo.**
July 23–25: FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL CELEBRATION, **Guayaquil.**
August 10: FESTIVAL OF ST. LAWRENCE, **Pillaro, Sicalpa.**
August 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
September: FESTIVITIES OF THE LAKES, **Ibarra.**
December 1–6: QUITO'S FOUNDING DAY CELEBRATION, **Quito.**

French Guiana

July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
October: CAYENNE FESTIVAL. Folk songs, music, dances, and foods.

Paraguay

May 14–15: INDEPENDENCE DAY EVENTS.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S NIGHT, **Asunsion.** "Promiers" walk barefoot over hot flames.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY AND FOUNDING OF ASUNSION OBSERVANCES.
October 12: RACE DAY AND COLUMBUS DAY.

Peru

May: ALASITAS FAIR, **Puno.**
June: INCA FESTIVAL, **Cuzco.**
June 23–24: ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL, **Iquitos.**
July: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL, **Huanuco.** Harvest events.
July 28–29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU NATIONAL FESTIVAL.
August 29–30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA, **Lima.** Honors Peru's patron saint.
September: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL, ***Trujillo.***
October: BULLFIGHT FAIR, **Lima.**
October 12: DAY OF THE RACE. Honors Columbus and coming of Spring, south of Equator.
November: INDUSTRIAL PACIFIC FAIR, **Lima.**
December 6–8: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE SHRINE, **Guadalupe.**

Surinam

May 1: LABOR DAY.
July 1: DAY OF NATIONAL UNITY, **Paramaribo.** Kotomissie shows.
September 1: OPENING OF NEW SESSION OF SURINAM PARLIAMENT, **Paramaribo.**
September 24–October 8: SURINADE, International trade fair.

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October 27: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.
November: KONFRIEJARIES—PEOPLE'S FAIR, **Paramaribo.**
November 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

Uruguay

April 12–19: HOLY WEEK SERVICES AND PROCESSIONS.
August: LIVESTOCK FAIR, **Montevideo.**

Venezuela

April 19: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
May–September: MUSICALS OF THE CROSS, **Caracas.**
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, **San Francisco de Yare.**
July 5: INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY.
July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Parades, fireworks.
August: NATIONAL FESTIVAL AND FAIR, **Tariba.**
September: LA TURA DANCE, **El Vegon, Flacon.**
Late December: GREAT PRE-CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION. Fireworks, "aquinaldos."

AFRICA

Algeria

April: FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS, **Miliana.**
Early May: FEASTS OF RABB, **Tiemcen.**
June: HARVEST FESTIVALS, **Miliana.**
June: CHERRY FESTIVAL, **Miliana.**
July 5: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **nationwide.**
August: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT, **Tiaret.**
September: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Algiers.**
November 1: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, **nationwide.**

Ethiopia

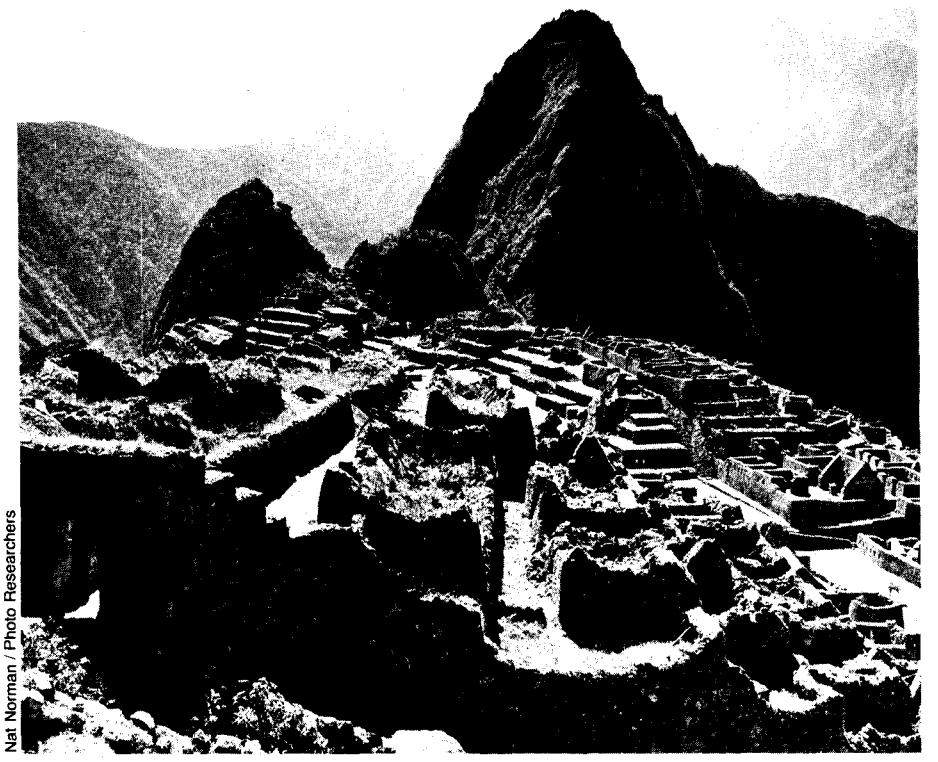
May 1: WORKINGMEN'S DAY.
September 28: FEAST OF FINDING OF TRUE CROSS.
December 28: FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL, **Kulubi.** Pilgrimage.

Ghana

July–August: HOMOWO TRADITIONAL FESTIVAL, **Accra.**
August: KUNTUM FESTIVAL, **Ahanta, Nzima.**
September: TRADITIONAL ODWIRA FESTIVAL OF THE AKWAPIMS, **several cities in Eastern region.**

Kenya

April 15–19: 29TH AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY, **Nairobi.** Road race.
May 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATIONS.
June: MUSICAL FESTIVAL, **Nairobi.**
June 1: MADARAKA DAY—ANNIVERSARY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.
Mid-June: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Nakuru.** Fair.
Late August: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Mombasa.** Exhibits.
Early September: KENYA FLYING SAFARI, **Nairobi.** Air race at Wilson Airport.
Late September: KENYA AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Nairobi.**
October 20: KENYATTA DAY.
November 1–30: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL, **Malindi.**
December 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY.



Nat Norman / Photo Researchers

Machu Picchu: mysterious fortress city in the Peruvian Andes

Mali

May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 25: AFRICA DAY PARADES. Includes music programs.
September 22: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF REPUBLIC OF MALI.

Morocco

Mid-April: DOR ESH SHEMAA, **Sale.** Lantern procession.
Mid-May: ROSE FESTIVAL, **Kelaa des N'Gouna.**
June: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Marrakech.**
Early October: DATE FESTIVAL, **Erfroud.**
Early October: EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL, **Tissa near Fez.** Riding skills contest.

Mozambique

August–September: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Maputo.**

Senegal

April 4: SENEGAL INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Late April–early May: BASSARI HOLIDAY. Week-long celebration.
May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades.
Early August: KORITE. Celebrates end of Muslim thirty-day fast.
November: TABASKI. Muslim holiday celebrates sacrifice of Abraham.
Beginning of December: TAMKHARITE. Religious holiday celebrating famous prophet.
End of December: MAGAL DE TOUBA. Pilgrimage to **Touba.** Religious ceremony honors return from exile of Amadou Bamba Mbacke.

South Africa

March 21–April 4: INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Cape Town.** Goodwood Show Grounds.
April–May: RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Johannesburg.** Milner Park.
April 4–25: ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL, **Cape Town.**
May 2–31: NATIONAL REPUBLIC FESTIVAL '81—SPORTS FESTIVAL OF SOUTH AFRICA, **Pietermaritzburg and nationwide.**
May 17–31: ROYAL SHOW: INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL FAIR, **Pietermaritzburg.** Royal Show Grounds.
May 31: "COMRADES' MARATHON," **between Durban and Pietermaritzburg.** Fifty-seven-mile uphill race.
June 1–30: OPERA SEASON, **Cape Town.**
Late July: SHEMBE FESTIVAL, **Inanda near Durban.** Zulu tribal dancing.
August: ANNUAL PRETORIA SHOW, **Pretoria.** Showgrounds.
September 11–17: 10TH WORLD ORCHID CONFERENCE AND SHOW, **Durban.**
October 10–23: INTERNATIONAL SONG AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, **Florida.**
Early November: INTERNATIONAL WYNN'S 1000, **Johannesburg.** Car racing at Kyalami Track.

Tanzania

April 20: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS.
April 26: UNION DAY, **Tanganyika, Zanzibar.**

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May 1: INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY.
Early July: NATIONAL FESTIVAL. **nationwide.**
July 7: PEASANTS DAY.
Late July–early August: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Dar es Salaam.**
December 9: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Tunisia

April 12–19: FESTIVAL OF THE KSARS. **Tataouine.** Fantasia, folklore of the desert areas.
First two weeks of May: ORANGE TREE FESTIVAL, **Nabeul.**
May 1: LABOR DAY OBSERVANCES.
May 17–24: FALCON HUNTING FESTIVAL. **El-Haouaria (Cap Bon).**
May 17–24: LA GHRIBA PILGRIMAGE. **Djerba.** Jewish religious services and celebration. La Ghriba Synagogue.
Second week of June: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HAMMAMET. **Hammamet.** International cultural events and performers.
Third week of June: ULYSSES FESTIVAL, **Djerba.**
June 21–July: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARTHAGE. **Carthage.** Jazz, drama, folklore.
July–August: FESTIVAL OF TABARKA. **Tabarka.**
July–August: FESTIVAL OF BIZERTE. **Bizerte.** Folk dances, local festivals.
July 25: REPUBLIC DAY OBSERVANCE.
August 13: WOMEN'S DAY, **nationwide.**
September 3: MEMORIAL DAY, **nationwide.**
November 22–29: SAHARA FESTIVAL. **Douz.** Camel fights, greyhound racing, and folklore.

Zaïre

June 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **nationwide.**

Zambia

May 16–21: AFRICAN TRAVEL ASSOCIATION ANNUAL CONGRESS. **Lusaka.**
May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. **nationwide.** Political rallies, tribal dance performances.
Late May–early June: COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Ndola.**
Early July: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. **Ndola.**
July 4: HEROES DAY.
July 5: UNITY DAY.
August 8: YOUTH DAY.
September: AGRICULTURAL COMMERCIAL FAIR. **Lusaka.**
October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Egypt

May: ARABIAN HORSE FESTIVAL. **Luxor.**
June 18: EVACUATION DAY.
July 23: NATIONAL DAY—REVOLUTION OF JULY 23RD ANNIVERSARY.
August 15–31: NILE INUNDATION.
September 1: REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER 1—PROCLAMATION OF THE UNION.
October 15–19: FEAST OF THE SACRIFICE.
October 24: SUEZ DAY.
Early November: INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL. **Luxor.**
December 23: VICTORY DAY.

Israel

April 1–October 30: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Jerusalem.**
April 5–10: 10TH JERUSALEM INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Jerusalem.**
April 12–19: HOLY WEEK SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**
April 19: EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**
April 19–26: PASSOVER OBSERVANCES. **nationwide.**
April 20–25: EN GEV FESTIVAL. **Sea of Galilee.** Israel Philharmonic, music, dance.
April 26: GREEK ORTHODOX EASTER SUNDAY RITES.
April 28–29: HOLOCAUST DAY. **Jerusalem, nationwide.**
May: ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR. **Tel Aviv.**
May 6–31: JERUSALEM SPRING FESTIVAL. International performers.
May 7: 33RD INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.**
June 1: JERUSALEM DAY.
June 15–18: GATHERING OF HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS. **Jerusalem.** Meetings, seminar programs, memorial service at Yad Vashem (Israel's memorial to Holocaust).
July–August: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA. **Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Caesarea.**
July 6–16: 11TH MACCABIAH GAMES. **Ramat Gan, Tel Aviv.** Sports competition for 3,000 athletes from thirty countries.
September 29: ROSH HASHANAH—JEWISH NEW YEAR OBSERVANCE. **nationwide.**
October 8: YOM KIPPUR—JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT. **nationwide.**
November–April 1982: ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA. **Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv.**
December 21–28: CHANUKAH. Festival of Lights.
December 24: CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**
December 25: CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES. **most Christian churches.**

Jordan

Spring and Fall: WATER SKIING FESTIVAL, **Aqaba.** Competitions.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
August 11: KING HUSSEIN'S ASCENSION TO THE THRONE.
Mid-October: ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS. **Amman.** Palace of Culture.
November 14: KING HUSSEIN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Lebanon

May–July: LIGHT AND SOUND SHOW. **Baalbeck.**
June: SEA FESTIVAL. **Sidon.** Water show, boat parades along Castle of the Sea.
July–August: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF BAALBECK. **Baalbeck.** Ballet, folklore, dances, concerts, drama by world famous orchestras and performers at Temple of Jupiter and Temple of Bacchus. Classical dramas such as those by Molière and Shakespeare are performed. At festival's end there are two days of folk dancing.
August 15: CELEBRATION OF VIRGIN MARY'S DAY. **mountain area.** Religious rites, fireworks, folk dances.
September: FESTIVAL OF THE CEDARS. **Ehden.** Evening drama, concerts.
September: VINEYARD FESTIVAL. **Zahleh.**

BERMUDA AND THE BAHAMAS

Bermuda

March 8–April 18: BERMUDA COLLEGE WEEKS. **islandwide.** Various events for visiting college students.
April–May: BERMUDA HOMES AND GARDEN TOURS. Wednesdays.
April 17: GOOD FRIDAY. **islandwide.** Kite-flying traditional.
April 19: EASTER SUNDAY SUNRISE SERVICES. **islandwide.**
April 22: PEPPERCORN CEREMONY. **St. George's.** Town Square.
April 23–25: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION. **Paget.** Botanical Gardens.
April 26–May 2: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK. Yachtsmen from many countries compete in a week of races.
April 29: BEATING OF RETREAT CEREMONY.
May 1–November 30: 39TH ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT.
May 17–25: BERMUDA HERITAGE WEEK. **islandwide.** Cultural events, sports, parade ending on Bermuda Day, May 24.
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. **Hamilton.** Public holiday.
July 12, 30: PONY RACING. **Devonshire.**
July 30–31: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL. **Sandy's Parish.**
September: ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW, **Hamilton.** West Exhibition Hall at City Hall.
October 7: BEATING OF RETREAT CEREMONY. **St. George's.** Pageantry in Town Square.
November 5: GUY FAWKES DAY. **Hamilton.** Fireworks in harbor.
November 7, 8, 10, 11: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW.
December–March 15, 1982: BERMUDA RENDEZVOUS TIME. **St. George's.** Various events for visitors.

The Bahamas

April 1: SUPREME COURT OPENING. **Nassau.** Colorful ceremony opens second quarterly session.
April 23–25: 28TH ANNUAL OUT ISLAND REGATTA. **George Town, Exuma.** Bahamian work sloops compete for prizes.
Late April–early May: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT. **Walkers Cay.**
May: TUNA TOURNAMENT. **Cat Cay.**
June: BIG GAME BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, **Bimini.**
July: BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Chub Cay.**
July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **all islands.**
August 14: FOX HILL DAY. **Fox Hill, five miles from Nassau.** Old-fashioned carnival, Bahamian cuisine.
September: SIXTH ANNUAL NASSAU CITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. **Nassau.**
October 12: DISCOVERY DAY. **San Salvador.** Columbus landed here in 1492.
November 22: AMATEUR OPERA. **Nassau.**
December: 10TH BAHAMAS MARLBORO TENNIS OPEN. **Paradise Island.** Ocean Club.

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Antigua

March–May: NETBALL SEASON, **St. John's.** Daily matches.
April 17: GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCE, **islandwide.**
April 20: EASTER MONDAY BEACH PICNICS, **islandwide.**
April 27–May 2: 15TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Includes Sunfish Regatta.
June: JUNE WEEK FOR THE RED CROSS, **St. John's.** Fund-raising events.
July 27–August 4: MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL, **islandwide.**
September: CARIBBEAN TRADE FAIR.
November 1: STATE DAY.

Aruba

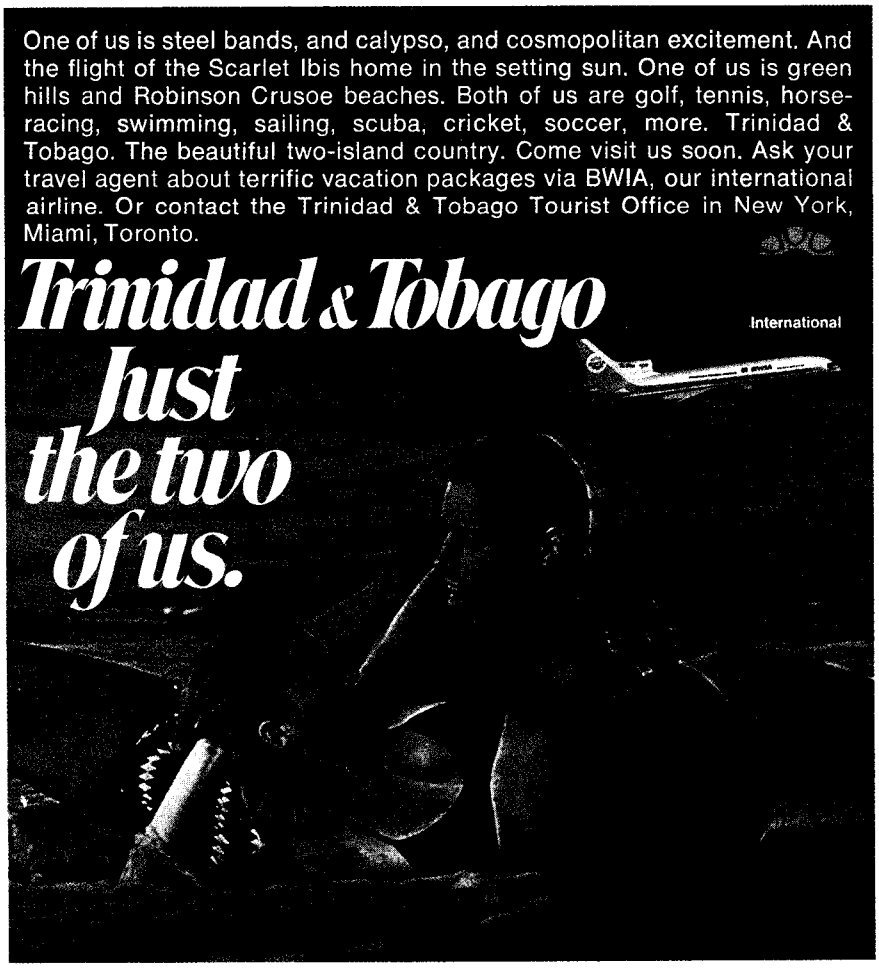
April 20: EASTER MONDAY.
April 21–December 15: WATAPANA FESTIVAL. Arts and crafts, food and drinks, local entertainment. Tuesday nights.
April 30: QUEEN'S DAY, **islandwide.** Celebration of Queen's birthday. Sports events, parade, fireworks.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 28: ASCENSION DAY.
June: ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD, **St. John's.**
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY, **Oranjestad.** Authentic folk dance, "Derramento di Gai," performed.
August: MISS ARUBA BEAUTY PAGEANT, **Oranjestad.**
September: MISS TEENAGE PAGEANT.
October 1–31: INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT, **local waters.**
December 15: KINGDOM DAY.
December 26: BOXING DAY.

Barbados

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES, **islandwide.**
April 20: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS, **islandwide.** Picnics, sports, pageantry.
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS.
Mid-June–early July: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL, **Bridgetown and most villages.** Sugar cane harvest festivities.
June 8: WHITMONDAY, **islandwide.** Parades, folk songs, dances.
July 6: CARIBBEAN DAY.
July 19–August 3: CARIFESTA. Caribbean's cultural showcase.
October 5: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
December 26: BOXING DAY.

Bonaire

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCE.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY PICNICS.
April 30: CORONATION DAY.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric events in all villages.
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Local fishermen honored by songs, dances in seaside villages.
Mid-October: 14TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, **Kralendijk.** Four-day festival. Hundreds of entries.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Autonomy observance.



Cayman Islands

April 20: EASTER MONDAY REGATTA, **local waters.**
May: GRAND COURT OPENING CEREMONY, **George Town, Grand Cayman.**
May 18: DISCOVERY DAY SAILBOAT REGATTA, **George Town, Grand Cayman.** Also tree plantings by school children.
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
July 6: CONSTITUTION DAY SAILING REGATTA, **local waters.**
Late October–early November: PIRATES WEEK, **George Town, Grand Cayman.** Lively search for hidden treasure.
November 9: REMEMBRANCE DAY.

Curaçao

May 12: OPENING OF THE "STATEN," THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY.
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY.
July 26: CURAÇAO DAY, **Willemstad.**
December 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY.

Dominica

May 1: LABOR DAY AND TRADE UNION CELEBRATIONS.
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY, **Roseau.**
July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.
November 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Dominican Republic

April 12–19: HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCES AND PROCESSIONS, **islandwide.**
April 28: BOOK FAIR, **Santo Domingo.**
May: FLOWER FESTIVAL, **Santo Domingo.** Floral pageant, exhibits.
July 24–August 4: MERENGUE FESTIVAL, **Santo Domingo.** Dance competition.
August 4: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF SANTO DOMINGO, **Santo Domingo.**
August 16: ANNIVERSARY OF RESTORATION OF DOMINICAN INDEPENDENCE, **Santo Domingo.**
August 28–31: FOURTH SIBONEY CUP INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, **Romana.**
September 24: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGIN OF MERCEDES SHRINE, **El Santo Cerro.**
October 23: PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP, **nationwide.**
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY, **San Juan de la Maguana.**
November 30: FEAST OF SAN ANDRÉS, **Santo Domingo.**
December 5: ANNIVERSARY OF DISCOVERY OF ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA, **Santo Domingo.**

Grenada

April 12–19: YACHTING RACES AND WATER FESTIVAL.
June 8: WHITMONDAY YACHT FESTIVAL.
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.
August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY OBSERVANCES.

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Guadeloupe

April–December: BICYCLE RACES, **islandwide.** Sundays.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Beach and river bank picnics.
May 1: LABOR DAY, **islandwide.**
May 28: ASCENSION THURSDAY, **islandwide.** Religious services.
June 8: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach picnics.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Tribute to abolitionist Victor Schoelcher who helped obtain freedom from slavery.
August 8: FÊTES DES CUISINIÈRES—COOKS' FESTIVAL. **Pointe-à-Pitre.** One of Guadeloupe's most colorful events. Women parade in Creole costume carrying elaborate food, followed by five-hour feast. Visitors get complimentary tickets.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious holiday.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Dramatic candlelight ceremony in the island's cemeteries.
November 22: ST. CECILIA'S DAY, **all towns and cities.** Music programs on feast day of patroness of musicians.
December 24: CHRISTMAS EVE CELEBRATIONS. Midnight mass with French and Creole carols, continuous dancing and eating: pork stew, Angola peas, blood sausage.
December 28: YOUNG SAINTS DAY, **islandwide.** Mass and parade of costumed children carrying toys.
December 31: "RÉVEILLON DE LA SAINT SYLVESTRE." **islandwide.** New Year's Eve celebrations.

Haiti

April 20: EASTER SUNDAY RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
May 1: AGRICULTURE AND LABOR DAY.
May 18: FLAG AND UNIVERSITY DAY.
May 22: SOVEREIGNTY DAY.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
October 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
November 18: ARMED FORCES DAY.
December 5: DISCOVERY DAY.

PLANNING AN ITINERARY

Always prepare an itinerary with a calendar in hand. It's important to know when national holidays fall and where you'll be on Sunday (in Moslem countries, on Friday), or you may arrive to find a city shuttered, with its banks and shops closed.

Try to get to a festival a day or two in advance so you can settle in, adjust to the rhythm of the place, and discover the restaurants and cafes to which everyone heads after a performance.

Since it's difficult to absorb a steady diet of music, drama, and celebration, plan to spend your days in a counterpoint of festival performances and sightseeing.

Remember that many "fringe events" take place around the major festival. In Edinburgh, for example, these "fringe events" have become an important showcase for new talent.

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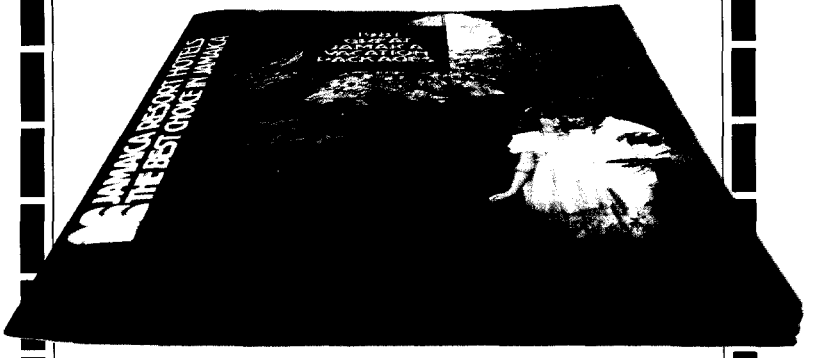

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Jamaica

Mid-April: ANNUAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW, **Kingston.** National Arena.
April 17: GOOD FRIDAY, **islandwide.** Public holiday.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY OBSERVANCE, **islandwide.** Public holiday.
May 23: LABOR DAY OBSERVANCE.
July–September: NATIONAL DANCE THEATER COMPANY SEASON, **Kingston.** Little Theater.
Late July–early August: INDEPENDENCE WEEK. Fashion shows, concerts, parades, folk dances.
September: MANNING CUP SCHOOLBOY SOCCER SEASON, **Kingston.**
October–December: ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION, **Kingston.** National Gallery, Devon House.
October 1–15: 23RD ANNUAL BLUE MARLIN INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT, **Port Antonio.**
December 1–25: JONKANOO DANCERS, **islandwide.**
December 26–March 1982: LTM NATIONAL PANTOMIME, **Kingston.** Ward Theater.

Martinique

April 20: EASTER MONDAY BEACH PICNICS. Creole beach picnics with traditional "Mantoutou" crabs. Soccer games between Martinique and Guadeloupe. Classic sports event of year.
May 28: ASCENSION THURSDAY. Processions, religious services.
June 8: PENTECOST MONDAY BEACH PICNICS.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks, public celebrations.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates freedom from slavery.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious and public holiday.
September 27: FÊTE NAUTIQUE—FESTIVAL OF THE SEA, **Robert.** Night races, lighted boat parade, folkloric programs.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Cemeteries on island illuminated in memorable evening ceremony.
November 11: ARMISTICE DAY, **islandwide.** Public holiday.

Montserrat

April 20: EASTER MONDAY, **islandwide.** Picnics, dances, water sports.
May 4: LABOR DAY, **islandwide.**
Mid-June–mid-July: LEEWARD ISLANDS CRICKET TOURNAMENT, **Plymouth.**
August: WEST INDIAN NETBALL TOURNAMENT, **Plymouth.**
December: CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS, **islandwide.**

Puerto Rico

March–May: PUERTO RICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SEASON, **major cities.**
April 16: DE DIEGO BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **islandwide.** Honors Puerto Rican patriot Jose de Diego.
April 17: GOOD FRIDAY, **islandwide.**
April 19: EASTER SUNDAY SUNRISE SERVICES, **islandwide.**

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May: 15TH PUERTO RICO MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Old San Juan.**
June: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL. **San Juan.**
June 23–24: SAN JUAN BAUTISTA PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. **San Juan.**
July: 20TH NATIONAL CRAFTS FAIR. **Barranquitas.**
July 16: VIRGEN DEL CARMEN PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL. **Cataño, Ponce, Cabo Rojo.**
July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY. **San Juan.** Parade.
August–October: 8TH SUMMER ART FESTIVAL. **San Juan.** Fort El Morro built by Spaniards in sixteenth century.
September–December: SYMPHONY SEASON—PUERTO RICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. **most major cities.**
October–December: 17TH INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. **San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce.**
October–January 1982: BASEBALL SEASON. **San Juan.** Six pro clubs at Hiram Bithorn Stadium.
Mid-November: 12TH JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL. **Jayuya.** Taino Indian culture craft shows, dances, visits to Indian sites.
November 19: OBSERVANCE OF DISCOVERY OF PUERTO RICO IN 1493.
December 15–January 6, 1982: "NAVIDADES." Puerto Rico's Christmas season celebrations.

Saba

April 30: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
Early December: SABA DAYS. Sports, folkloric programs.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY TO MARK AUTONOMY OF NETHERLAND ANTILLES. Street dances, sports.

St. Barthélemy

May 28: ASCENSION THURSDAY OBSERVANCES.
June 8: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach parties.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Processions, religious rites.
August 24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHÉLEMY. Celebrated for several days in honor of island's patron saint; reminiscent of French country fair.
December 31: "RÉVEILLON DE LA SAINT SYLVESTRE." New Year's Eve events.

St. Eustatius

April 30: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
November 16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY. First foreign country to recognize American flag in 1776.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY.

St. Kitts, Nevis, Anguilla

April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. **St. Kitts.** Picnics, dances, water sports. Horse racing in **Nevis.**
May 4: LABOR DAY.
June 14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY PARADE. Picnics, dances.
July–August: CULTURAMA. **Nevis.** Music, art, drama, exhibitions.
August 3: AUGUST MONDAY. **Nevis.** Horse racing, picnics, dances.
November 14: PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTHDAY.
December–January 1982: CARNIVAL. **all islands.**

St. Lucia

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS. Highly celebrated holiday.
May 26–27: CARNIVAL FESTIVITIES.
July: FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. **Castries.** Fireworks, parades.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.
August 30: FÊTE DE LA ROSE. **Castries and some towns.** Costumed parades.
October 1: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.
October 17: FEAST OF ST. MARGARET. **Mary Alacoque.**
December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports contests.

St. Maarten

March 28–April 8: SEVENTH ANNUAL TRADEWINDS RACE. **St. Maarten–Virgin Gorda–Martinique–St. Maarten.** Covers 800-mile course.
Mid-April–early May: CARNIVAL TIME. Steel band competitions, pageants, parades.
April 18–May 2: CARNIVAL. Beauty contests, parades, steel band competitions, jump-up.
April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY.
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY. Parades, fireworks, sports events.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 15: ASCENSION DAY OBSERVANCES.
June 8: WHITMONDAY FESTIVITIES. Beach picnics, sports.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Fireworks, parades, dancing, sports events.
November 11: CONCORDIA DAY. Ceremonies at border observe long-standing amicable agreement of 1648 between Dutch and French that divided island.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Celebration marks autonomy of Netherlands Antilles.
December 26: BOXING DAY.

St. Vincent and the Grenadines

April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Beach parties, fireworks, sports.
May 4: LABOR DAY.
June 6–8: WHITSUN REGATTA. **Bequia.** Between Kingston Harbour and Port Elizabeth.
June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
Late June–July 4: CARNIVAL. Steel bands and calypso contests.

Trinidad and Tobago

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION. **Port of Spain, Trinidad.**
June 19: BUTLER'S DAY. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
July: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL AND COMPETITIONS. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
August 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **Trinidad, Tobago.**
November 1–2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY. **Trinidad, Tobago.**

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British Virgin Islands

April: SPRING REGATTA. **Virgin Gorda.**
April 20: EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL. **Virgin Gorda.**
June 8: WHITMONDAY.
July 1: TERRITORY DAY.
First weekend in August: B.V.I. FESTIVAL. **Tortola.**
October 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

U.S. Virgin Islands

April: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT COMPETITIONS. **St. Thomas.**
May: MEMORIAL DAY YACHT RACES. **St. Croix.**
May 1–2: VIRGIN ISLANDS CARNIVAL PARADES.
June 28: ANNUAL CRAFT AND FOOD FAIR. **Cruz Bay Park, St. John.**
June 29–July 4: CARNIVAL WEEK. **St. John's.**
July 3: U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS EMANCIPATION DAY.
July 4: ROUND-THE-ISLAND YACHT RACE. **St. Thomas.**
July 4–6: GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT. **St. Thomas.**
August: YACHT RACE. **St. Thomas to Tortola, B.V.I.**
Mid-August: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT. **St. Thomas.**
Mid-September: PILLSBURY SOUND YACHT RACE. **St. Thomas to St. John.**
October 19: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING.
November: ANNUAL WAHOO TOURNAMENT. **St. Croix.**
November 4: LIBERTY DAY.
Late November: FIFTH ANNUAL PRO-AM GOLF TOURNAMENT. **St. Croix.**
December 6: ISLAND HOPPER RACE. **St. John's.**

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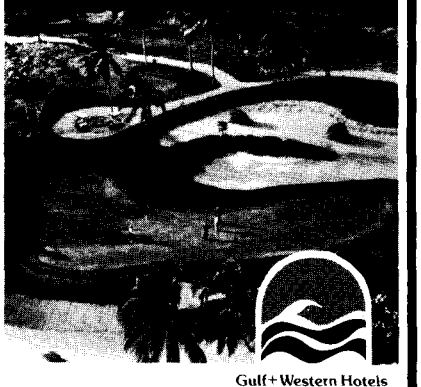
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ASIA AND THE FAR EAST

Burma

April 13–16: BURMESE WATER FESTIVAL—THING YAN, **Rangoon and nationwide.**
April 17: BURMESE NEW YEAR'S DAY, **nationwide.**
May 1: WORKER'S DAY, **nationwide.**
November 11: FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS, **nationwide.**

Hong Kong

April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL.
April 21: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
April 27: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU, GODDESS OF FISHERMEN. Fishing fleet honors Goddess of the Sea. Special junk tours and decorations. Public holiday.
May: CHEUNG CHAU BUN FESTIVAL. Four day festival includes religious ceremonies, Chinese opera, procession.
June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races in beautifully decorated boats.
July 14: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER.
August 13: YUE LAN. Festival of the Hungry Ghosts.
September 12: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL.
October: SIXTH FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS. Music, dance, art exhibits.
October 6: CHUNG YEUNG FESTIVAL.

India

April: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL, **Siriguam, Goa.**
April 20: MILAGRES—OUR LADY OF THE MIRACLES, **North Goa.** Religious services,
July 3: RATH YATRA—TEMPLE FESTIVAL, **Puri, Orissa.** Thousands join procession of huge chariots.
September: ONAM—SNAKE BOAT RACES, **Aranmula, Payipad, and Kottayam.**
October 8: DUSSEHRA. Ten-day festival based on the legend of Rama.
October 27: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS, **nationwide.** Marks beginning of Hindu New Year.
November: PUSHKAR FAIR, **Pushkar.**
November 8: MUHARRAM. Colorful Muslim holiday. Largest celebrations in **Lucknow.**

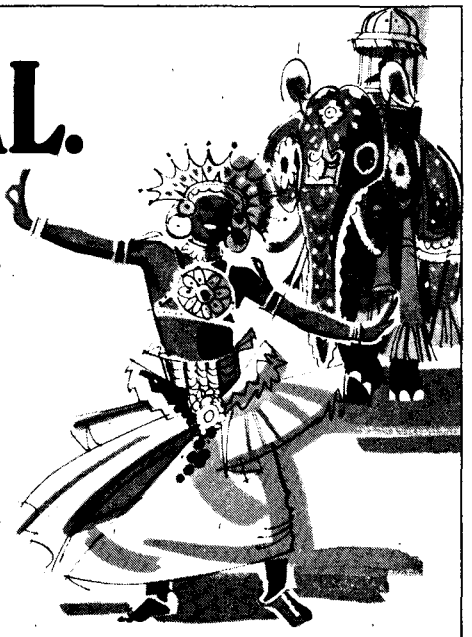
Indonesia

April: SEA FESTIVAL, **along coast.**
April 1: MEDAN ANNIVERSARY, **North Sumatra.** Fair, cultural events.
April 21: KARTIN DAY.
May: WAICAK—BIRTH OF BUDDHA, **Mendut and Borobudue Temples, Central Java.**
May–October: RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL, **Yogyakarta.**
June: ANNUAL FAIR, **Jakarta.**
June 29: 453RD ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF FOUNDING OF CITY, **Jakarta.**
August 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **Jakarta.** Parades, fireworks.
September: KERAPAN SAPI BULL RACES, **Madura Island.**

Japan

March 20–September 15: PORTOPIA '81, **Kobe.** Theme: "The creation of a new city of culture on the sea." On man-made Kobe Port Island. Sea pageants, transpacific yacht race, entertainment.
April: CHERRY DANCES, **Tokyo and Kyoto.** Cherry blossom time.
April 10–28: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Osaka.** The arts.
April 14–15: TAKAYAMA FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE, **Takayama.** Festive procession.
April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.
May 3–5: KITE BATTLES, **Hamamatsu, Shizuoka.** Competition.
May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY, Public holiday.
May 11–October 15: CORMORANT FISHING SEASON, **Nagara River, Gifu.**
May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL OF SHIMOGAMO AND KAMIGAMO SHRINES, **Kyoto.** Imperial parade and pageantry.
May 17–18: GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE, **Nikko.**
June 10–16: SANNO FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE, **Tokyo.** Lavish procession.
July 16–17: GION MATSURI PROCESSION, **Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto.** Elaborate floats along streets. One of Kyoto's best known festivals.
July 23–25: WILD HORSE CHASE AND ROUNDUP, **Haramachi, Fukushima.**
August 6: PEACE FESTIVAL, **Hiroshima.** Memorial rites.
August 6–8: TANABATA FESTIVAL, **Sendai City.** Streets decorated with ornamented bamboo branches.
August 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE, **Mt. Nyoigadake, Kyoto.** Huge bonfire.
September 16: "YABUSAME"—HORSEBACK ARCHERY, **Kamakura.**
October–November: CHRYSANTHEMUM DOLL SHOWS, **nationwide.**
October 7–9: OKUNCHI FESTIVAL, **Nagasaki.** Dragon parade.
October 10: HEALTH-SPORTS DAY, **nationwide.**
October 22: FESTIVAL OF ERAS, **Heian Shrine, Kyoto.** Commemorates city's founding in 794.
November 3: CULTURE DAY, **nationwide.**
December 17: "ON MATSURI" OF KASUGA SHRINE, **Nara.**

UNUSUAL.



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Korea

April 5: ARBOR DAY. Tree plantings.
April 8: BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE, **nationwide.** One of Korea's most colorful celebrations. Elaborate rituals at Buddhist temples.
May–early-June: TANO. Traditional holiday with wrestling matches, band contests.
May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY PROGRAMS.
July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
August 15: LIBERATION DAY.
October: CHUSOK. Traditional harvest festival.
October 1: ARMED FORCES DAY, **Seoul.** Parades.

Macau

April 25: ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION. Public holiday.
April 27: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Honors local fishermen.
May 11: FEAST OF THE BATHING OF LORD BUDDHA. Temple rites mark Buddha's birth.
May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION.
June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL RACES.
June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Public holiday honors patron saint.
July 13: FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13, **islands of Taipa and Coloane.** Marks defeat of Chinese pirates in 1910.
August 13: FEAST OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
September 12: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Moon cakes eaten to celebrate Autumn equinox.
October 5: REPUBLIC DAY.
November: 28TH MACAU GRAND PRIX. Auto race.

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Malaysia

April 12: PALM SUNDAY, **Jalan Bendahara Malacca.** Candlelight procession to St. Peter's Church, oldest functioning church in Malaysia.
May–September: MIGRATION OF GIANT TURTLES.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 9: KADAZAN HARVEST FESTIVAL, **Sabah.** Dances, thanksgiving ceremony for a successful harvest.
May 18: WESAK DAY. Religious rites, freeing of captive birds, lantern procession mark birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.
June: BIRD SINGING COMPETITION, **nationwide.**
June: KITE FLYING COMPETITION, **Kelantan.**
June 1–2: DAYAK FESTIVAL, **Sarawak.** End-of-harvest prayers, poems, dances.
June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.
June 29: FEAST OF ST. PETER, **two miles from Malacca.** Fishing events, decorated boats blessed, folk dances, songs.
July 31: LUMUT SEA CARNIVAL. Three days of sea sports, Chinese operas, dances.
August 31: NATIONAL DAY.
September 28–October 6: FESTIVAL OF THE NINE EMPEROR GODS.
October 6: UNIVERSAL CHILDREN'S DAY, **Kuala Lumpur.**
October 26: DEEPAVALI. Marks victory of light over darkness.

Nepal

April: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL, **Bhadagaon.**
April 13: NAVABARSHA, **Katmandu and nationwide.** Nepalese New Year's day.
August: MATAYAA—MUSIC, DANCE, HUMOR FESTIVAL. **Patan.**
September 13: INDRAJATRA. **Katmandu.** Colorful festival marks end of monsoon season.
September 15: WOMEN'S FESTIVAL, **Pashupatinath.**
October 5: BADA DASAI. Major day of fifteen-day observance. Public holiday.

People's Republic of China

April 15–May 15; October 15–November 15: TRADE FAIR, **Canton.**
May 1: INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY-LABOR DAY OBSERVANCES, **nationwide.** Parades, speeches.
August 1: RED ARMY DAY, **nationwide.** Parades.
October 1: NATIONAL DAY, **nationwide.** Parades, theatrical performances, fireworks, special events.

Philippines

April 9: BATAAN DAY.
April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING PAGEANT, **Cebu.** Commemorates landing in 1521.
May 1–30: FLORES DE MAYO, **Santa Cruz.**
May 14–15: CARABAO FESTIVAL, **Bulacan, Rizal.** Thanksgiving events.
June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **Manila.** Rizal Park.
June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, **San Juan, Rizal.**
June 28–30: STS. PETER AND PAUL FEAST, **Apalit, Pampanga.**
July 1–30: HARVEST TIME FESTIVAL, **Mountain Province.**

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July 6: RIVER FESTIVAL, **Bocaue.** Holy Cross of Wawa honored with procession.
August 26: CRY OF BALINTAWAK, **nationwide.** Marks start of revolution against Spain.

Republic of China

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.
April 8: BUDDHA BATHING FESTIVAL, **nationwide.**
April 27: BIRTHDAY OF MATSU, GODDESS OF THE SEA, **Peikang, Tainan.**
June 6: DRAGON BOAT RACING FESTIVAL.
September 12: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.
October 10: THE DOUBLE TENTH CELEBRATION.

Singapore

April 17: GOOD FRIDAY CANDLELIGHT PROCESSIONS. Church of St. Joseph.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 18: VISAK DAY. Celebrates Lord Buddha's birth, enlightenment, and death.
June 6: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Exciting dragon boat race.
August 1: HARI RAYA PUASA. Beginning of feast of Shawal or "Aidil Fitri."
August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Marks founding of Singapore with parades and fair.
August 14: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
September 12: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Heralds arrival of Autumn with lantern parades, eating of moon cakes.
September–October: NAVARATHRI FESTIVAL. Indian dances, musical performances, and recitals.
October 8: HARI RAYA HAJI. Observed at most mosques.
October 26: DEEPAVALI. Hindu festival, literally "Festival of Lights."

Sri Lanka

March–April: ID-UL-AZHA FESTIVAL OF SACRIFICE. Religious rites recall near sacrifice by Abraham of his son.
April: HOLIDAY SEASON, **Nuwara Eliya.** Special events in hill resort.
April 1: NATIONAL NEW YEAR, **nationwide.** Begins after harvest season.
May 1: MAY DAY.
May 18–19: VISAK FESTIVAL. Commemorates birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.
May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
July–August: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL, **Kataragama.**
July–August: ESALA PERAHERA, **Kandy.** Medieval procession of elephants, drummers, dancers.
October 9: HAJJ FESTIVAL. Celebrates annual Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca.
October 26: DEEPAVALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.

Thailand

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama I, founder of Bangkok.

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April 13–15: SONGKRAN—WATER FESTIVAL, **Chiang Mai, Paklat.** Thai New Year celebration. Ploughing ceremony.
May 5: CORONATION DAY. Public holiday.
May 8–9: ROCKET FESTIVAL, **Yasothon.** Dancing processions, drum serenades, fireworks hail harvest time before start of rainy season.
July 16: ASANHA BUCHA. Candlelight procession honors first sermon delivered by Lord Buddha. Public holiday.
July 17: BUDDHIST LENT BEGINS. Public holiday.
August 12: QUEEN SIRIKIT'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.
October 13–November 11: THOT KATHIN, **Bangkok and nationwide.** End of rainy season and Buddhist Lent.
November 21–22: ANNUAL ELEPHANT ROUNDUP, **Surin.** Elephants perform tricks, demonstrate skills, play soccer, and have tug-of-war with people.
December 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY.

THE PACIFIC

Australia

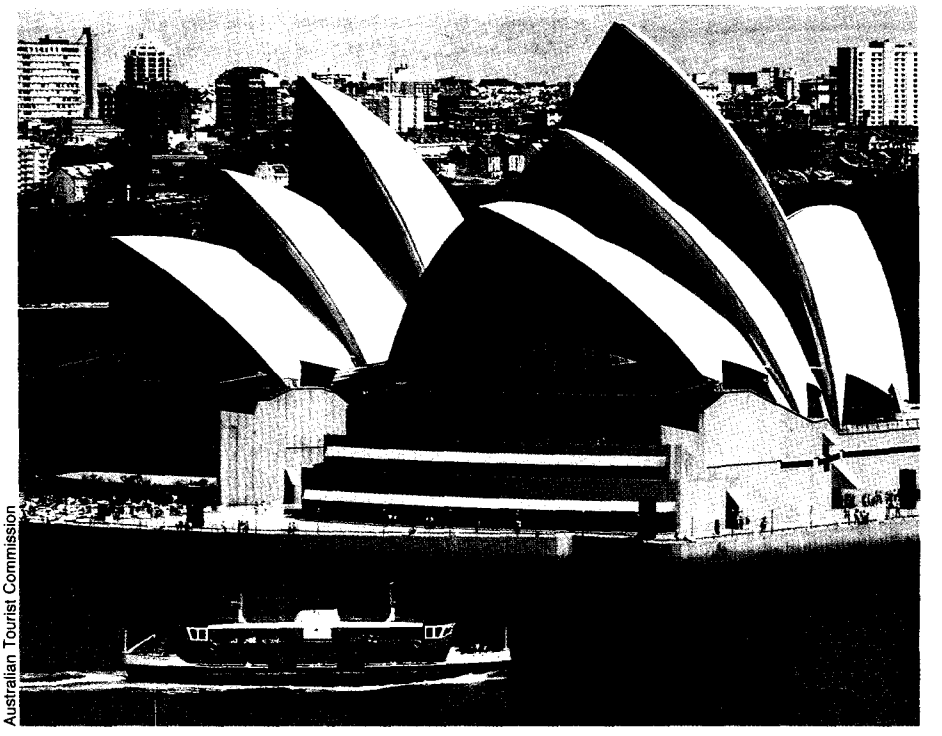
April 4: NATIONAL BOOMERANG THROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Albury, New South Wales.**
April 20–26: BAROSSA VALLEY VINTAGE FESTIVAL, **Barossa Valley, South Australia.** Wine harvest events.
April 25: ANZAC DAY. Public holiday.
June 4: FOUNDATION DAY, **Western Australia.**
August: AUSTRALIAN SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Mt. Buller.**
Late August: HENLY-ON-TODD REGATTA, **Alice Springs.** Makeshift yachts charge through soft sand.
August–September: ROYAL ADELAIDE SHOW, **Adelaide.** Fair.
Early September: CAMEL CUP, **Alice Springs.**
September: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Melbourne.**
September: ROYAL SHOW, **Perth.** Fair.
September 19–26: TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS, **Toowoomba.** Exceptional garden displays.
October: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL, **Melbourne.**
October: WINE BUSHING FESTIVAL, **McLaren Vale.** Tours, tastings, exhibits.
November 1–8: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL, **Melbourne.** Melbourne cup race on November 3 highlights week of major horse racing events.
December 26: YACHT RACE, **Sydney to Hobart.**

Cook Islands

April 19–20: EASTER SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY, **Muri Beach.** Beach parties, sports.
April 25: ANZAC DAY, **Rarotonga.** Parade.
July 31–August 9: CONSTITUTION DAY OBSERVANCE.
October 26: GOSPEL DAY Religious plays (Nuku) performed in open air.

Fiji

April: AUCKLAND—SUVA YACHT RACE.
June: SOUTH PACIFIC BOWLING CARNIVAL, **Suva.**
June 16: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **Suva.** Parade at Albert Park.
August: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL, **Suva.** Exhibits, entertainment, parade.



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September: NATIONAL ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBIT, **Suva.**
Mid-September: FLOWER SHOW, **Suva.**
October 27: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.
November 12: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

Guam

May 1–31: MAYFAIR, **Agana.** Carnival events at Paseo de Susanna Grounds.
June 13: FIESTA OF ST. ANTHONY, **Tamuming.**
July 1–29: FIESTA GUAM, **Yigo.** Athletic events, contests, concerts, fireworks. Liberation Day parade on July 21. Guam Amusement Park.
July 4: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION.

New Zealand

April 17–20: HIGHLAND GAMES, **Hastings.**
May–June: WINTER AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW, **Dunedin.**
May 24–30: NEW ZEALAND WOOL FESTIVAL, **Dunedin.**
June 11–13: 13TH NEW ZEALAND AGRICULTURAL FIELD DAYS, **Hamilton.**
July: 13TH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, **Auckland.**
August: NEW ZEALAND INDUSTRIES FAIR, **Christchurch.**
August: 27TH NEW ZEALAND KENNEL CLUB NATIONAL DOG SHOW, **Wellington.**
September: ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL PARADE, **Alexandria.**

Papua New Guinea

June: MABORASA FESTIVAL, **Madang.** Traditional Papua New Guinean and Asian dances.
June–July: FRANGIPANI FESTIVAL, **Rabaul.**
June–July: TOLAI WARWAGIRA—DISPLAY OF HANDICRAFTS, **Rabaul.**
June 13–15: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW, **Port Moresby.**
July: FLOWER SHOW, **Madang.**
August: EASTERN HIGHLANDS SHOW—SINGSINGS. Gaily-painted, feathered warriors perform traditional dances.
September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
November: PAPUA SAFARI, **Port Moresby.** Car racing.
November: PEARL FESTIVAL, **Samarai, Milne Bay.**

Tahiti

April 20: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY.
May 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATION.
May 16: ANNUAL DAY OF THE "MAIRE," **Papeete.**
July 14: BASTILLE DAY, **islands of Raiatea, Tahaa, Huahine, Bora Bora.**
July 14–21: FÊTES DE JUILLET, **Papeete, Raiatea, Bora Bora.**
November 21: THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS COMPETITION AND PAREU DAY, **all islands.**
December 5: TIARE TAHITI DAY, **Papeete.**
December 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF THE WATERFRONT, **Papeete.**

Tonga

April 25: ANZAC DAY. Parade in honor of soldiers killed in World War II. Public holiday.
May 4: BIRTHDAY OF CROWN PRINCE, **Tupouto'a.** Military parades. Public holiday.
May 12–18: RED CROSS WEEK.
June: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.
June 4: EMANCIPATION DAY. Public holiday.
July 4: KING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
September 6–13: HEILALA FESTIVAL, **Nuku'alofa.**
September–October: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Includes chariot and horse races.
November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
December 4: KING TUPOU I DAY.

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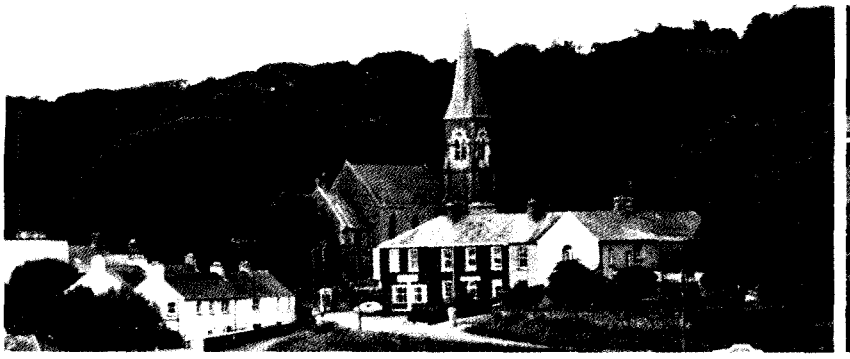

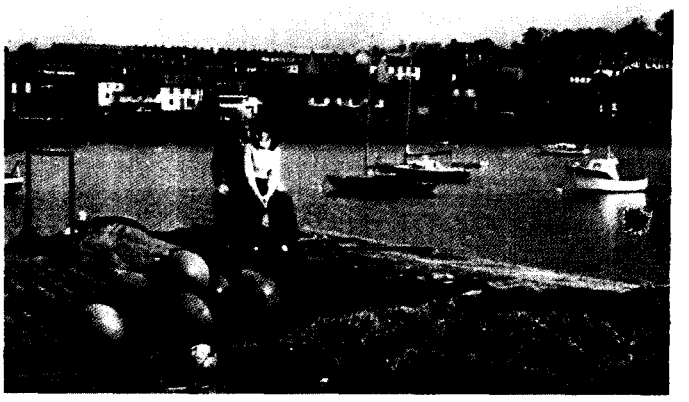

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someone to invest. He should stop buying chickens from takeout counters. He should meet U Thant. He should stop taking seriously all the talk-show de Tocquevilles. He should stop taking seriously the cranks on the phone. He should stop taking his mail seriously. He should stop taking himself seriously. He should stop taking buses. And he should call André back and tell him for God's sake not to tell Mary Schevitz anything about the kidnapper—otherwise it would end up in "Suzy Says"!

But instead he sat back down at his desk and for another hour recorded in his composition book everything the kidnapper had said. In spite of his worries, he was smiling to himself as he saw on paper what he'd heard the night before on the phone. He was reminded of a story about Flaubert coming out of his study one day and seeing a cousin of his, a young married woman, tending to her children, and Flaubert saying, ruefully, "*Ils sont dans le vrai.*" A working title, Zuckerman thought, and recorded in the white window of the composition book cover the words *Dans le Vrai.* These composition books Zuckerman used for his notes were bound in the stiff covers of marbled black-and-white design that generations of Americans envision still in bad dreams about lessons unlearned. On the inside of the front cover, facing the blue ruled lines of the first page, was the chart where the student is to enter his class program, period by period, for the school week. Here Zuckerman composed his subtitle, printing in block letters across the rows of rectangles provided for the subject, room, and instructor: "Or, How I Made a Fiasco of Fame and Fortune in My Spare Time."

ZENA, TZENA,' 1950."

Zuckerman was waiting for the light to change on the corner across from Campbell's. The title had been announced from just behind him. Unknown to himself, he had been whistling, and not only out on the street but through much of the morning. That same little song, again and again.

"Adapted from an Israeli popular tune, English lyrics by Mitchell Parish, Decca record by Gordon Jenkins and the Weavers."

There to inform him was Alvin Pepler. The day was fresh and bright, but Pepler was still in black raincoat and hat. Dark glasses, however, to top things off this morning. Had somebody poked him in the eye since last night, some shorter-fused celebrity than Zuckerman? Or were the dark glasses to make him look like a celebrity to himself? Or was the new pitch that he was, also, unfortunately, blind? SIGHTLESS QUIZ CONTESTANT. PLEASE GIVE.

"Good morning," said Zuckerman, backing away.

"Up early for the great event?"

One-liner, delivered with comic grin. Zuckerman chose not to reply.

"Imagine, you go out for a coffee break and run smack into Prince Seratelli lying in state."

You go for a coffee break on Sixty-second Street and run into Seratelli on Eighty-first?

"That's why I envy you New Yorkers," said Pepler. "You get into an elevator—this actually happened to me, my first day over here—and there, sharp as a tack, Victor Borge! You run out for the late paper, and who jumps from a taxi right at your feet? At midnight? Twiggy! You walk out of the bathroom in a little delicatessen, and sitting there eating is you! Victor Borge, Twiggy, and you—just in my first forty-eight hours. The cop on the horse told me rumor has it that Sonny Liston is supposed to show." He pointed to the police and the onlookers gathered at the main entrance to the funeral home. Also on hand was a TV camera and crew. "But so far," said Pepler, "you haven't missed a thing."

Not a word about Zuckerman's disappearance outside Baskin-Robbins the previous evening. Or about the phone calls.

Zuckerman assumed Pepler had followed him. Dark glasses for dark intrigue. The possibility had crossed his mind before he'd even left the house: Pepler in a doorway along the street, hiding and ready to pounce. But he couldn't sit there waiting for the phone to ring just because the kidnapper had told him to. That *was* nuts. Especially if the kidnapper was this crackpot.

"What else do you know from 1950?"

"Pardon?"

"What other songs," Pepler asked him, "from 1950? Can you name me the Top Fifteen?"

Followed or not, Zuckerman had to smile. "You got me there. From 1950 I couldn't name the Top Ten."

"Want to hear which they were? All fifteen?"

"I have to be going."

"To begin with, that's the year there are three with 'cake' in the title. 'Candy and Cake.' 'If I Knew You Were Comin' I'd 'Ave Baked a Cake.' And 'Sunshine Cake.' Then, alphabetically"—for this he planted both feet firmly on the pavement—" 'Autumn Leaves,' 'A Bushel and a Peck,' 'C'est Si Bon,' 'It's a Lovely Day Today,' 'Music, Music, Music,' 'My Heart Cries for You,' 'Rag Mop,' 'Sam's Song,' 'The Thing,' 'Tzena, Tzena'—which I began with—'Wilhelmina,' and 'You, Wonderful You.' Fifteen. And Hewlett Lincoln couldn't have named you five. Without the answers in his pocket, he couldn't have

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named *one*. No, with the All-Time American Hit Parade, it was Alvin Pepler who was Mr. Unstoppable. Until they stopped me to get the goy on."

"I'd forgotten 'Rag Mop,' " said Zuckerman.

Pepler laughed his hearty appreciative laugh. God, he certainly seemed harmless enough. Dark glasses? A tourist indulgence. Going native. "Whistle something else," Pepler said. "Anything. As far back in time as you want."

"I really have to be off."

"Please, Nathan. Just to test me out. To prove to you I'm on the level. That I am Pepler in the flesh!"

Well, the war was on, the sirens had sounded, and his father, the street's chief air-raid warden, was out of the house in the prescribed sixty seconds. Nathan, his kid brother, Henry, and their mother sat at the rickety bridge table in the basement, playing casino by candlelight. Only a drill, not the real thing, never the real thing in America, but of course, if you were a ten-year-old American you never knew. They could miss Newark Airport and hit the Zuckerman house. But soon the All Clear sounded and Dr. Zuckerman came whistling down the cellar stairs in his warden hat, playfully shining his flashlight into the boys' eyes. No plane had been sighted, no bombs had been dropped, the decrepit Sonnenfelds down the street had pulled their blackout shades on their own, and neither of his sons had as yet written a book or touched a girl, let alone divorced one. So why shouldn't he be whistling? He turned on the lights and kissed them each in turn. "Deal me in," he said.

The song his father whistled descending their cellar stairs Nathan whistled now for Pepler. Instead of running.

Three notes was all he had to deliver. " 'I'll Be Seeing You,' 1943. Twenty-four appearances on the Hit Parade," said Pepler, "ten in the Number One spot. Records by Frank Sinatra and by Hildegarde. The Top Fifteen, 1943—ready, Nathan?"

Oh, was he ready. *Dans le vrai*, and it's about time too. André was right to give it to him: you lock yourself away to stir up your imagination, then you lock yourself away because you've stirred up theirs. What kind of novels is that going to get you? If the high life with the hand-tailored suits wasn't quite for him, then what about the low? Where is your curiosity? Where is your old amused self? Against whom have you committed what punishable offense that you should go skulking around like a fugitive from justice? You are not in the virtue racket! Never were! Great mistake ever to think so! That is what you have escaped—into the stupendous *vrai!* "Shoot, Alvin." Reckless locution, but Zuckerman didn't care. Reckless deliberately. Enough taking cover from his own eruption. Receive what has been given! Accept what you inspire! Welcome the genies released by that book! That goes for the money, that goes for the fame, and that goes for this Angel of Manic Delights!

Who was off and running anyway:

" 'Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer.' 'I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night.' 'I'll Be Seeing You.' 'It's Love, Love, Love.' 'I've Heard That Song Before.' 'A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening.' 'Mairzy Doats.' 'Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'.' 'Mornin',' by the way, not 'morning,' as most people think—Hewlett Lincoln being Number One. Though nobody of course called him on it. Not on that show. 'People Will Say We're in Love.' 'Pistol Packin' Mama.' 'Sunday, Monday or Always.' 'They're Either Too Young or Too Old.' 'Tico Tico.' 'You Keep Coming Back Like a Song.' 'You'll Never Know.' Fifteen." He relaxed, sagged a little, in fact, remembering what Hewlett had gotten away with on that show.

"How do you do it, Alvin?"

Pepler removed his dark glasses, and rolling his dark eyes (which no one had yet blackened), made a joke.

" 'It's Magic,' " he confessed.

Zuckerman obliged. "Doris Day. Nineteen—forty-six."

"Close," cried Pepler gaily, "close, but forty-eight is the correct answer. Awfully sorry, Nathan. Better luck next time. Words by Sammy Cahn, music by Jule Styne. Introduced in the movie *Romance on the High Seas.* Warner Brothers. With Jack Carson, and of course the Divine Dodo, Miss Doris Day."

He had Zuckerman laughing away now. "Alvin, you're amazing."

To which Pepler rapidly replied, " 'You're Sensational.' 'You're Devastating.' 'You're My Everything.' 'You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You.' 'You're Breaking My Heart.' 'You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me.' 'You're—' "

"This, this is quite a show. Oh, this is heaven, really." He couldn't stop laughing. Not that Pepler seemed to mind.

" '—a Grand Old Flag.' 'You're a Million Miles from Nowhere (When You're One Little Mile from Home).' 'You're My Thrill.' Do I stop?" Agleam with perspiration, about as happy as any adrenalin addict could ever be, he asked, "Do I stop, kid, or do you want more?"

"No," groaned Zuckerman, "no more," but oh, was it lovely to be having a good time. And out-of-doors! In public! Sprung! Free! Released from his captivity by Pepler! "Take it easy on me. Please, please," Zuckerman whispered, "there's a funeral across the street."

"Street," announced Pepler. " 'The Streets of New York.' Across. 'Across the Alley from the Alamo.' Funeral. Let me think that through. Please. 'Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone.' More. 'The More I See You.' No. 'No Other Love.' Now funeral. No, I stake my reputation on it. There is no song in the history of American popular songs with the word 'funeral' in it. For obvious reasons."

Priceless. The *vrai.* You can't beat it. Even richer in pointless detail than the great James Joyce.

"Correction," said Pepler. " 'The More I See *of* You.'

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From the motion picture *Diamond Horseshoe.* Twentieth Century-Fox, 1945. Sung by Dick Haymes."

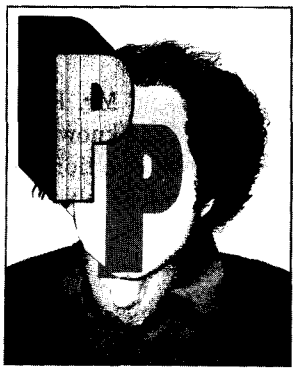
No stopping him now. But why should anyone want to? No, you don't run away from phenomena like Alvin Pepler, not if you're a novelist with any brains you don't. Think how far Hemingway went to look for a lion. Whereas Zuckerman had just stepped out the door. Yes, sir, box up the books! Out of the study and into the streets! At one with the decade at last! Oh, what a novel this guy would make! All that flies, sticks. He's glue, mental flypaper, can't forget a thing. All the interfering static, he collects. What a *novelist* this guy would make! Already is one! Paté, Perlmutter, Moshe Dayan—that is the novel of which he is the hero! From the daily papers and the dregs of memory, that is the novel that he conjures up! Can't say it lacks conviction, whatever may be missing in the way of finesse. Look at him go!

" 'You'll Never Know,' Decca, 1943. 'Little White Lies,' Decca, 1948." Dick Haymes's two best-selling records, according to Pepler. Whom Zuckerman saw no reason not to believe.

"Perry Como," Zuckerman asked. "*His* best sellers."

" 'Temptation.' 'A Hubba Hubba Hubba.' 'Till the End of Time.' All RCA Victor, 1945. 1946, 'Prisoner of Love.' 1947, 'When You Were Sweet Sixteen.' 1949—"

Zuckerman had forgotten the kidnapper completely. For the moment he forgot everything, all his cares and woes. They were imaginary anyway, no?



EPLER WAS ON TO Nat "King" Cole—" 'Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup,' 1955; 'Ramblin' Rose,' 1962"—when Zuckerman discovered the microphone an inch from his mouth. Then the portable camera aimed from atop somebody's shoulder.

"Mr. Zuckerman, you're here to pay your respects this morning to Prince Seratelli—"

"I am?"

The dark-haired reporter, a handsome and powerful-looking fellow, Zuckerman now recognized from one of the local news shows. "Is it," asked the reporter, "as a friend of the deceased or of the family?"

The comedy was too much. Oh, what a morning. "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'." *Oklahoma!* Rodgers and Hammerstein. Even he knew that one.

Laughing, waving a hand in the air to call them off, Zuckerman said, "No, no, just passing by." He gestured toward Pepler. "With a friend."

All too distinctly he heard the friend clear his throat. The dark glasses were off, the chest had expanded, and he looked ready to remind the world of all it had caused him to suffer. Zuckerman saw the crowd at Campbell's turning in their direction.

A voice from across the way, "*Who?*"

"Koufax! Koufax!"

"Mistake, mistake." Zuckerman was a little on the fervent side now, but the aggressive reporter seemed at last to have realized his error himself and signaled to the cameraman to stop.

"Sorry, sir," he said to Zuckerman.

"That ain't Koufax, idiot."

"Who is it?"

"Nobody."

"Awfully sorry," said the reporter, apologetically smiling to Pepler now as the crew moved swiftly back to where the real action was getting underway. A limousine had arrived across the street. Everyone by the doorway tried to see if it was Sonny Liston inside.

"That," said Pepler, pointing after the TV reporter, "was J. K. Cranford. The All-American from Rutgers."

A mounted policeman had by now approached the two of them, and was leaning down from his horse to get a good look. "Hey, Mac," he said to Zuckerman, "who are you?"

"Nobody to worry about." Zuckerman patted the breast pocket of his corduroy jacket to show that he wasn't packing a gat.

The cop was willing to be amused; not nearly so much as Zuckerman's sidekick. "I mean, who are you famous?" he asked. "You were just on the TV, right?"

"No, no," explained Zuckerman. "They had the wrong guy."

"You weren't on Dinah Shore last week?"

"Not me, officer. I was home in bed."

Pepler just couldn't let this big tough cop up on a horse make any more of a fool of himself. "You don't know who this guy is? This is Nathan Zuckerman!"

The cop looked down with bemused boredom at the man in the dark glasses and the black rain gear.

"The *writer*," Pepler informed him.

"Oh, yeah?" said the cop. "What'd he write?"

"You serious? What did Nathan Zuckerman write?" With such triumph did Pepler announce the title of Zuckerman's fourth book that the powerful sleek horse, trained though it was for civil disorder, reared sharply back and had to be reined in.

"Never heard of it," the cop replied and, swinging around, crossed handsomely back to Campbell's with the light.

Pepler, with disdain: "It's the horses they must mean are New York's finest."

Together they looked across to where All-American J.

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K. Cranford was interviewing a little man who had just popped out of a taxi. Manuel Somebody, Pepler said. The jockey. Pepler was surprised that he had arrived without his glamorous wife, the dancer.

After the jockey, a silver-haired gentleman, staidly dressed in a dark suit and vest. To Cranford's questions, he mournfully shook his head. Wasn't talking. "Who's he?" Zuckerman asked.

A Mob lawyer, he was told, recently released from a federal penitentiary. He looked to Zuckerman, what with the deep tan, to have recently been released from the Bahamas.

For the next few minutes Pepler identified the mourners as each was accosted by Cranford and his crew.

"You are something, Alvin."

"You think so—from *this?* You should have seen me on *Smart Money.* This is just a *sample.* Hewlett *needed* the fix, the fake. When the producer came around on Sundays to deliver the answers, half the time I had to correct him, where they had something wrong. If I see a face, that's it. I know the face of anybody in the world who has ever been in the papers, whether it's a cardinal who ran for Pope or some stewardess from Belgium who went down in a crash. With my memory, it's indelible, it's there forever. I can't forget it even if I wanted to. You should have seen me at my height, Nathan, what I was like for those three weeks. I lived from Thursday to Thursday. 'He's terrifying, he knows everything.' That's how they would introduce me on the show. To them it was just more crapola to feed the idiot audience. The tragedy is that it happened to be true. And what I didn't know, I could learn. You only had to show it to me, you just had to push the right button and out came a flood of information. I could tell you, for example, everything in history that ever happened with the number 98 in it. I still can. Everybody knows 1066, but do they know 1098? Everybody knows 1492, but do they know 1498? Savonarola burned at the stake in Florence, first German pawnshop established in Nuremberg, Vasco da Gama discovers sea route to India. But why go on? What good did it do me in the end? 1598: Shakespeare writes *Much Ado About Nothing,* Korean Admiral Visunsin invents ironclad warships. 1698: Paper manufacturing begins in North America, Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau introduces goose-stepping and iron ramrods in the Prussian army. 1798: Casanova dies, Battle of Pyramids makes Napoleon master of Egypt. I could go on all day. All night. But what will it get me? What good is all the learning if it only goes to waste? At last people in New Jersey were beginning to have a respect for knowledge, for history, for the real facts of life instead of their own stupid, narrow, prejudiced opinions. Because of me! And now, now? You know where I should be now, by all rights? Across the street. I should be J. K. Cranford!"

So hungrily did he look to Zuckerman for confirmation that there was nothing to say but "I don't see why not."

"You *don't?*"

And to that impassioned plea? "Why not?" replied Zuckerman.

"Oh, Jesus, would you do me a favor, Nathan? Would you spend one minute reading something I wrote? Would you give me your candid opinion? It would mean the world to me. Not my book, something else. Something new."

"What?"

"Well, literary criticism, actually."

Gently. "You didn't tell me you were a literary critic too."

Another Zuckerman one-liner, which Pepler accorded its due. Dared even to counter with one of his own. "I thought you already knew. I thought that's why last night you took it on the lam." But then added, when Zuckerman remained sternly silent, "I'm only kidding you back, Nathan. I realized when I came out, you had business, your meeting, you had to run. So you know me: I ate your ice cream too. And paid for it all night. No, don't worry, I'm no critic. I have my likes and dislikes, I have my ulcer, but I'm no critic, not in the official sense. However, I did hear yesterday about the big shake-up at the *Times.* This is ancient history to you, but I only found out late last night."

"What shake-up?"

"The drama critic is going to get the boot, and probably the book reviewer too. It's been a long time coming."

"Yes?"

"You didn't know?"

"No."

"*Really?* Well, I heard from Mr. Perlmutter. He's in with Sulzberger, the owner. He knows the whole family. They belong to the same congregation."

Perlmutter? Mythical gentlemanly father of the mythical producer Paté? Knows Sulzberger too? This novel is some novel.

"So you're going to try for the job," said Zuckerman.

Pepler colored. "No, no, not at all. It just got me thinking. To see if I could do it. As Lincoln said—Abe Lincoln, the real Lincoln—'I'll study and get ready, and maybe the chance will come.' Strange, even to me, that I haven't become a cynic after all I've been through, that I am still this sucker for the Land of Opportunity. But how could I feel otherwise? I know this country inside out. It isn't just popular songs—it's everything. It's sports, it's old-time radio, it's slang, proverbs, commercials, famous ships, the Constitution, great battles, longitudes and latitudes—you name it, and if it's Americana, I know it cold. And *without* the answers in my pocket. With them in my *head.* I believe in this country. I believe in it because for one thing it is a country where a man can fight back from the most ignominious defeat, if only he perseveres. If only he doesn't lose faith in himself. Look at history. Look at Nixon. Isn't that something, that survival story? I have fifteen pages on that fake in my book. Likewise the

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CORPORATE CRISIS

BY EDWARD SOREL

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great shit-slinger, Johnson. Now, where would Lyndon Johnson have been without Lee Harvey Oswald? Peddling real estate in the Senate cloakroom."

Oswald? Had Alvin Pepler just mentioned Lee Harvey Oswald? On the phone last night, hadn't his caller referred in passing to Ruby, "Jack Idiot Ruby," as America's new patron saint? And alluded to Sirhan Sirhan? *We had a great leader in Robert Kennedy and that crazy Arab bastard shot him.* It was all in Zuckerman's notes.

Time to go.

But what danger was there? Weren't there cops everywhere? But weren't they also there in Dallas, for all the good that did the President?

Oh, and was his position in America now commensurate with the presidency, the author of *Carnovsky*?

"—my book review."

"Yes?" He'd lost the thread. His heartbeat had quickened too.

"I only began writing at midnight last night."

After your last phone call, thought Zuckerman. Yes, the man before me is my mother's kidnapper. Who else?

"I haven't had time to get to the novel itself. These are simply first impressions. If they sound too cerebral, well, I realize that. It's just that I'm bending over backward while I'm writing not to say in print what of course is no great secret, at least to me. That in many ways that book is the story of my life no less than yours."

So the review was of Zuckerman's book, of all books. Time to go, all right. Forget Oswald and Ruby. When the lion comes up to Hemingway with his review of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," time to leave the jungle for home.

"I don't mean Newark alone. It goes without saying how much that meant personally to me. I mean . . . the hang-ups. The psychological ones," he said, flushing, "of a nice Jewish boy. I guess everybody has identified with that book in his own way. That's what has made it such a smash. What I mean is that if I ever had the talent to write a novel, well, *Carnovsky* would have been it."

Zuckerman looked at his watch. "Alvin, I've got to be off."

"But my review."

"Send it, why don't you." Out of the streets and into the study. Time to unbox the books still packed away since the move uptown.

"But here, it's here." Pepler extracted the small spiral notebook from an inside breast pocket. Instantly he found the page and handed it to Zuckerman to read.

THERE WAS A MAILBOX AT ZUCKERMAN'S BACK. PEPLER had pinned him up against the mailbox, just as he had the evening before. The evening before! *The man is mad. And fixed on me. Who is he behind those dark glasses? Me! He thinks he's me!*

Suppressing the impulse to drop the notebook into the mailbox and just walk off, a free celebrity, he looked down and he read. Been reading all his life. Really, what danger was there?

"The Marcel Proust of New Jersey" was the title of Pepler's review.

"All I have so far is my opening paragraph," he explained. "But if in your opinion I am off on the right foot, then tonight I'll finish it up at Paté's. Friday Perlmutter can show it to Sulzberger."

"I see."

Pepler saw too—Zuckerman's incredulity. And rushed to reassure him. "Bigger jerks than me review books, Nathan."

Well, on that he was not going to get an argument. Pepler's one-liner made Zuckerman laugh aloud. And Zuckerman was no enemy of laughs, as the fans would attest. So, up against the mailbox, he plunged in. One more page wouldn't kill him.

The handwriting was minute, fussy, meticulous, anything but seething. Nor was the style the man, either.

> Fiction is not autobiography, yet all fiction, I am convinced, is in some sense rooted in autobiography, though the connection to actual events may be tenuous indeed, even nonexistent. We are, after all, the total of our experiences, and experience includes not only what we in fact do but what we privately imagine. An author cannot write about what he does not know and the reader must grant him his material, yet there are dangers in writing so closely on the heels of one's own immediate experience: a lack of toughness, perhaps; a tendency to indulgence; an urge to justify the author's ways to men. Distance, on the other hand, either blurs experience or heightens it. For most of us it is mercifully blurred; but for writers, if they can be restrained from spilling the beans before they are digested, it is heightened.

Before Zuckerman could even speak—not that he was in any hurry to—Pepler was explaining his methodology. "I discuss the autobiographical problem before I get to the contents of the book. That I'll do tonight. It's all worked out in my mind. What I am trying is to begin with my literary theory, to create a mini-version of my own of *What Is Art?* by Leo Tolstoy, first published in English translation in 1898. What's wrong?" he said, when Zuckerman handed the notebook back to him.

"Nothing. It's fine. Good beginning."

"You don't believe that." He opened the notebook and looked at his own handwriting, so neat, so readable, so determinedly everything that Teacher could least expect from the big ungainly boy at the back of the room. "What's wrong with it? You've got to tell me. I don't want Sulzberger to read it if it stinks. I want the truth. I have been fighting and suffering for the truth all my life. Please, no sweet talk and no crapola, either. What's

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wrong? So I can learn, so I can improve myself and recover my rightful place!"

No, he hadn't plagiarized it. Not that it made any difference, but evidently he had cooked up this porridge all by himself, one eye on the New York *Times*, the other on Leo Tolstoy. At midnight, after the last ominous telephone warning. *I will do everything in my power to avoid violence*, the kidnapper had told him, *but if I feel threatened I am going to have to act like a threatened man.* That was what was down in *Zuckerman's* notebook.

"As I say, it's not bad, not at all."

"It is! You know it is! Only tell me *why*. How will I learn if you don't tell me why!"

"Well," said Zuckerman, relenting, "I suppose I wouldn't call the writing laconic, Alvin."

"You wouldn't?"

He shook his head.

"Is that bad?"

Zuckerman tried to sound thoughtful. "No, of course it's not 'bad' . . ."

"But it's not good. Okay. All right. What about my ideas, what I want to communicate. The writing I can polish in the next draft, when I have the time. The writing I can pay somebody to fix, if you say that's what it needs. But surely the ideas, the ideas themselves . . ."

"The ideas," said Zuckerman somberly, as the notebook was handed to him again. Across the street an elderly woman was being interviewed by J. K. Cranford instead of by Alvin Pepler. Gaunt, handsome, supported by a cane. Seratelli's widow? Seratelli's mother? Would that I were that old lady, thought Zuckerman. Anything but to have to discuss these "ideas."

Fiction, Zuckerman silently read, *is not autobiography, yet all fiction, I am convinced, is in some sense rooted in autobiography, though the connection to actual events . . .*

"Forget the writing for now," Pepler told him. "This time just read it through for the thoughts."

Zuckerman looked blindly at the page. Heard the lion saying to Hemingway, "Just read it through for the thoughts."

"I read it for both already." He put a hand on Pepler's chest and gently pushed him back. Not the best idea, he knew, but what else could he do? This enabled him to step away from the mailbox. He handed back the notebook yet again. Pepler looked as though he'd been poleaxed.

"*And?*"

"And what?" said Zuckerman.

"The truth! This is my *life* we're talking about, my chance at a second chance. I must have the truth!"

"Well, the truth is"—but seeing the perspiration coursing down Pepler's face, he thought better of it, and concluded—"it's probably fine for the papers."

"But? There's a big but in your voice, Nathan. But *what?*"

Zuckerman counted the cops with pistols outside Frank Campbell's. On foot, four. On horseback, two. "Well, I don't think you have to go into the desert and stand on a pillar to come up with these 'thoughts.' In my opinion. Since you ask for it."

"Whooff." Feverishly he began tapping the notebook against his open palm. "You shoot from the hip all right. Whew. That book of yours doesn't come from nowhere, that's for sure. The satire, I mean. Wow."

"Alvin, listen to me. Sulzberger could be crazy about it. I'm sure he and I have different criteria entirely. This shouldn't discourage you from letting Perlmutter try him."

"Nah," he said despondently. "When it comes to writing, it's you who's the authority." As though plunging a knife into his chest, he shoved the notebook back in his pocket.

"Not everybody would agree there."

"Nah, nah, don't pull the little-me stuff. Don't give me the humble crap. We know who's tops in his field and who isn't." Whereupon he drew the notebook out again and began fiercely slapping at it with his free hand. "What about when I say the writer should be restrained from spilling the beans before they are digested? What about *that?*"

Zuckerman the satirist remained silent.

"That stinks too?" asked Pepler. "Don't condescend to me, *tell* me!"

"Of course it doesn't 'stink.' "

"*But?*"

"But it's straining, isn't it, for an effect?" As serious and uncondescending a man of letters as there could ever be, Zuckerman said, "I wonder if it's worth the effort."

"There's where you're wrong. It was no strain at all. It just came to me. In those words. It's the only line here that *isn't* erased, not one word."

"Then maybe that's the problem."

"I see." Pepler nodded vigorously because of what he saw. "For me, if it comes easy it's no good, and if it comes hard it's also no good."

"I'm only talking about this line."

"I see-ee-ee-eee," he said, ominously. "But that's definitely the worst, the bottom, the limit, this line about spilling the beans."

"Sulzberger could see it differently."

"I'm not asking Sulzberger! I'm asking you! And what you have told me is the following. One, the writing stinks. Two, the thoughts stink. Three, my best line stinks worst of all. What you have told me is that ordinary mortals like me shouldn't even dare to write about your book to begin with. Isn't that what it adds up to, *on the basis of one paragraph of a first draft?*"

"Why, no."

"Why, no." Pepler was mimicking him. He had removed his dark glasses to make a prissy face to show to Zuckerman. "Why, no."

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"Don't turn nasty, Alvin. You wanted the truth, after all."

"After all. After all."

"Look," said Zuckerman, "you want the *whole* truth?"

"Yes!" Eyes big, eyes bulging, eyes asizzle in a glowing red face. "Yes! But the truth *unbiased*, that's what I want! Unbiased by the fact that you only wrote that book because you could! Because of having every break in life there is! While the ones who didn't obviously couldn't! Unbiased by the fact that those hang-ups you wrote about happen to be mine, and that you knew it—that you stole it!"

"I did what? Stole what?"

"From what my Aunt Lottie told your Cousin Essie that she told to your mother that she told to you. About me. About my past."

Oh, was it time to go!

[redacted]

THE LIGHT WAS RED. WOULD IT NEVER BE GREEN AGAIN when he needed it? With no further criticism to make or instruction to give, Zuckerman turned to leave.

"Newark!" Pepler, behind him, delivered the word straight to the eardrum. "What do you know about Newark, Mama's Boy! I read that charming book! To you it's Sunday chop suey downtown at the Chink's! To you it's being Leni-Lenape Indians at school in the play! To you it's Uncle Max in his undershirt, watering the radishes at night! And Nick Etten at first for the Bears! Nick Etten! Moron! *Moron!* Newark is a nigger with a knife! Newark is a whore with the syph! Newark is junkies pissing in your hallway and everything burned to the ground! Newark is dago vigilantes hunting jigs with tire irons! Newark is bankruptcy! Newark is ashes! Newark is rubble and filth! Own a car in Newark and then you'll find out what Newark's all about! Then you can write *ten* books about Newark! They slit your throat for your radial tires! They cut off both balls for a Bulova watch! And your dick for the fun of it, if it's white!"

The light went green. Zuckerman made for the mounted policeman. "You! Whining about Mama back in Newark and how she wouldn't wipe your ass for you three times a day! Newark is finished, idiot! Newark is barbarian hordes and the Fall of Rome! But what the hell would you know up on the hoity-toity East Side of Manhattan? You fuck up Newark and you steal my life—"

Past the prancing horse, the gaping crowd, past J. K. Cranford and his camera crew ("Hi, there, Nathan"), past the uniformed porter, and into the funeral parlor.

The large foyer looked like a Broadway theater at opening-night intermission: backers and burghers in their finest, and conversation bubbling, as though the first act had been a million laughs and the show on its way to being a hit.

He made for an empty corner and one of the young funeral directors immediately started toward him through the crowd. Zuckerman had seen the fellow around, usually outside in the afternoon, talking through the cab window of a truck with the casket deliveryman. One evening he'd caught sight of him, dragging on a cigarette and with his tie undone, holding open the side door for the arrival of a corpse. When the lead stretcher-bearer stumbled on the doorsill, the body stirred slightly in its sack and Zuckerman had thought of his father.

For the lying-in-state of Prince Seratelli, the young funeral director wore a carnation and a morning coat. Strong jaw, athletic build, the voice a countertenor's. "Mr. Zuckerman?"

"Yes?"

"Anything I can do for you, sir?"

"No, no, thank you. Just paying my respects."

He nodded. Whether he bought it was another matter. Zuckerman unshaven didn't look that respectful.

"If you prefer, sir, when you're ready to leave, you can depart through the rear."

"No, no. Only collecting myself. I'll be fine."

Eyeing the door, Zuckerman waited it out with the mobsters and the ex-cons and the other celebrities. You would think he actually *was* being stalked by an Oswald. That he *was* a Kennedy, or a Martin Luther King. But wasn't he just that to Pepler? And what was Oswald, before he pulled the trigger and made it big in the papers? And not on the book page, either. Any less affronted, or benighted, or aggrieved? Any less batty or more impressive? Motivated any more "meaningfully"? No! Bang bang, you're dead. There was all the meaning the act was ever meant to have. You're you, I'm me, and for that and that alone you die. Even the professional killers with whom he now was rubbing elbows were less to be feared. Not that it was necessarily in his interest to hang around them much longer, either. Unshaven, in a worn corduroy suit and a turtleneck sweater and battered suede shoes, he could easily be taken for a nosy newsman rather than someone still studying for his final exam. Especially as he was busily taking notes on the back of a Frank E. Campbell brochure, while waiting for the coast to clear. Another writer with his urgent "thoughts."

> Remembrance of Hits Past. My pastrami his madeleine. Why isn't P. Proust of the Pops instead of a file cabinet? The uneventfulness of writing, he couldn't put up with it. Who can? Maniacal memory without maniacal desire for comprehension. Drowning without detachment. Memory coheres around nothing (except Dostoevskian despair over fame). With him no things past. All now. P. memory of what hasn't happened to him. Proust of all that has. Knowledge of people out of "People" page in *Time*. Another contending personality for ringside at Elaine's. But: the bullying ego, the per-

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sonal audacity, the natural coarseness, the taste for exhausting encounters—what gifts! Mix with talent the unstoppable energy, the flypaper brain . . . but he knows that too. Talentlessness just what's driving him nuts. The brute strength, the crazy tenacity, the desperate hunger—producers figured right he'd scare the country to death. The Jew You Can't Permit in the Parlor. How Johnny Carson America now thinks of me. This Peplerian barrage is what? Zeitgeist overspill? Newark poltergeist? Tribal retribution? Secret sharer? P. as my pop self? Not too far from how P. sees it. He who's made fantasy of others now fantasy of others. Book: *The Vrais' Revenge*—the forms their fascination takes, the counterspell cast over me.

When he spotted the young funeral director, he signaled by raising one hand. Not too high, however.

He would take the rear exit, no matter how dark or dank the subterranean corridors he had to escape through.

But it was only a bright carpeted hallway into which he was led, with cubicle doors on both sides. No ghoul emerged to take his measurements. It could have been an office of the IRS.

His young guide pointed to the cubicle that was his. "Could you wait, sir, just one second? Something from my desk." He returned carrying a copy of *Carnovsky*. "If you would . . . 'For John P. Driscoll' . . . Oh, that's awfully kind."

ON FIFTH HE found a taxi. "Bank Street. Step on it." The driver, an elderly black man, was amused by the gangster locution and, for the fun of it seemingly, drove him to the Village in record time. Time enough, however, for Zuckerman to gauge what he'd be up against with Laura. *I don't want to be beaten over the head with how boring I was for three years.* You weren't boring for three years. *I don't please you anymore, Nathan. It's as simple as that.* Are we talking about sex? Let's then. *There's nothing to say about it. I can do it and you can do it. I'm sure there are people both of us could call in to verify that. The rest I refuse to hear. Your present state has made you forget just how much I bored you. My affectless manner, as it is called, bored you. The way I tell a story bored you. My conversation and my ideas bored you. My work bored you. My friends bored you. My taste in clothes bored you. The way I make love bored you. Not making love to me bored you more.* The way you make love did not bore me. Far from it. *But then it did. Something did, Nathan. You have a way of making things like that very clear. When you're dissatisfied, your manner is by no means affectless, to use the word.* It was the wrong word. I'm sorry about that word. *Don't be. It's what you meant. Nathan, stop pretending. You were bored to tears and you need a new life.* I was wrong. I need you. I thrived on you. I love you. *Oh, please don't try to break me down by saying reckless things. I've had a rough time too. I'd like to think that the hardest part is over. It has to be. I couldn't take those first few weeks again.* Well, I couldn't take those, I can't take these, and the ones looming ahead I don't intend to take. *You'll have to. I beg of you, don't try to kiss me, don't try to hold me, don't ever again tell me you love me. If you try to break me down that way I'll have to cut you out of my life completely.* But that's the answer, isn't it? Maybe what you call "broken down," Laura—*Once is enough, thank you. Once is enough to be told you won't do. You may finally be suffering from the fallout of leaving, but I haven't changed. I am still the same person who won't do. I am relentlessly reasonable and emotionally unflappable, if not seriously repressed. I still have my executive mind and my deadpan delivery and my do-good Christianity, all of which won't do. I am still in the "virtue racket."* That was the wrong word too. I was cursing myself more than you. *It amounts to the same thing, doesn't it? It amounts to why I became so "boring."* And that was the wrong word. Laura, I have made a terrible mistake. The words were brutally wrong. *No, they were brutally right, and you know it. After the clinging, quivering wives, I was just perfect. No tears, no fits, no euphoria, no crises in restaurants or at parties. You could get your work done with me. You could concentrate and live within yourself all you wanted. I didn't even care about having children. I had work of my own to accomplish. I never needed to be entertained, and I didn't have to entertain you, beyond a few minutes in the morning, playing wake-up games in bed. Which I loved. I loved being Lorelei, Nathan. I loved it all, and even longer than you did. But that's behind us. Now you need another dramatic personality.* I need no such thing. I need you. *Let me finish. You bawl me out for being an affectless goody-good Pollyanna WASP, and never saying all that's on my mind. Let me, and then it'll never have to be said again. You want to be renewed, it's what your work requires now. Whatever is finished for you there has finished it for you with someone like me. You don't want our life anymore. You think you do today because nothing has come along to take its place, except all this flap about your book. But when something does, you'll see that I'm right to refuse to let you come back. That you were perfectly right to go: having written a book like that, you had to go. That's what writing it was all about.*

And how was he going to argue with that? Everything she would say sounded so honest and persuasive, and

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everything he would say sounded so disingenuous and feeble. He could only hope that she wouldn't be able to make the case against him as well as he himself could. But knowing her, there wasn't much chance of that. Oh, his brave, lucid, serious, good-hearted Lorelei! But he had thrown her away. By writing a book ostensibly about someone else attempting to break free from his accustomed constraints.

AT BANK STREET HE TIPPED THE CABBIE FIVE DOLLARS FOR valor on the West Side Highway. He could as easily have given him a hundred. He was home.

But Laura wasn't. He rang and rang, then ran next door and down the concrete stairwell to the basement apartment. He rapped loudly on the door. Rosemary, the retired schoolteacher, looked a long time through the peephole before she began unspringing locks.

Laura was in Pennsylvania at Allenwood, seeing Douglas Muller about his parole. Rosemary told him this with one chain still on, then reluctantly she undid that.

Allenwood was the minimum-security prison where the federal government interned nonviolent criminals. Douglas, one of Laura's clients, was a young Jesuit who had left the priesthood to oppose the draft without the shield of clerical status. The year before, when Zuckerman went down with Laura to visit him at the prison, Douglas confided to Nathan another reason for leaving: at Harvard, where the order had sent him to study Middle Eastern languages, he had lost his virginity. "That can happen," he said, "when you walk around Cambridge without your collar." Douglas wore the collar only when he was demonstrating for Cesar Chavez or against the war; otherwise he dressed in work shirts and jeans. He was a shy, thoughtful midwesterner in his mid-twenties, the magnitude of whose devotion to the large self-denying cause was all in the ice-like clarity of his pale blue eyes.

Douglas knew something from Laura about the novel Zuckerman was finishing and had amused the novelist, during his visit, with anecdotes about the hapless struggle he had waged as a high school student against the sin of self-abuse. Grinning and blushing, he recalled for Zuckerman the days in Milwaukee when, having confessed first thing in the morning to the excesses of the night before, he was back in an hour to confess again. There was nothing in this world or the other that could help him, either; not the contemplation of Christ's passion, or the promise of the Resurrection, or the sympathetic priest at the Jesuit school who had in the end to refuse to give him absolution more than once every twenty-four hours. Recycled and fused with Nathan's own recollections, some of Douglas's best stories made their way into the life of Carnovsky, a budding soul no less bedeviled by onanism in Jewish New Jersey than Douglas growing up in Catholic Wisconsin. The inscribed first-edition copy of the book that the author sent to Allenwood had been acknowledged by the prisoner with a brief, compassionate note: "Tell poor Carnovsky that I pray for his strength. Fr. Douglas Muller."

"She'll be back tomorrow," Rosemary said and waited by the door for Nathan to leave. She was acting as if he had bullied his way as far as the foyer and she intended him to trespass no farther.

In Rosemary's hall closet Laura kept her correspondence files. Guarding them from an FBI break-in had given the lonely woman something to live for. So had Laura. For three years Laura had been mothering Rosemary like a daughter: accompanied her to the optometrist, took her to the hairdresser, weaned her from sleeping pills, baked the big cake for her seventieth birthday . . .

Zuckerman found he had to sit down, thinking of that endless list and the good woman who'd drawn it up.

Rosemary sat too, though she wasn't happy about it. Her chair was the Danish chair from his study, the old reading chair he had left behind. The battered Moroccan ottoman at her feet had also been his before the move uptown.

"How is your new apartment, Nathan?"

"Lonely. Very lonely."

She nodded as though he'd said "Fine." "And your work?"

"Work? Terrible. Nonexistent. Haven't worked in months."

"And how is your lovely mother?"

"God only knows."

Rosemary's hands had always trembled, and Zuckerman's answers weren't helping. She still looked like she could use a good meal. Sometimes Laura had come to sit with her when she had dinner, just to be sure she ate something.

"How's Laura, Rosemary?"

"Well, she's worried about young Douglas. She went again to Congressman Koch about his parole, but it doesn't look hopeful. His mood down there in the prison is not good."

"I wouldn't think so."

"This war is criminal. Unforgivable. I want to cry when I see what it is doing to the very best of our young men."

Laura had radicalized Rosemary—no mean job, either. Under the influence of her late bachelor brother, an Air Force colonel, Rosemary used to receive in her mailbox the publications of the John Birch Society; now she harbored Laura's files and worried about the welfare of her war resisters. And thought of Zuckerman as . . . as what? Did that matter to him too, Rosemary Ditson's judgment?

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"How's Laura," he asked, "when she's not worrying about Douglas? How is she managing otherwise?"

Rumor had reached him that three Movement higher-ups were pursuing Laura with great determination: a handsome philanthropist with an enormous social conscience, only recently divorced; a bearded civil rights lawyer who could walk unaccompanied anywhere in Harlem, also recently divorced; and a burly, outspoken pacifist just back with Dave Dellinger from Hanoi, not yet married.

"You do her harm by telephoning her."

"Do I?"

She was holding the arms of her chair—his chair—to stop her hands from shaking. She wore two sweaters to keep herself warm and even in this mild May weather had a small electric heater burning by her side. Zuckerman remembered when Laura had gone out to buy it.

What she had to say wasn't easy for her, but she braced herself and got it out. "Why don't you realize that every time you leave your voice on her message machine it puts that poor girl back another two months!"

The uncharacteristic vehemence took him by surprise. "Does it? How?"

"You must not do this, Nathan. Please. You abandoned her, that was your business. But now you must stop tormenting her and let her get on with her life. You call, after what you have done—please, let me finish—"

"Go ahead," he said, though he had made no effort to stop her.

"I don't want to go into it. I am only a neighbor. It's not my affair. Never mind."

"What isn't your affair?"

"Well—what you write in your books. Nor would you, with all your renown, listen to someone like me . . . But that you could do what you have done to Laura . . ."

"What is that?"

"The things you wrote about her in that book."

"About Laura? You don't mean Carnovsky's girlfriend, do you?"

"Don't hide behind that 'Carnovsky' business. Please don't compound it with that."

"I must say, Rosemary, I'm shocked to find that a woman who taught English in the New York school system for over thirty years cannot distinguish between the illusionist and the illusion. Maybe you're confusing the dictating ventriloquist with the demonic dummy."

"Don't hide behind sarcasm, either. I am old, but I am still a person."

"But do you really believe, you of all people, that the Laura we both know has anything in common with that woman portrayed in my book? Do you really believe that was what was going on next door between the two of us and the Xerox machine? That's exactly what *wasn't* going on."

Her head began to tremble a little, but she would not be put off. "I have no idea what you may have led her into. You are seven years her senior and an experienced man who has been married three times. You are a man who does not lack for imagination."

"Really, this is pretty foolish of you. Isn't it? It isn't as if you didn't know me too during these three years."

"I don't think I did, not now. I knew the polite you, the suave you, that's who I knew, Nathan. The charmer."

"The snake charmer."

"As you wish. I have read your book, if you want to know. As much as I could until my stomach turned. I am sure with all the publicity and all the money you can now find plenty of women of the kind you like. But Laura is out from under your spell, and you have no right to try to lure her back."

"You make me sound more like Svengali than Carnovsky."

"You plead on the phone, 'Laura, Laura, call me back,' and then she goes and reads the paper and finds this."

"Finds what?"

She handed him two clippings. They were right there on the table beside her chair.

> I know, I know, actually you only want to know who's doing what to whom. Well, NATHAN ZUCKERMAN and CAESARA O'SHEA are still Manhattan's most delectable twosome. They were very together at the little dinner that agent ANDRE SCHEVITZ and wife MARY gave where KAY GRAHAM talked to WILLIAM STYRON and TONY RANDALL talked to LEONARD BERNSTEIN and LAUREN BACALL talked to GORE VIDAL and Nathan and Caesara talked to one another.

The second was groovier, if further from the circumstances as he remembered them.

> Dancin' to Duchin at the Maisonette: Naughty Novelist Zuckerman, Sexy Superstar O'Shea . . .

"Is that the whole dossier?" he asked her. "Who was thoughtful enough to clip these out for Laura? You, Rosemary? I don't remember Laura herself taking an inordinate interest in the swinish press."

"With your education, with your lovely parents, with your wonderful talent for writing, with all that, to do what you have done to Laura—"

He got up to go. This was ridiculous. It was all ridiculous. Manhattan could as well have been another part of the forest, and his dignity handed over to Oberon and Puck. And handed to them by himself! To be taking to task this helpless old lady, to cast her as stand-in for everything driving him mad . . . surely, surely there was no need for him to go on.

"I assure you," he went on, "I have done absolutely nothing to harm Laura."

"Even you might speak differently if you still lived on

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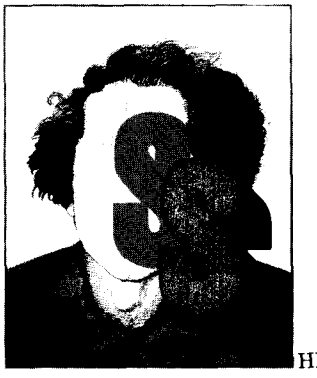
this street and heard what I have to hear about that wonderful girl."

"Is that it? The gossips? Who? The florist? The grocer? The nice ladies in the pastry shop? Ignore 'em," he advised her, "just the way Laura does." He was surer of Laura than of himself. "I can't believe that I was born, even to my lovely parents, to provide moral reassurance to the grocer. Laura would agree."

"So that's how you do it," she said angrily. "You actually tell yourself that a young woman as fine as Laura has no feelings!"

Their conversation grew louder and more shameful and went on for another ten minutes. His world was getting stupider by the hour, and so was he.



HE CAME TO THE window to watch him disappear forever from Laura's life. He mounted the concrete stairs and hurried away toward Abingdon Square. Then, at the corner, he doubled back and let himself into Laura's apartment. Their apartment. Five months, and he was still carrying the keys.

"Home!" he cried and raced for the bedroom.

Exactly as he'd left it! The anti-war posters, the Post-impressionist posters, Laura's grandmother's patchwork quilt on the bed. That bed! All he had made of his indifference to her in that bed! As though he *were* Carnovsky with Carnovsky's obsession! As though, of all the readers infected by the book, the writer had had to go first. As though Rosemary were right and there'd been no illusion at all.

Next, the bathroom. There it was, the Xerox machine they rented, third member in their ménage à trois. Taking a sheet of wastepaper from the trash basket beside the tub, he wrote on the clean side with his pen and ran off ten copies. "I LOVE YOU. PEACE NOW." But when he went with his leaflets into what once had been his study, he found a sleeping bag neatly laid out on the floor and a knapsack beside it stenciled "W. K." He had been expecting nothing, just the large barren room to which one day soon he would ship back his desk and his chair, and the four walls of empty shelves onto which he would realphabetize his books. But the shelves weren't entirely empty. Stacked on the shelf beside the sleeping bag were a dozen paperbacks. He picked through them, one by one: Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Simone Weil, Danilo Dolci, Albert Camus . . . He opened the closet where he used to store his reams of typing paper and hang his clothes. Empty, but for an unpressed gray jacket and a white shirt. He didn't notice the Roman collar until he took the shirt out and held it up to the light, ostensibly to see the size of his successor's neck.

A priest had taken his place. Father W. K.

He went into Laura's office to look at her perfectly ordered desk and her perfectly shelved books, and to see if he was wrong about the priest and if by chance his own photograph was still framed beside the phone. No. He tore up the leaflets intended for her "in" box and stuffed the pieces into his pocket. He would never have to worry about being bored by her again. A fallen man like himself he could perhaps have challenged, but he was no match for some saintly priest, undoubtedly yet another boy struggling against the forces of evil like Douglas Muller. Nor did he want to be around when Laura returned with Father W. K. from visiting Douglas at Allenwood Prison. How could they take seriously someone with his troubles? How could he?

He used her phone to call his answering service. The two of them had always to assume Laura's phone was tapped, but he for one had no secrets anymore: read all about it in Leonard Lyons. He just wanted to see if the kidnapper had called about the money, or if this time round Pepler had dropped the disguise.

Only one message, from his Cousin Essie. *Urgent. Call me in Miami Beach at once.*

So it had happened, that morning, while he was out forgetting about it. While he was out pretending it was all some nutty prank of Alvin Pepler's! He couldn't stay in to wait for the kidnapper's phone call, he couldn't hang around, a man of his eminence, to be made a fool of yet again—and so instead it had happened. And to her. And because of him and his eminence and that character in that book!

And to *her*. Not to Carnovsky's mother, but to his own! And who was she, what was she, that such a thing should happen to *her?* Terrified of her tyrannical father, devoted to her lonely mother, the most loyal of wives to her demanding husband—oh, to her husband far more than that. Fidelity was nothing, fidelity she could give him with both hands tied behind her back. (He saw her hands bound with ropes, her mouth stuffed with a rag, her bare legs shackled to a stake in the ground.) How many nights had she sat through those stories of his impoverished childhood and never yawned, or groaned, or cried out, "Not you and Papa and the hat factory, not again." No, she knitted sweaters, she polished silver, she turned collars, and uncomplainingly, she heard about her husband's narrow escape from the hat factory for the hundredth time. Once a year they quarreled. When the heavy winter rugs were taken up he tried to tell her how to roll them in the tar paper and the scene ended in shouting and tears. The husband shouting, the wife in

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tears. Otherwise, she never opposed him; however he did things was right.

That was the woman to whom this had happened.

Back when Henry was still in his carriage—this would be 1937—a truck driver had whistled at her. It was summertime. She was sitting out front on the steps with the children. The truck slowed down, the driver whistled, and Zuckerman never forgot the milky smell of Henry's bottle wafting his way as he looked up from his tricycle to see her pulling her sundress over her knees and compressing her lips so as not to smile. At dinner that evening, when she told her husband the story, he leaned back in his chair and laughed. His wife a desirable woman? He was flattered. Men admiring her legs? Why not? They were legs to be proud of. Nathan, not quite five, was stunned; but not Dr. Zuckerman: any girl he'd married couldn't know the meaning of "to stray."

And to her, of all people, this had happened.

Once his mother went to a party with a flower in her hair. He must have been six or seven. It had taken him weeks to get over it.

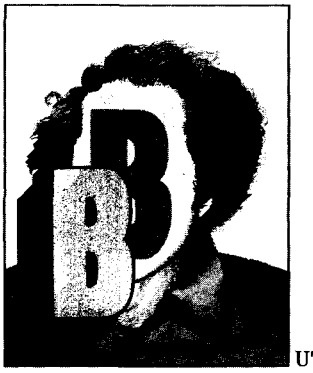
And what else had she done to deserve this victimization?

Her youngest sister, Celia, had died in their house. She had come to recover from an operation. His mother walked Aunt Celia around the living room—he could to this day still see Celia, a frightening scarecrow in bathrobe and slippers, leaning feebly on his mother's arm. Aunt Celia had just graduated from normal school and was to be a music teacher in the Newark system. That, at any rate, was everyone's dream; she was the gifted girl in the family. But after the operation she couldn't even feed herself, let alone find strength in her hands to play chords on the piano. She couldn't make it from the breakfront to the radio without stopping to lean on the sofa, then the love seat, then his father's easy chair. But if they didn't drag her around the living room, she'd get pneumonia and die of that. "One more time, Celia dear, and that's it. A little bit every day," his mother told her, "and soon you'll be stronger. Soon you'll be yourself again." After her walk Celia went listing back to the bed and his mother locked herself in the bathroom and cried. On weekends it was his father who walked her. "That's movin' along very nicely, Celia. That-a-girl." Softly, jauntily, with his dying young sister-in-law on his arm, Dr. Zuckerman whistled "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." He told everyone that at the funeral his wife "bore up like a soldier."

What did this woman understand of the savagery in people? How could she possibly endure it? Slice. Beat. Chop. Grind. Nowhere but in the kitchen did she run across such ideas. What violence she practiced went into making dinner. Otherwise, peace.

Her parents' daughter, her sister's sister, her husband's wife, her children's mother. What else was there? She would be the first to say "nothing." That was more than enough. Had taken all her *kayech*, her strength.

What strength would she have for this?



BUT SHE HADN'T been kidnapped. It was his father: a coronary. "This is it," Essie told him. "You better hurry." When he got back to Eighty-first Street—to pack a bag before heading to Newark to meet his brother for the four o'clock Miami flight—a large manila envelope was dangling halfway out of his mailbox in the entryway. Weeks ago, after extracting an envelope, hand-delivered, addressed to "Kike, Apt. 2B," he had removed his nameplate from the box. In its place he had substituted a nameplate with his initials. Lately he had considered removing his initials and leaving the space blank, but he didn't because—because he refused to.

Across the envelope someone had scrawled with a red felt-tip pen, "Prestige Paté International." Inside was a damp matted handkerchief. It was the very one he'd given Pepler to dry his hands with the evening before, after Pepler had finished eating Zuckerman's pastrami sandwich. There was no note. Only, by way of a message, a stale acrid odor he had no difficulty identifying. Evidence, if evidence there need be, of the "hang-up" that Pepler shared with Gilbert Carnovsky, and that Zuckerman had stolen from him for that book. □

This story, which is drawn from Philip Roth's new novel, will be continued next month.

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AT THE CORNER OF THE EYE

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

The poem is just beyond the corner of the eye.
You cannot see it—not yet—but sense the faint quiver,

Or glint. It may be like a poor little shivering fieldmouse,
One tiny paw lifted from snow while, far off, the owl

Utters. Or like breakers, far off, almost as soundless as dream.
Or the rhythmic rasp of your father's last breath, harsh

As the grind of a great file the blacksmith sets to hoof.
Or the whispering slither the torn morning newspaper makes

Blown down an empty slum street in New York, at midnight,
Past dog shit and garbage cans, while the full moon,

Phthisic and wan, above the East River, presides
Over that last fragment of history which is

Our lives. Or the foggy glint of old eyes of
The sleepless patient who no longer wonders

If he will once more see in that window the dun-
Bleached dawn that promises what. Or the street corner

Where always, for years, in passing you felt, unexplained, a pang
Of despair, like nausea, till one night, late, late, on that spot

You were struck stock-still, and again felt
How her head had thrust to your shoulder, she clinging, while you,

Mechanically patting the fur coat, heard sobs, and stared up
Where tall buildings reeled, frail as reeds, among stars. Yes, something

At eye-edge there lurks, hears ball creak in socket,
Knows, before you do, tension of muscle, change

Of blood pressure, heart-heave of sadness, foot's falter, for
It has stalked you all day, or years, breath rarely heard, fangs dripping.

And now, any moment, great hindquarters may hunch, ready—
Or is it merely a poem, after all?

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9 to 5 and home for dinner

THE CIVILIANIZATION OF THE ARMY

BY JAMES FALLOWS

IT IS HARD to talk with American military officers these days, especially the captains and majors in their thirties who commanded combat teams in Vietnam ten years ago, without getting into discussions about "ethical reform" and "rededication to military values." The central message of their comments is that the effectiveness of any military force depends on the creation of a series of human bonds—among soldiers who risk death for the sake of other men in their unit, between troops and leaders, between the military as a whole and the nation it is supposed to represent. These bonds can be built only by demonstrations of mutual respect and willingness to share hardships; without them, many of these soldiers say, an army will be eviscerated, no matter how impressive its machinery.

In discussing their attempts to face the truth of Vietnam, officers often point out the connection between their efforts and the conversion of the Army from conscription to an all-volunteer force. The connection was spelled out by Dandridge Malone, an Army colonel, a renowned combat leader who now works on a special task force studying military values at the Army War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. I met him during a series of interviews with military men about the morale of the country's armed forces. Malone is a drawling southerner with crisp creases in his clothes and a wholly military bearing; I had heard his name mentioned to illustrate the maxim that the best men in the Army are the colonels who don't make general.

"I think the Army is in the midst of an ethical revolution," he said at the end of a long talk. "I've never been in a revolution, so I can't be sure. But I do see concern about these issues—care about questions of morality and values and military ethics."

What is the greatest obstacle to re-establishing these bedrock values? I asked him. Who is the enemy?

"Oh, the givens of the way any organization operates. Hierarchy, programs you have to adhere to. Those are obstacles." He sat silent for ten seconds. "But the *enemy*, that's the volunteer Army."

Soldiers use "the volunteer Army" as others once used "Watergate" or "the hippies," as a catch phrase to convey much that perturbs them. When they complain about the volunteer Army, they are really complaining about two things: that the change has "civilianized" the military, converting its operating principles to those of the workaday world; and that it has given them an Army of the poor.

The civilianization of the military was a natural, indeed an intended, consequence of switching to an all-volunteer force (AVF). (Although it is commonplace to speak of "the volunteer Army," all branches of the military rely entirely on enlistment.) One of the clearest differences between the new Army and the old is that these days soldiers can "quit" or be "fired." The Gates Commission, the official body whose recommendations for a volunteer force President Nixon accepted in 1970, contended that it was irrational to force soldiers to fulfill a set term of enlistment. "We believe that this policy is not necessary, and that it adversely affects the attractiveness of military service," the commission report said. First-term enlisted men used to be unmarried and live on base; now, at many bases, half the force is married and lives in town. There are large parking lots at major bases; at quitting time, enlisted men hop in their cars and drive home. Soldiers can eat in snack bars instead of together in the mess hall; they can live three to a room in motel-style barracks instead of all together in squad bays. Years ago, a captain would personally hand each man his pay envelope full of cash; now soldiers, like Social Security recipients, receive computerized checks. Basic training is shorter and less demanding physically; in many cases, women recruits train alongside men. Drill instructors have been forbidden to swear at or strike recruits.

From a civilian's point of view, much that has changed has changed for the good. The limits placed on brutal drill instructors clearly fall into that category. Indeed, a lot of the grumbling about today's Army from tough-guy officers is nothing more than whining about any departure from the days when men were men and dames were dames and civilians knew their place. Clifford Alexander, secretary of the Army during the Carter Administration, suggested throughout his term that opposition to the volunteer Army was ultimately racist, from officers who didn't like having so many blacks in the ranks or from newspaper writers who felt free to run down the quality of a largely black Army.

But whatever the biases that affect complaints about the volunteer Army, many thoughtful, careful military leaders say that the conditions of service in today's Army undermine the unique qualities a fighting force must possess.

In an essay called "The Will to Fight," published

James Fallows is Washington editor of The Atlantic *and author of the forthcoming book* National Defense.

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DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

CULVER PICTURES

ABOVE, SGT. MIKE FURR RELAXING AT HIS HOME IN NEWINGTON, VA., WHILE HIS WIFE COOKS DINNER. RIGHT, TROOPERS EATING TOGETHER IN A MESS HALL, 1941. SOME MILITARY MEN SAY THAT LOYALTY TO A UNIT—A BOND NECESSARY IN MOTIVATING MEN TO FACE COMBAT—ONCE GREW NATURALLY AMONG SOLDIERS WHO ATE, SLEPT, AND WORKED TOGETHER; THEY WONDER IF SUCH A BOND CAN DEVELOP IN THE NEW ARMY.

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in 1980, William Hauser, a retired Army colonel, asked why soldiers stand and fight on the battlefield rather than choose the more "rational" options of hiding, fleeing, shirking. He answered that four elements sustain the "will to fight":

Submission, the process through which the soldier is made to do over and over again things he does not want to do, until he understands that the fundamental rule of his existence is to obey. "If this conditioning process has been effective," Hauser said, "the soldier will continue to submit to the orders of legitimate authority, even though the orders be contrary to his fundamental instinct of self-preservation."

Fear. Although it "makes some soldiers flee from battle, that same fear is a major factor in sustaining the will to fight. . . . If the soldier knows and trusts his comrades, he will probably perceive more safety in continuing to fight alongside them than in rearward flight away from them and the enemy which they face."

Loyalty, the sense of emotional devotion to "buddies" and the unit, and occasionally to abstractions such as "the division" or "the nation."

Pride, the knowledge on the part of a man with a specific function that "others depend on and value his particular contribution to their safety and to the unit's mission."

Each of these qualities, Hauser suggested, has diminished in the volunteer force. The more genteel training regimen does not require soldiers to submit to the rote practice that prepares them to perform automatically when under fire. Fear has abated at the same time. Loyalty was built on the countless intangible bonds among men who ate, slept, worked, and drank together; it does not grow among men who knock off for the day and drive home to the wife and kids. As for pride, Hauser delicately said that "the young man whose major reason for enlisting (admitted or not) was his failure to find gainful employment elsewhere is not likely to be bursting with a sense of self-worth."

"To the degree that we have to pitch the Marines as a way to get a job, better yourself, go to college, we may be pitching for the wrong reason," said Joe Hoar, a Marine Corps colonel from Massachusetts now serving at Camp Pendleton. "The reason we have a Marine Corps is to defend the country—to locate, close with, and destroy the enemy. To the degree that as an institution we talk about other things, we create expectations that are not always reasonable, and we detract from our primary mission."

"The military requires two kinds of discipline, a positive and internal discipline, and a more negative and external one," one Army colonel told me. "The internal discipline consists of ties of loyalty, mutual support, fellow-feeling, tradition. The external control consists of discipline, pay, power in the brutal sense. There's less of both now."

Seven days after Ronald Reagan took office, General David C. Jones, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told the Senate Armed Services Committee that he was "deeply concerned" about the effect of the civilianized ethic on the character of the fighting force. He said, "By de-emphasizing discipline, esprit, and service to nation above self, in favor of a market-force appeal to self-interest, the architects of the current system created enormous pressures on the officers and enlisted professionals charged with the training, discipline, morale, welfare, and combat readiness of our armed forces." (Jones, who was the subject of grumbling from the Reagan transition teams because of his supposedly inordinate eagerness to endorse the Carter Administration's defense policies, had not voiced his concerns quite so clearly before January 20, 1981.)

EVERYONE INSIDE AND outside the military has heard about the "retention problem"—the mass departure of petty officers and first sergeants who have been in the force for eight, ten, twelve years. Outside the military, thoughts about this problem automatically turn to pay as both the cause and the solution; but inside the military, they turn again to the "civilianization" of the volunteer force. By the time NCOs start concentrating on the pay, it certainly is a problem. "I'll be making $8000 more with the county police," one Marine sergeant told me. "If it was $4000, I'd say to hell with it, but this is too much." Most of them begin to worry about pay only after they have grown unhappy for other reasons. What did the military formerly hold as its reward to the sergeant major, the chief petty officer? Their privilege was the authority they enjoyed, and the recognition by officers above them and recruits below that they made things run. At that time, a top NCO also made seven times as much money as a first-day private, whereas he makes only three times as much now. Some craved authority for the wrong reasons, but most who stayed in the service enjoyed the responsibility of command—something that people find in other forms when running businesses, raising children, coaching sports, teaching school. The authority that a foreman on an assembly line enjoys is, by comparison, a pale and unsatisfying thing; yet it is in that foreman's image that the NCOs feel the volunteer force is attempting to mold them.

Most irritating of all to the officers and NCOs are the steps the outside world has taken to force its labor-market model on the military. During 1979 and 1980, it seemed that the collective anger of the uniformed services was focused upon Secretary Alexander. The first black service secretary, Alexander was the most unyielding government spokesman for the contention that the volunteer Army was a social and military success. If officers disagreed, he said, they could shut up or quit. "We don't run the Army by taking a vote of all 770,000 people in uniform and 390,000 civilians and asking them what

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the line should be. They are under the control of civilian leadership, which sets the Army's policies. If they are called to testify before the Congress, they are bound to give their views. But they are not bound to give them to the first reporter that comes by. If their disagreements are serious, they should bring them to me, or they should get the hell out if they want to talk." Alexander had a point in saying that though many officers would grumble, few would resign in protest; but his tone gave a hint of the difficulties that arose between him and the career military. One colonel remarked, "I just hate to see an Army that's seriously trying to reform itself cowed by this attitude that 'the secretary's gonna get you if you don't watch out.' "

IT IS ONE THING to complain about the volunteer Army that it makes military service seem like just another job. The military's second worry is more complicated and controversial. It concerns the kind of people who now choose this line of work.

In 1964, the last year of the pre-Vietnam draft, 17 percent of all draftees had some college education, as did 14 percent of those who enlisted. In 1979, only 3 percent of men who joined the volunteer Army had ever been to college. In 1964, slightly more than one quarter of all draftees were high school dropouts. In 1979, 41 percent of the volunteer Army had not finished high school. Charles Moskos, a sociologist from Northwestern who served in the Army after graduating from Princeton in the 1950s, and who now spends much of his time traveling to bases and interviewing soldiers, points out that over the past fifteen years, a larger and larger percentage of the American young-adult population has managed to complete high school—the percentage increased from 66 in 1965 to 76 in 1977. He says, "Thus, while the national trend has been toward a higher percentage of high school graduates, the percentage of graduates among Army enlistees has been dropping."

In 1980, of the 100,860 men who were serving their first term as enlistees in the "combat arms" of the Army—infantry, armor, artillery: the ones who fight—how many had degrees from any college, of any quality, anywhere in the United States? Twenty-five. Not 25 percent, but

THE BASIS OF ENLISTMENT APPEALS IN THE 1940S WAS PATRIOTISM; TODAY, IT IS JOB ADVANCEMENT. HOWEVER, COLLEGE MEN, OF THE SORT DEPICTED IN THE 1980 BROCHURE ABOVE, ARE NOT RESPONDING, AND MILITARY MEN ARE WORRIED ABOUT THE ARMY'S LOSS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

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twenty-five people. There are nearly twice as many graduates on any forty-five-man team in the National Football League. Of the 340,000 enlisted men in the entire Army who in 1980 were serving their first term, a total of 276 had college degrees.

As Clifford Alexander has pointed out, if you are recruiting eighteen-year-olds, you are not going to get a lot of college graduates. The main reason there were more college men in the Army of the 1950s and 1960s was the student deferment program, which permitted them to finish their schooling before being eligible for the draft. Theoretically, today's Army might be getting the same kind of people a few years earlier—before they go to college, instead of after. But talking with soldiers, an outsider learns that many of them joined precisely because they did not have the money or the opportunity to go to college, and because there was no better job in sight.

In many areas of American society—for example, the student body of public schools in big cities—statistics reflecting low education or income levels might suggest large numbers of poor black people. But in the enlisted ranks of the Army, the blacks are better educated than the whites. Despite the predictions of the Gates Commission, the military grows steadily more "black." If current trends continue, by the mid-1980s more than half the soldiers in ranks E-1 through E-3 in the Army will be blacks or Hispanics. A fair representation of black society would be several economic and educational cuts below a fair sampling of white society; therefore, it is all the more telling that, as Charles Moskos points out, 65 percent of blacks who join as Army enlisted men have high school diplomas, versus 54 percent of whites. For many blacks, the military still represents what it has since desegregation under Harry Truman: an avenue of social advance, which attracts many bright people on the way up. Moskos adds: "In point of fact, today's Army enlisted ranks is the only major arena in American society where black educational levels surpass those of whites, and by a significant degree. Whereas the black soldier seems fairly representative of the black community . . . white entrants of recent years are coming from the least educated sectors of the white community."

The commanding general of one Marine Corps base told me that the average age of enlisted men's wives living at one off-base housing project was fifteen. (When I checked with the public information officer, she said that those figures weren't up to date, and that the wives probably averaged nineteen years old now.) At another base, nine out of ten enlistees have major corrective dental work done as they enter the service. "It makes you realize what a middle-class luxury dentistry is," a Marine colonel said.

It doesn't take long for anyone visiting military bases and talking with the soldiers to see who they are and where they come from. They are white country boys, and blacks and browns from the cities.

Taken one by one, most of the soldiers in the volunteer force command an outsider's respect. I could not point to more than a dozen or so of the roughly 150 soldiers I met who would be obvious examples of the "quality" problem. Rather, the issue is one of balance. While the soldiers individually may be tough, humorous, appealing, as a group they clearly come from outside the mainstream of American life.

When the volunteer force was being set up, the blithe assumption was that military service was largely a question of numbers. As long as the pay scale could be fine-tuned to bring enough people into the armed forces, it wouldn't much matter who they were. In any case, the theory went, there was no reason to think that the change from conscription to the free labor market would produce a different kind of soldier. The Gates Commission predicted: "The elimination of conscription admittedly is a major social change, but it will not produce a major change in the personnel of our armed forces. . . . Contrary to much dramatic argument, the reality is that an all-volunteer force will be manned largely by the same kind of individuals as today's armed forces. The men who serve will be quite similar in patriotism, political attitudes, and susceptibility to civilian control."

In a section of its report designed to answer objections to the volunteer Army, most of which was devoted to knocking down fears that the military would become a nest of hard-boiled janissaries beyond the reach of civilian control, the commission said:

"Objection 6: Those joining an all-volunteer force will be men from the lowest economic classes, motivated primarily by monetary rewards rather than patriotism. An all-volunteer force will be manned, in effect, by mercenaries.

"Answer: Again, our research indicates that an all-volunteer force will not differ significantly from the current force of conscripts and volunteers. Maintenance of current mental, physical, and moral standards for enlistment will ensure that a better paid, volunteer force will not recruit an undue proportion of youths from disadvantaged socioeconomic backgrounds."

The fundamental assumption was wrong. It was wrong in its premise that a volunteer Army would draw the same crowd as that brought in by the draft, and just as wrong in its implication that such differences as might occur would have little impact.

The most familiar words in public diagnoses of the volunteer Army's problems—"numbers" and "quality"—are imprecise and misleading. They leave the impression that there are tremendous gaps in the enlisted ranks, which volunteers fail to fill, and that such soldiers as do enlist stand befuddled before the space-age machinery they must operate. Indeed, "numbers" and "quality" are problems. The Army now includes about 800,000 men, some 20 percent fewer than before Vietnam; the standing

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military as a whole is about 30 percent smaller than it was twenty years ago—at 2 million compared with 2.6 million. The Army's Individual Ready Reserves, made up of people who have recently finished their active-duty service, fell from 932,000 in 1970 to 205,000 in 1980. Except in periods of acute teenage unemployment, most of the services have had trouble meeting their recruiting quotas.

As for quality, there is an obvious discrepancy between the technical skills required to run and maintain a computerized tank and the training a high school dropout brings to the force.

But this is not the way officers talk about the real problems with the volunteer Army. Several times, I heard them introduce their concerns. First, the colonel or the sergeant major or the lieutenant would carefully point out how proud he was of the men (and sometimes women) under his command. "They're tough kids. They really try. I can't say a bad word about them." If anything, the officers consistently soft-pedaled the evidence, which shows up in nearly every NATO exercise or war game in the U.S., that many of today's soldiers have trouble running tanks and firing missiles. I took it as an encouraging sign of reciprocal loyalty that not one of the several dozen officers I spoke with was willing to talk down his own troops.

When the officers talk about what does worry them, they discuss not the people who are in the Army but the ones who are missing. "I won't say a word against my men, but the volunteer force is killing us. Where's the rest of the country, not just the poor kids and the blacks?" The officers believe that the missing are the

J.P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

GEORGE STROCK/LIFE PICTURE SERVICE

BASIC TRAINING IS SHORTER AND LESS DEMANDING IN THE MODERN ARMY, AND WOMEN SOMETIMES TRAIN ALONGSIDE MEN; DRILL INSTRUCTORS HAVE BEEN FORBIDDEN TO SWEAR AT OR STRIKE RECRUITS.

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middle and upper classes of white America. The officers are right.

IT HAS ALWAYS been true that the military contains more of America's humble than of its well-bred. In fact, the notion of a "representative" military force may be a recent historical oddity, arising from two special circumstances. One was World War II, in which people from every region and social class served. The other was the peacetime draft throughout the 1950s and early 1960s, when the combination of a large standing Army and a relatively small draft-age population meant that most able-bodied males, from Elvis Presley to Norman Podhoretz, looked on the draft as a fact of life. For graduates of Amherst, Yale, or Columbia in the 1950s, military service was the rule; for their counterparts fifteen years later, it was the exception. But if the idea of a representative military is a departure from most of American history, so too was the idea that blacks (or women) should have the right to vote. Both changes are based on a more democratic interpretation of who should enjoy the privileges the state confers—and share the obligations that it imposes.

"The distinctive quality of the enlisted ranks in modern times has been a mixing of the social classes," Charles Moskos says. "This was the elemental social fact underlying enlisted service. This is the state of affairs which has disappeared in the all-volunteer Army."

When soldiers speak about the effects of a lower-class Army, they usually begin with the way the changed human chemistry of the units has eroded their ability to do the military's traditional job. In talking about "human chemistry" of the military, they suggest that there was something more than humor in the movie cliché that had Greenberg, Kowalski, Martinez, and Baxter serving together in the foxhole. It is a question of proportions.

Tom Kelly, a Pentagon aide who is both a college graduate and a Vietnam veteran, says: "It was *important* for me to be there, and other people like me. I was with kids who didn't have a high school education, kids with prison records, kids with two years of college, kids who were given the choice of joining or going to jail. We suffered together, and in suffering we became a unit. I don't want to sound elitist, but natural leadership grew from the group. It grew among people who understood the needs in that experience, the need to share, the need to follow orders. Some stepped forward, some others followed. The central fact of military experience is that it is a shared experience by all classes, all races, to meet national goals."

A Marine Corps major at Quantico says: "In the Marines, we still get people looking for more discipline, a tougher test, than they do in the Army. But you can still feel the change in social class. There used to be a general expectation that people would conform to middle-class values in the military—if you can call the DIs and the Yessirs 'middle-class.' I mean that they wouldn't yell back, they'd bend to authority. People were expected to obey. I feel like the balance has shifted to those who come from areas without discipline, and there's not the implied standard for them to conform to."

"I think the mixture of middle-class men had a real modulating effect," Charles Moskos says. "It made it much easier to sustain discipline. It was nice for a lower-class kid to outmarch a college grad. They can't do that anymore, because the college kids aren't there. You've heard the NCOs complain about outsiders and civilians interfering with the disciplinary steps they need to take to deal with drugs, et cetera. Well, a lot of that is a question of socializing the entrants to begin with. If you get some middle-class mix back, you won't need these Draconian measures anymore."

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, a team of researchers including Moskos did a unit-by-unit survey of the Army, trying to create a scale based upon intangible but crucial martial qualities: toughness, readiness to fight, cohesion, and so forth. They found, to no one's surprise, that the most "elite" units—the Airborne, the Special Forces, the Rangers—ranked the highest, and the regular Army the lowest, on this scale. Then they found that in terms of the soldiers' willingness to re-enlist, the pattern was reversed. The regular Army troops showed the greatest interest in re-enlisting, and the Rangers the least. The explanation offered was that ambitious people on the make were the ones who gave the elite units their edge and were also the ones most likely to move on from the military to another challenge, by going to college or getting a job. "The military equivalent of the bright cop who goes to night law school," James Woolsey, former undersecretary of the Navy, calls them. "They're the ones we've lost in the rest of the Army."

After detailed study of squad behavior in World War II, S. L. A. Marshall announced to an astonished Army that in the typical combat engagement, only 15 to 25 percent of the men actually fired their weapons. These findings set off many reactions in the military, including the inauguration of a set of "fighter" studies to try to determine which men were most and which least likely to perform in combat. From the studies, the researchers identified ten or twelve traits that distinguished "fighters" from "non-fighters." Almost all were apple-pie, Jack Armstrong traits: stable family life, successful education, desire to achieve. Those traits still show up among groups like the Rangers, which may be connected to the fact that while soldiers in the more elite groups are less likely to re-enlist than soldiers in the regular Army, they are far more likely to complete their original term. They are also, in general, better educated than regular Army troops. "The striking finding is that high school gradu-

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ates are twice more likely than high school dropouts to complete their enlistment," according to Moskos. "More revealing, this finding is virtually unchanged when mental aptitude is held constant. . . . Possession of a high school diploma, it seems, reflects the acquisition of social traits (work habits, punctuality, *Sitzfleisch*) which make for a more successful military experience."

"It would be just as bad to have an outfit of all college grads as one that is the dregs of white society and the upper part of black society," Tom Kelly says. "We found out in some of these studies that a lot of people who really succeed are the ones who've worked in gas stations or on farms, have had to take care of themselves. The point is to have a mix."

The closest thing I heard to a defense of the volunteer force from a professional soldier came from Edward Meyer, the Army's Chief of Staff. The decision to reinstate the draft is the nation's, not the Army's, decision, he said. Speaking as a citizen, he said that he felt people owed some form of service to the nation, whether military or otherwise. Speaking as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he knew that the reserves and National Guard were way down, and that they would fill up again if there were a draft. But speaking for the Army, he said there might be hidden drawbacks: "We'd get, what, 200,000 people, out of a cohort of 2.1 million. They'd feel unfairly treated from the start. They wouldn't want to be there, and we wouldn't be able to get rid of them, as we can do now with the expeditious-discharge program for people who don't work out. At a period when we're short of NCOs, they'd have to handle reluctant soldiers. It could be a very traumatic period for the Army. After a couple of years, I think people would get used to the idea and it would work out. But those first two years would be hard on us." In any case, Meyer said, the draft finally didn't matter to the Army as much as another question. "Whichever way the nation chooses to fill us up, we've got to train the people, which is why our first priority has to be rebuilding our corps of NCOs."

AT THE OFFICERS' mess at Camp Pendleton, several Marine officers discussed their impressions of today's Marines with me one afternoon last summer. One of them, Lieutenant Colonel Jim Williams, had just brought a battalion of men back from an extended tour in the Pacific. Williams was a pleasant, burly man with gray hair. "I feel like we're setting up a kind of class warfare," he said. "I wonder about the morality of a nation that lets the disadvantaged do the fighting." His general interrupted him: "The only thing worse than having kids whose parents write to their congressmen all the time is not having those parents. Or having parents who are so disenfranchised that they aren't heard." The general stopped, and the lieutenant colonel continued. "I feel like the country is dividing up into the haves and the have-nots, and the have-nots are doing all the fighting."

In conversations with soldiers, such moments are not unusual. By the end of a long talk, they find themselves trying to explain, often with considerable uneasiness, what bothers them about the volunteer force even more than the military details they could name. We're setting up an Army of the underprivileged, they say: I don't like . . . well, I don't like the *moral* aspect of the thing.

It is no secret to those in the military that the bitterness with which much of civilian society viewed them in the late 1960s has changed into an attitude of indifference, shading into contempt. On the whole, they're not sure it is an improvement. The Gates Commission, with typical sagacity, predicted that the coming of the volunteer force would make the military far more popular and prestigious. "The termination of the draft should immediately enhance the prestige of enlisted service," it said. In fact, by shifting enlisted service to blacks and the least educated class of whites, it has done exactly the reverse. Charles Moskos suggests the parallel of the Civilian Conservation Corps. In the thirties, when everyone was out of work, it was no shame to be part of the CCC. Liberals and conservatives supported it; it was thought to contain a cross-section of the country. By the end of the decade, when the private job market had slowly picked up, the CCC became a last resort for losers. People didn't want it in their town anymore, didn't want their sons to join.

Many soldiers perceive a similar drift from the mainstream, with similar effects, over the past ten years. One of the by-products of the pre-Vietnam draft was that people who would never have dreamt of a military career found they had a taste for it once they got in. It is astonishing to see how many men still in the military in their forties and fifties never planned to be soldiers but were hauled in by the draft or (an indirect version of the same thing) through ROTC. "I was pulled in kicking and screaming," a two-star Army general who now commands one of the major staff schools told me. "The greatest loss with the draft," says one official in the Pentagon, "was all the men who would not otherwise have chosen the service but who spent two years, found out they liked it, and stayed. They added a spark to the officer corps. You need their diversity." They also provided a bond between the military and middle-class society.

So did the junior officers—the lieutenants who came in through ROTC, did not stay any longer than they had to, but made the military run while they were there. Soldiers whose experience predates 1970 complain about the change in these young officers, as ROTC has left the Dartmouths and the Stanfords. Sergeant majors in the Marine Corps, the professional bastards who spend their time yelling at grunts to tuck it in and get the lead out, reflect with what amounts to nostalgia about the college kids they used to have to deal with: the kids

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MILITARY OFFICERS ARE CONCERNED ABOUT THE MORALITY OF A SYSTEM THAT PLACES A DISPROPORTIONATE BURDEN OF SERVICE ON BLACKS AND POOR WHITES.

were jerks but they helped make things work. Some of this, no doubt, is rosy-hued recollection of the good old days, but not all. "In the ground-combat arms, there is the acknowledgement that the 'X factor' middle-class soldiers bring to a unit is no longer there," Moskos says. "The days when many enlisted men might be better educated than their sergeants and smarter than their officers are gone. One is struck by the fond reminiscences the older sergeants have of the university graduates who worked under them, and formed the shadow staff—clerks in personnel, supply, and operations—which made things run smoothly at company and battalion levels."

Moskos has suggested one of the most creative approaches to correcting the social imbalance of the military, short of a draft. He points out that the government offers some $5 billion each year to assist students with college expenses. The money comes through student loan programs, Basic Educational Opportunity Grants (BEOGs), work-study programs, and several others, and a large share of it goes to students from middle-class families. The BEOGs are available to many students whose families earn as much as $30,000, and under a new subsidized-loan program parents may borrow $3000 per year, at 9 percent interest, no matter what their income. These programs, though currently under review, are one of the fastest-growing parts of the federal budget. The money comes with no strings attached. Moskos's proposal is to attach strings, on the model of federal aid to medical students, which obliges the young doctor to spend a year or two in public-service work.

Moskos argues that, instead of forcing middle-class people into the ranks, the Army should entice them by giving first claim on student-aid money to those who have spent time in the military (or some other form of national service). Furthermore, he says, the GI Bill should be re-enacted, since it too appeals to the very people who are now missing from the military. Pay should be greatly reduced for those who sign up for just one term, and the money should be used to give substantial raises to those who make the military their career.

He says, "Active-duty pay for the citizen soldier would be lower—say by one third—than that received by the career soldier of the same rank. Other than the GI Bill, the citizen soldier would receive no entitlements such as off-base housing or food allowances. This would reduce the frequency of marriage at the junior enlisted levels and restore unit cohesion in the barracks. Because there would be no presumption of acquiring civilian skills in the military, the terms of such service would be honest and unambiguous, thus alleviating a major source of post-entry discontent in the AVF." The $5 billion now spent on student-aid programs ought to be enough to transform the makeup of the military, he says.

This is fine as far as it goes, and it is infinitely preferable to the wooden pronouncements from libertarian economists that increased pay, by itself, is the solution to the "quality" problem. The cutest expression of this libertarian creed is the idea that we should "draft old men's money, not young men's bodies." As a practical matter, when the military is set up as "just another job," the old men's money will be appealing only to young men and women who need money and have no better prospects, since almost any other kind of job will offer more freedom, and less harassment and potential danger, than military service. Accept for a moment the pure libertarian idea that people are rich or poor because they deserve to be. As that applies to someone eighteen or nineteen years old, it means that he is rich or poor because his *parents* deserved to be. If his parents have money, he can go to college; if they do not, he probably can't and may need to join the Army to make ends meet. This is why the libertarian chestnut is so dishonest. Stated more bluntly, it would say, "Draft old men's money to pay for poor young men's bodies." Even though Charles Moskos's idea is better than this, it may not do enough to remove what Charles Peters of *The Washington Monthly* called "the number one deterrent to recruitment—the nation's lack of respect for those in the services." Peters said, "Until a

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reasonable number of people from the upper classes demonstrate their esteem by joining up themselves, the average man is going to continue to refuse to risk his life for those who would look down on him for doing so, no matter how much he is paid." No one from a rich family will feel compelled to join the service just for a student loan, nor will the bright boy who wins a scholarship to pay his way. A service that exempts the rich simply because of their income is not a representative service; I fear that the only way to have a representative Army is through the draft. I use the word "fear" because the drawbacks of conscription are great, both philosophically and practically. I am never eager to see the government compel people to do anything. But the drawbacks of a volunteer force—in addition to the purely military problems it causes—may be worse.

One of those drawbacks is that if current trends continue, we will soon be at the point where very few educated white people—who for the foreseeable future will make up the class with the greatest influence in politics, business, education, and communication—will have had any first-hand exposure to the military. Public debates about defense are more and more often conducted in the abstract—with emphasis on budget totals, symbolism, "tough" or "soft" rhetoric—with less and less grounding in the operating realities of men and machines. Such indifference to the details of military life arises from widespread unfamiliarity with them. A Washington writer named Don Winter reported in 1980 that, while two thirds of all the U.S. senators born before 1939 had done active military duty, mainly in World War II, only one third of the senators and representatives born after 1939 had served in any military capacity, including the reserves and the National Guard. The proportion of young legislators with military experience went down after the 1980 elections. This increases the risk that they will be buffaloed, either by the services or by equally passionate groups on the left, and virtually eliminates the possibility that they will bring their own, uncoached perspective to the military reports they hear. How rich and full a feeling for education would the members of our school boards have if none of them had ever spent time as a student in public high school? How deeply would they be touched by concerns about the quality of public education if all their children were in private schools?

"People on the accelerated track have never been immersed in the complexity of life," says Larry Smith, who was drafted out of graduate school at Yale in 1958 and later taught history at Dartmouth. "When I was a teacher, most of the people older than me were veterans, and the ones older than that had worked for a living. The ones younger than me had never done anything but be in school. That made many of them in that college so unskilled in the use of democratic systems that they'd think the answer, say, to Vietnam was to put all the soldiers on a boat and pull them out. They didn't understand the complexity of the groups involved. If they'd had to cope, as supply sergeants, with a unit that was not returning its blankets on time . . . well, make it more vivid, as an officer in circumstances where no matter what choice you made, there would be tragic results: if you stayed where you were, you would be killed, and if you tried to move, some of your men would die—if they'd had to do that, there would be a sense of the whole range of human motivations. Apart from a junior high school class, there is no more representative unit in our society than a basic training camp, in a draft that works."

THERE ARE THREE respectable arguments against the draft: it compels, it discriminates, and, even if it is "representative," it is in a sense always unfair.

That it compels is undeniable, but so does the tax code, and I think the two must be viewed in exactly the same light. Libertarians may argue that military service should be left to those who choose it, as they sometimes argue that each citizen should decide for himself which organs of the government to fund. Their theory of taxation founders on the reality of "public goods": everyone benefits from a police force, whether or not everyone pays for it, so no one will voluntarily support it unless everyone is made to share the cost. Their theory of military service ignores the evidence of history and human society that the connection between a nation and the force that defends it is defined not by pay rates and fringe benefits alone but rather by the bonds of trust and sacrifice that are also essential within units on the battlefield. This is especially true in a democracy, where decisions about how and when to use military force are supposed to represent the national will.

That the draft discriminated in Vietnam is also undeniable, and this is one more reason that a new draft should hold as its first premise that there be no exemptions except for those who are truly "disabled," in the common-sense meaning of the term. Selections should be made at random from among everyone else. In any case, no argument about discrimination can be used to defend the extremely discriminatory volunteer force.

That the draft will seem capricious and unfair is a possibility, since in the first few years of the 1980s the proportion of likely manpower needs to available young people will be such that only one of every three or four would be called. This problem will correct itself later in the decade, as the cohorts of young people dwindle in size. The problem of capriciousness could also be avoided by a generalized system of national service, or by much larger draft calls for people who would be trained briefly and then assigned to the reserves.

Steps such as these would be the gestures of a nation that realized its defense was a serious business, not to be discussed in airy generalizations or contracted out to the poor. □

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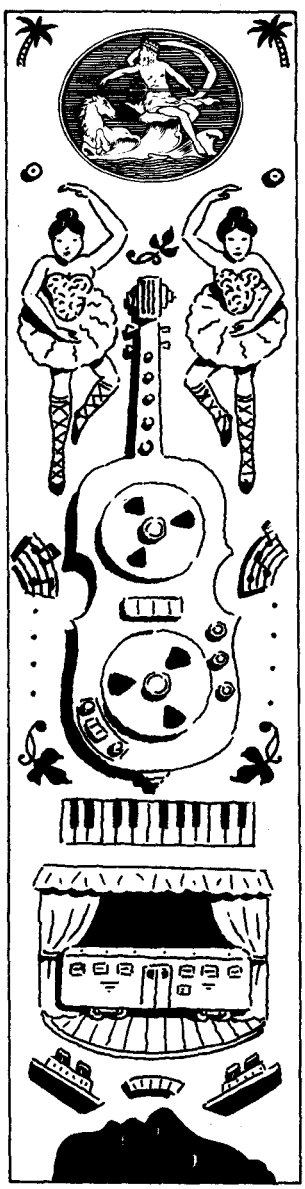
LOSS: A GUIDE TO ECONOMICS

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



MANY HUMANISTS PREFER to know as little about economics as they do about heavy-vehicle maintenance or how their parents really are. And yet economics is the watchdog of a free society. Thanks to the vigilance of large investors, who serve somewhat the same function here as the Academy does in France, the state of our economy is a key to our moral fiber. Say there is rioting and ill humor in the cities, or too many loud parties in the small towns. Or the President responds to press-conference questions with an eerie, toneless hum. Or infestations rage through a great part of the Midwest. Immediately, the nation's serious investors discern that the time is out of joint, and, to bring America back to itself, start moving their money to other countries. When the nation straightens out, when the editorials in *Forbes* have brought an adequate response and things at last seem "right," then the key investor, even if he has taken a shine to one of those pert Swiss tellers, will start to buy shares in our future again. And we will have a future. This is known as "positive reinforcement," and is only one of the ways in which economics lends clarity and order to our lives. (Unlike rock music.)

To understand how the whole great process of economics works, we must begin at the beginning. Take a dollar bill from your pocket, smooth out the wrinkles, and forget it. There is no longer any use talking in terms of one dollar, since it will not buy you coffee and a grilled cheese. Save the one, and when you get twelve more to go with it you can buy a lurid novel. Take out a twenty and look at that.

Now. This piece of "legal tender" (a poignant phrase, since so many things that are tender are still not legal, and vice versa) is not in itself "worth" anything. It bears a nice enough engraving of President Jackson, but few people need one. To realize how *relative* cash is, try spending a twenty on—to take a fanciful (for now!) example—Neptune, where they have never heard of President Jackson. Or probably of anyone named Jackson, if you can imagine. At least we hope they haven't. If they have, our intelligence is lagging dangerously behind theirs. Far from knowing who was Neptune's president in 1829–1837, we are not even sure whether they have "hands" or "feet." Or, more crucial, whether they have something we want badly. If Neptune has something we want badly enough, such as a cheaper material for making in-flight pudding, then Neptune can say to us, "Ordinarily we knock this down at five dollars a barrel, but for you, since it means so much to you, we'll make it twelve." Thus your twenty comes to be worth $6.67, if you act now.

Economics teaches us that other things can happen to your twenty:

Inflation. Picture your twenty shrinking, ominously, and Jackson beginning to look like King Farouk. People smile too readily in the street. Your twenty isn't worth as much anymore.

Recession. Picture your twenty growing, ominously, and Jackson beginning to look like Elisha Cook, Jr. Hat sizes run smaller. Your twenty is worth more (that is to say, it is becoming less valuable at a slower rate), but you can't afford to use it.

Depression. Oh, God.

Action on the street. Someone bigger than you runs up to you on the street and snatches your twenty and says, "Do something about it." Jackson doesn't want to get involved.

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of Crackers, *a collection of humorous pieces.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHEN GUARNACCIA

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Obsolescence. Because of the way things are made at certain—or all—points on the economic continuum, all of the ink on your twenty, including Jackson, fades away.

Boom. Picture Jackson robust and hickory-strong, able to whip the pound, for what that is worth, at the Battle of New Orleans. (With the aid of pirates.) People run around slapping each other on the back, often too hard. You slip a disk. Your twenty helps to pay for new and improved medical service and your doctor's new boat.

BOOM. It is gratifying to be able to say *"Boom"* in a public-service article. Boomboom! *Boooommm.* But don't get any ideas.

Famine. Happens abroad.

All right. How about now? At this point in history, we in the United States enjoy plenty—of both inflation and recession. Thus, money is becoming at once less worth striving for and harder to get. Under these conditions, investments should be made with great caution, as indicated below:

Common stocks. Not a good bet at this time. See preferred stocks.

Preferred stocks. Not a good bet at this time. See commodities. (Pork bellies, for instance, and don't let an economist see you smile. Nothing puts off an economist like the simplistic assumption that pork bellies in themselves—or even wearing vests and posed around a long table as the Council of Economic Advisers—are funny.)

Commodities. Not a good bet at this time. (Porkbellyporkbellyporkbelly. Did you smile?) See silver.

Silver. Not a good bet at this time. See gold.

Gold. Too late.

Other factors to consider at all times are the wage-price spiral, the supply-and-demand seesaw, and the principle of compensation.

The wage-price spiral. You demand a raise from your company, which bakes cakes, so that you can buy shoes. By the time you get to the shoe store the increase in cake prices occasioned by your raise has caused the shoe-store operator, who had to buy a cake earlier that morning, to raise the price of shoes to the point where you need another raise. Even without taking into account the high-speed cab rides back and forth, this can become extremely complex, especially when your boss's son or daughter is going out with the shoe-store owner's daughter or son and needs more and more money from his or her father in order to convince his or her potential live-in mate that he or she can raise his or her standard of living.

(The need to improve the quality of one's life, of course, is something to be reckoned with at every point along the spiral. Thus, you ask for a raise that will enable you to buy shoes and will also make things a little more mellow for you all around. The shoe-store operator does the same in raising his prices, and anticipates that *you* will, and figures that into his equation. This is true of every economic unit except doctors and lawyers, who, being essential against death and/or ruin, simply increase their prices as much as they want to. Life being a serious proposition, a consumer cannot expect to have an easy choice between legal fees and prison, or medical bills and encephalitis. Furthermore, doctors and lawyers must go to school for years and years, often with little sleep, and at great sacrifice to their first wives.)

The supply-and-demand seesaw. When there is enough of something, people tend to say, "Who needs it?"

The principle of compensation. There is something to be said for, if not necessarily during, every economic period; every cloud has, for what it is worth, a silver-certificate lining. In a depression, for instance, when nobody has any money (and people *eat* pork bellies), that very fact creates among people a common bond.

Common bonds. See common stocks. □

BALLET

DESIGNER DANCING

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

THE ESSENCE OF FASHION is change; the classical ballet is, by definition, constant. To suggest that there are fashions in ballet, styles of movement that come and go, is to question what we as an audience need to believe: that the stage is out of time, exempt from daily life. But the people who make ballets and the people who dance them live offstage, in the midst of the same cars and clothes and advertisements as the rest of us, and their movements conform to the shape and rhythm of the times. A woman who changes out of a narrow skirt into a pair of trousers instinctively lengthens her stride. Whether or not the clothes make the person, they do make the movement: people walk down the street, sit in a chair, or illustrate conversation with gestures in ways that change from one era to the next. Good choreographers instinctively take note of all this and make use of it. The result may be either a classical ballet, in line with the existing tradition, or a ballet classic that perfectly captures its own period. In either case, audiences years later see in it the movements of another time, preserved under glass.

Distinguishing a dress in the style of the 1940s from one in the style of the 1950s is easy enough. But it is more difficult, sometimes tricky, to recognize period movement in ballet. Usually it calls attention to itself by its oddity—as in the trio that opens George Balanchine's *La Valse* (1951) with sinuous arms and flickering hands that seem utterly foreign to the way women move today. Or, as in Jerome Robbins's *Fancy Free* (1944), performed now at the New York City Ballet by a cast born ten years after its premiere, the movement may somehow seem a poor fit; like a forties dress on a woman today, it's big in all the wrong places.

The start of classical dancing as we know it was by royal decree. In 1661, Louis XIV said, Let there be ballet—and the French academy of dance was founded. The prevailing mode in female fashions governed the ballerina's dress onstage until "La Camargo," the reigning star of the eighteenth century, shortened her panniered skirts to the ankle, the better to show off her *entrechats.*

Tutus then began to climb. By the 1840s, they reached mid-calf—short enough to display Giselle's floor-skimming jumps and fluttery beats, but with enough of a skirt, yards of tulle, to create the romantic illusion of otherworldliness: Giselle and her tutu jump, Giselle lands, her tutu lands a few seconds later. The delay sustains the image in midair, and she seems to drift weightlessly back down to earth.

By the end of the nineteenth century,

Holly Brubach has written about dance for Vogue, Ballet News, *and* Ballet Review.

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female dancing had acquired an even shorter skirt—a "classical" mid-thigh length. It is by her balance in *attitude* that we remember the Princess Aurora, and the line of raised leg bent at the knee would be lost under a longer skirt. This new tutu, too short to billow and swirl like Giselle's, was more or less stationary, and so well-suited to the classical style of dancing. In positions designed to exhibit perfect calm, Aurora's tutu acts as a level, a line by which we gauge her poise and even temper for ourselves. Illicit as these glimpses of a woman's legs must have seemed, they were not indecent; it took bare skin to make a ballerina risqué, and no matter what the role, every inch of leg was covered. Alexandra Danilova recalls dressing to dance "barefoot" at the Marinsky Theater, home of St. Petersburg's Imperial Ballet, in flesh-colored tights with toes, sewn like the fingers in a glove. In Russia, it was the Revolution that did away with rigorous notions of propriety. In Paris, it was Paul Poiret.

IF FASHION IS the ongoing dialogue between clothes and the body, Poiret interrupted it in 1908, and changed the subject. For centuries women's dress had been about shape and, to a lesser extent, embellishment; then, suddenly, for the first time in history, it was about movement. But nothing graceful—though Poiret freed women's torsos from stiff corsets, he minced their walk with the narrow hobble skirt. Vernon and Irene Castle based entire ballroom-dance routines on agitated steps that hopped and tilted, as this skirt allowed, until a slit to the knee was devised, which made for a wider range of motion. Irene Castle and Isadora Duncan helped to throw over the old, static notions of what made women beautiful, and women everywhere followed their lead.

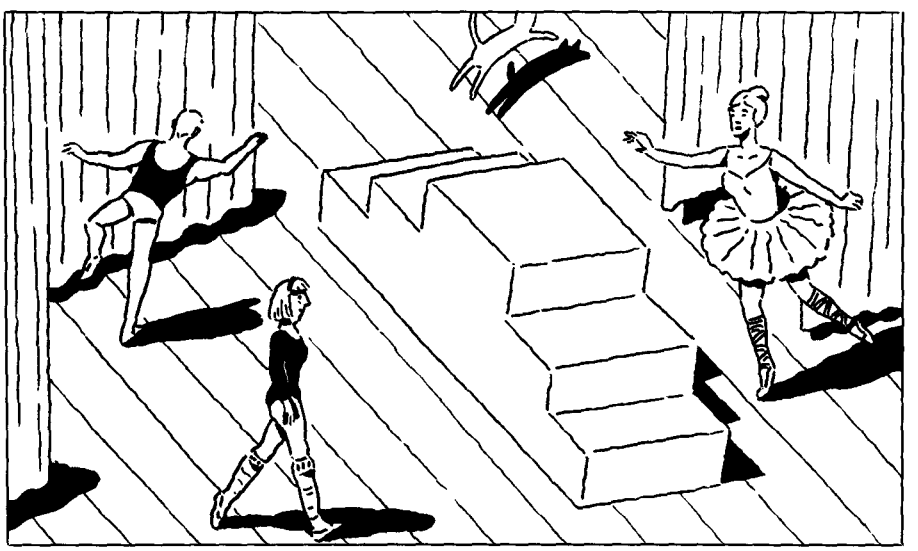
The sense of the new style was better conveyed in photographs than in illustrations, because artists worked from a carefully posed model, whereas the camera could capture the dress—and the woman—in motion. In Jacques-Henri Lartigue's and others' "candid" pictures, the message is made clear: style isn't in wearing the right clothes but in knowing how to move in them.

Vogue was, apparently, within its rights in 1930 in advising women on how to walk, stand, and sit in a style that matched their clothes:

> Every decade has its rhythm. Every era moves to a different beat. The 'Sixties floated on their billow of crinoline. The 'Eighties bustled. The 'Nineties romped. The pre-War period hobbled. The post-War shimmied and stamped to the frenzied beat of the Charleston. Now, there is a new roll of the drums of the ages. Saxophones have taken to cooler croonings. 1930 skims smooth and free. Gone is the pallid slink of the vamp, the lope of the jazzy, contorted dancing. If you are hollow-chested or plastically "cute," you are out of step with the tom-tom of the times. Wear the clothes of this year with the postures of last year, and the result is confusion.

Ballet choreographers were minding their own business, recombining the steps passed down by tradition, devising new ones, borrowing from folk dances for character roles; but when women got moving—taking up "aesthetic" dancing, touch dancing, and sports—choreographers began to look to real life for their material. In 1913, Vaslav Nijinsky made for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes the first of several ballets on modern themes—his *Jeux*, a three-way tennis match that turns into a love triangle. Eleven years later, his sister, Bronislava Nijinska, choreographed a swanky modern party in *Les Biches*. There was a Hostess, in a low-waisted dress by Chanel (the others' costumes were by Marie Laurencin), with a knotted rope of pearls and a foot-long cigarette holder. The Guests included three he-men in muscle shirts and short shorts, and La Garçonne, a daring girl with shingled hair, who wore a blue panne velvet tunic no longer than a jacket. Two Lesbians also came. Danilova, one of the Lesbians in the original cast, says that the steps were derived from the ballroom dances of the period, at times "a slow tango on the toes," or "a quick two-step, like the Castles' Turkey Trot." If La Garconne looked like a ballerina from the waist down, posing in fifth position or in *arabesque* on point, from the waist up she was unmistakably a "modern" woman, with an androgynous appeal and a forward manner. The short white gloves she wore transformed her coy hand gestures—her arms overhead in fifth position, palms facing upward; or one hand held just below the ear, palm out—into a sign language of seduction.

Paris audiences got another look at themselves a few months after *Les Biches*, in its stylistic sequel—*Le Train Bleu*, a sports ballet by Nijinska, with costumes by Chanel and a book by Cocteau, which, in his words, captured "something classic and eternal, as if caught in a snapshot, among the commonplaces of everyday life." But, if anything, these ballets were too dogged in their imitations of the smart set. Times and audiences have changed, and in recent revivals of *Les Biches* the characters are unrecognizable, like nobody we know.



By comparison, American audiences would know the girls in *Fancy Free* anywhere. One wears a black peplum jacket and dotted skirt, the other a long-sleeved jersey and a jumper with a sash-tie belt. Their shoulders are padded, their skirts swingy but cut on the

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April report on

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LITTLE, BROWN

bias to drape close to the legs. Their style is not *chi-chi*, like that of *Les Biches*; it's not even chic. These are salesgirls on the first floor at Altman's; they lunch at the Automat, they go to the movies on Ladies' Day. When they walk, it's with their shoulders and hips in jazzy opposition, twisting on the balls of their feet. One sidles onstage with her nose in a magazine. She faces flat front, but as she steps across herself, her whole body leans to one side, and she tilts her head to the other, as if to give careful thought to the article she's reading. Still, she wouldn't mind being interrupted.

One steamy Friday night in August, she and her girlfriend come across a trio of sailors on shore leave for the weekend. Each of the three boys in this ballet has a solo variation, but that's because they're show-offs. The girls' roles are mostly stage business, though the second gets to dance with a sailor. Their *pas de deux* begins abruptly, when they find themselves in a clinch—nose-to-nose, knee-to-knee, their elbows crooked, arms locked. In this one sex-fraught moment we see their tug-of-war between, on one side, magnetic attraction and, on the other, her morals (just so he doesn't think I'm cheap) and his loss of nerve (now what?). The world has thrown these kids headlong into adulthood, and for all their bold-shouldered swagger, they're not quite ready to take it on. *Fancy Free*, which looks as much like the forties as *Les Biches* looks like the twenties, has worn better because it has more than style; it has a point of view. Manners, Jerome Robbins says in *Fancy Free*, are what people wear; these boys get up in the morning and put on their braggadocio with their sailor suits.

NOT LONG AFTER the war ended, Paris fashion wielded its absolute power once again, rendering just about everything in a woman's closet out-of-date overnight with a style that magazine editors christened "the New Look"—Christian Dior's return to the hourglass figure, which hadn't been seen since the Belle Époque. Shoulder pads vanished, waists were small and tight, the emphasis was on breasts and hips. Strapless gowns were the sexy new rage for evening, and their bareness had a way of making shoulders and arms seem all one piece.

The New Look lasted well into the 1950s, and in Balanchine's *La Valse*, with costumes by Karinska, all the womanly elegance and sophistication it must have meant in its time comes to life. The curtain rises on three women in strapless gowns with close-fitting satin bodices and big tulle skirts and long white evening gloves. These are women who look as if they've been dressed by Dior, posed by Balanchine, and seen through the lens of Irving Penn; they wear their glamour in layers, like veils. The most memorable images they leave with us are of arms and hands in positions that seem sweetly vain but never narcissistic: the women stand with their elbows in close to show us the narrowness of their waists; they look into their palms as if checking their makeup in a mirror; they look on the backs of their hands at arm's length, as if admiring engagement rings.

Their poses are often asymmetrical, as in Richard Avedon's *Dovima With Elephants* of this same era, in which a model in a one-shouldered evening gown poses in profile, one arm languidly outstretched, before a herd of spellbound elephants. The adjective magazines most often called upon to describe the fashions of the fifties was "oblique," and it sums up *La Valse* as well as any one word could. The women dance holding one, or sometimes both, arms across their faces, as they would hold formal masks. The girl in white does her *chainé* turns with her gloved hands, palms out, in front of her eyes; she is blind to her fate, and her elegance is her innocence.

La Valse is often assumed to be a remake of *Cotillon*, another of Balanchine's ballets-in-a-ballroom, created in 1932, retired not long after, and never revived. Though Christian Bérard's costumes for *Cotillon* bear a striking resemblance to Karinska's for *La Valse*, two small differences in detail prove all-important for the dancing: the dresses in *Cotillon* have thin straps that subdivide that vast expanse of shoulder we see in *La Valse*, and the gloves in *Cotillon* are shorter, to the elbow, which visually breaks in two the line of the arm. *La Valse* is in fact another ballet entirely because it is made of another era. Its vaguely self-conscious sophistication stems directly from the way real women in 1951 dressed, and how they moved in their dresses. And its scenario of doom, in which a young girl enters a ball, dances with Death, and dies, found

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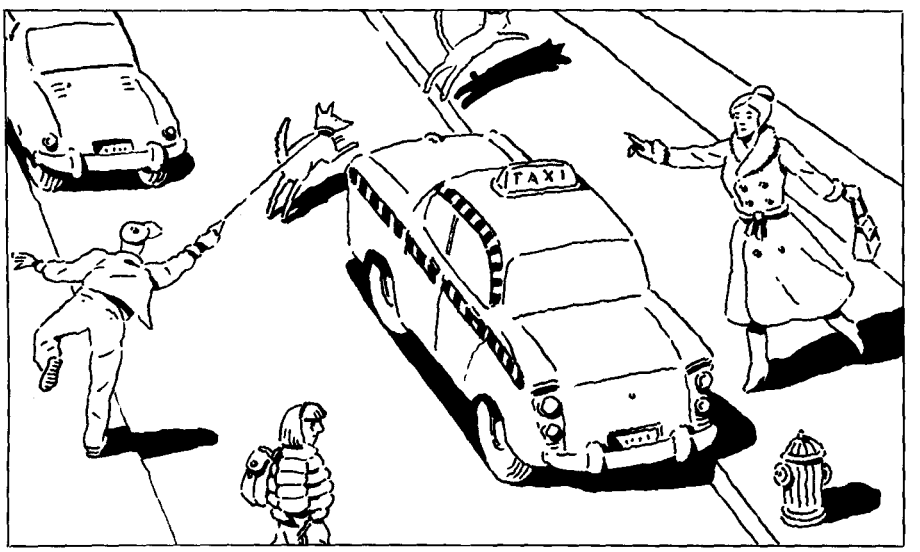
its perfect expression in the style of the fifties, which, for all its naive worldliness, had a decidedly sinister edge.

The word "chic," now out of fashion, was once indispensable in discussing matters of style. According to *Vogue* in 1950, chic "is developed only by steady and intelligent observation." Balanchine, a connoisseur of women and a student of fashion, has consistently redrawn classical dancing along more elegant lines. He has made women who are wearing only leotards and tights truly chic. Their legs are longer and higher in extension, the shape their arms make is slightly oval instead of round. A Balanchine ballerina watching her partner's variation stands off to one side, in profile, with her arms down and one foot resting on point. This is a chic stance, and no nineteenth-century dancer would have thought to adopt it.

bits that survive on film, the dancing is nearly obscured by the outlandish costumes. Balanchine returned to this music for a second go-round, with *Stravinsky Violin Concerto*, in 1972. To the extent that Balanchine "visualizes" music in dance, this ballet is proof that the images and movement suggested by the same score may change from one era to the next. Without costumes, in standard practice dress, this second take looks like the late sixties, early seventies, stripped down. There is a funky elegance to it, part classical technique, part hot-footed jive; it is ballet à go-go.

Fashion photographs of the 1960s—Twiggy, Veruschka, Penelope Tree, in chain-mail miniskirts, Emilio Pucci jumpsuits, skintight jeans—show us women with an arrogant new awareness of their legs, their knees. The cam-



In her thorough study of fashion in art history, *Seeing Through Clothes*, Anne Hollander contends that nude figures in painting and sculpture are nearly always idealized in ways that refer to the fashion of their era, in images edited by "the contemporary eye, which is trained by the looks of contemporary clothes." Leotards and tights are the visual equivalents of nudity in ballet. But even "undressed" ballets, such as Balanchine's *Four Temperaments*, *Symphony in Three Movements*, and *Stravinsky Violin Concerto*, refer to the dress and gestures of their own times.

If ever the axiom that it's better to be underdressed needed illustration, Balanchine's *Balustrade* (1941), with a score by Igor Stravinsky and décor by Pavel Tchelitchev, provides it: in the era catches them sprawled on the floor or in midair, both feet off the ground. They are skin and bones, elbows and knees, all angles. So is *Stravinsky Violin Concerto*—in a twisted jump with the feet pointed up and the knees pointed down. Elbows flap, as in the Funky Chicken, and knees are lifted high in a prancing Pony step. Even the girls' tights, like hipster skirts and hip-hugger jeans, are low, bikini-waisted.

We live in an age fundamentally opposed to fashion, in principle if not in practice. The woman who is getting her exercise, working at her career, and keeping to a busy social schedule simply doesn't have time for shopping, which was once for women the national pastime. Designers such as Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren make fashion for people who find clothes bothersome. Style is individual, coined by street-smart women who take apart the images designers present and wear the pieces, different labels combined. By the same token, choreographers are no longer so concerned with inventing their own form, with making a statement. Twyla Tharp, for one, pieces together fragments of existing dance styles in odd juxtaposition. Her dancers prowl the stage with a loose-jointed savvy that is to the 1980s what sophistication was to the fifties.

Designers have lately taken to rehashing old styles, and ballet companies to mounting revivals. We are more jaded than any generation before us. Photographs perpetuate an era long after its time; they can make the twenties seem familiar to someone born yesterday. Those of us who haven't lived through it all have, anyway, seen it all—in pictures. A good ballet, in Diaghilev's terms, astonished its audience; surprise tactics have been fashion's strategy all along. Now there is not much astonishment left. Two art forms that have traditionally worked out their designs on women seem temporarily at a loss. And a remarkably inventive, unprecedented era, begun when women first won a little freedom, seems mysteriously to be winding down, now that women have won it all. □

MOVIES

DEFENDING MEDIOCRITY

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

THE LAST METRO
Directed by François Truffaut

WHEN A COMPETENT film director goes bad, it usually doesn't take him long to realize it. The critics, of course, will tell him, and the box-office returns will tell him. His producers will tell him, too—probably in no uncertain terms. And if it's in his power to change, he will. But some of the greatest directors—the ones who test the limits of the medium—may not get the

Stephen Schiff is the film editor of the Boston Phoenix.

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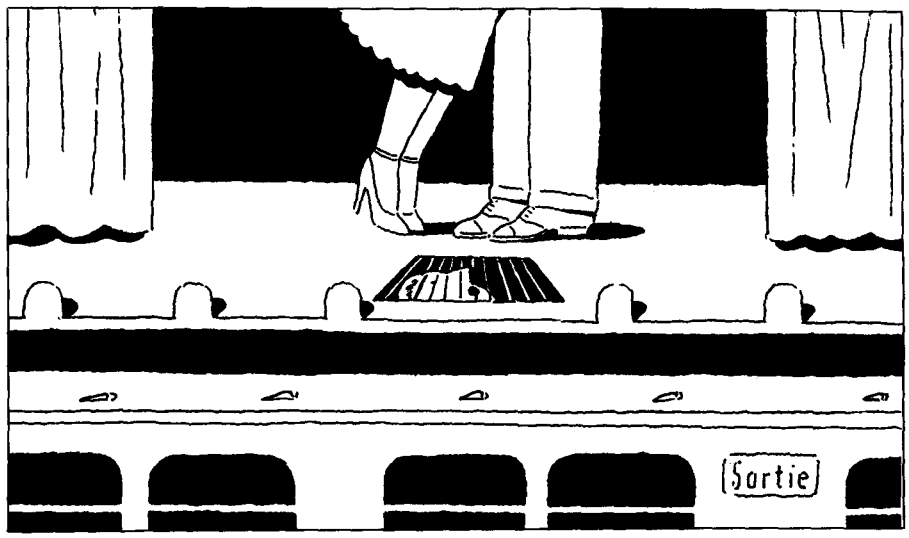
message so easily. After all, they've never gauged their success by what others think of their work; they've devised more private measures. That's why watching the decline of artists such as Robert Altman, Ingmar Bergman, Federico Fellini, and François Truffaut over the past several years has been so dispiriting. They seem to have lost their way in the very world they created. What's left when a brilliant director goes dull is usually mannerism, and if there's nothing beneath the mannerism, the viewer may wonder what drew him to the director's work in the first place. Surely the sophomoric jabber of Altman's *A Wedding* isn't the same sort of music one heard in *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*. Was Bergman's despair always so empty, and Fellini's spectacle so meretricious? Has Truffaut never been more than a swooning simpleton?

Truffaut is a peculiar case. Of the directors I've mentioned, he's the only one with a strong commercial instinct, the only one I can imagine really listening to critics and producers and the jingle of the box office. And in his latest film, an Occupation-era drama called *The Last Metro*, that instinct of his seems to have clicked. An enormous hit in France, *The Last Metro* is the first truly engaging picture Truffaut has made since *Small Change* (1976). Graceful and polished, it has Truffaut's delicacy and his characteristically skewed rhythms; in fact, it's probably good enough to be regarded as a recovery. But it's such a calculated recovery—Truffaut must have used a blueprint. He evidently knows what we've liked in his past work, and he has pieced *The Last Metro* together from his most successful motives and moods: the behind-the-scenes farce of *Day for Night*, the romantic fluff of the Antoine Doinel films, and the romantic rue of *Jules and Jim*. It's cleverly crafted—sound, solid, well-proportioned—but there's a crack in it. And when this movie falls apart, it's as though a bridge or a tunnel—some marvel of engineering—had collapsed before our eyes.

Like *Day for Night*, *The Last Metro* is a backstage story. The year is 1942, and in occupied Paris the perils of running a theater include making sure the play's over well before the eleven o'clock curfew, so that spectators can get home on the last Metro. You must also, of course, be careful not to hire any Jews. Marion Steiner (Catherine Deneuve), the Théâtre Montmartre's leading actress and temporary impresario, is very careful indeed. Her husband, Lucas (Heinz Bennent), the company's manager and director, is Jewish, and everyone thinks he has fled the country. In fact, as only Marion is aware, he has taken refuge in the cellar of the theater. There he spends his days listening to the anti-Semitic snarls that the radio emits and monitoring, by means of a ventilation shaft, the progress of the rehearsals upstairs. Marion is readying a new play, a rather long-winded love story called *La Disparue*, and she has selected a womanizing lunk named Bernard (Gérard Depardieu) to be her leading man. What she doesn't know is that Bernard is secretly in love with her. And as Lucas listens from below, making notes on how the play should be directed and passing them to Marion, he realizes that his wife, in turn, is falling for Bernard. It's as though the play they are rehearsing has bled into the fabric of their lives—lives made all the more melodramatic and unreal by the air raids, the searches, the soldiers in the streets.



Marion and Bernard spend most of the film reining in their passion, and so you expect to sense it seething under the surface of things, under the conversations, the gestures, the intrigues. Instead, it simply disappears from view, and in its absence the movie grows strangely cold. Truffaut is trying to do for the theater what *Day for Night* did for the movies: celebrate its tragicomic splendor, make heroes of the gang behind the scenes, adore the confluences of life and art. But if *Day for Night* was sunny and insouciant, *The Last Metro* is nocturnal, even melancholy. Photographed by the superb Nestor Almendros in an autumnal palette of blacks and ambers, the movie takes place mostly in the tenebrous theater building, which itself comes to seem a sort of proscenium. Truffaut poses his characters in the shadows, traps them in long corridors, arranges them among the oblique angles of joists, platforms, and pulleys. This gives the picture a rich forties aura, the aura of film noir; Catherine Deneuve's creamy blondeness glints at us from the ink like Barbara Stanwyck's ankle bracelet in *Double Indemnity*.

We've seen Truffaut in similar moods before, but only in his most somber films, in *Two English Girls* and *The Story of Adele H.* Despite appearances, *The Last Metro* isn't meant to be somber at all. Truffaut wants to impress upon us the pluck under the adversity, the laughter in the dark. And so there are lots of peripheral, comic characters—fat stagehands, wise old wardrobe mistresses, and the like—tut-tutting and delivering gnomic pronouncements. I suppose they're on hand to lend the movie a sense of rollicking community, but the bits of business they perform are leaden; there's no joy in Truffaut's *joie de vivre*. Even some of the flavorsome incidents, the kind that usually turn up in his films as if by serendipity, have a painfully deliberate air. When the camera rolls down the street and alights, as if by chance, upon a Nazi soldier at an easel painting Sacré-Cœur, the irony makes one wince. And yet Truffaut has always had a pleasantly self-effacing touch. He finds little miracles to photograph and then cuts

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away from them rather quickly, as if he were too modest to allow applause; his camera seems to be demurely lowering its eyes. Here, that bashful, fluttery rhythm prevails, but Truffaut hasn't enough to be modest about, and the gloom only deepens as his attempts to leaven it fail. In *The Last Metro*, what was once discovery has ossified into mannerism.

TRUFFAUT REGARDS THE THEATER the way he regards all culture—as the catalyst that transforms suffering into salvation: as powerful medicine. Only by viewing the Occupation as a play can Marion, Bernard, and Lucas carry on. Each undertakes a role—Marion the anti-Jewish manager, Bernard the girl-crazy clown, and Lucas *le disparu*—and each awaits the Allied planes that will signal the final curtain. For Lucas, in fact, even Marion and Bernard's illicit love is theater, and he doesn't suffer over it. Rather, he directs it, modulates it, coaxes it toward its climax. All of this is very prettily structured; there are plays within plays and scenes within scenes. Unfortunately, Truffaut hasn't much feeling for the theater; he may toast its virtues, but he can't seem to name them. In *Day for Night*, he could celebrate the tricks a tracking camera performs, and those magical filters that change sunlight to moonbeams. *The Last Metro* needs something like that—cunning costumes, pirouetting sets, prodigies of backstage invention. And it needs more from the characters, as well. Catherine Deneuve seems to be trying to break through her usual composure, but her character has its own glacial reserve, and one can see Deneuve straining against it. As Bernard, Depardieu is more uncomfortable still. Truffaut and his co-writer, Suzanne Schiffman, have conceived him as an Antoine Doinel figure—boyish, lovestruck, sensitive, and vain—and Depardieu seems miscast. He's a big, imposing fellow, and when he stumbles and stutters, he doesn't look like a distracted lover at all; he looks like an oaf.

Truffaut is older now, of course, and romance, the subject of so much of his work, may no longer interest him; in each of his last three films, he has poked and fussed at it. The critics hated those films, and so did audiences. And perhaps their director, his commercial antennae bristling, realized that his next movie would need a touch of romance.

Well, the romance in this film couldn't be more half-hearted, or more grudgingly offered, but *The Last Metro* isn't without feeling. If Truffaut can't bring himself to care very much about Marion and Bernard, he certainly cares about the gentle, self-mocking Lucas, so warmly played (underplayed, really) by Heinz Bennent. And he also cares about Lucas's enemy, Daxiat (Jean-Louis Richard), a vile, Jew-baiting critic who suspects that Lucas hasn't fled France after all. Portly and moonfaced, Jean-Louis Richard is like a latter-day Sidney Greenstreet, an actor who might look equally at home sipping a fine sauterne or pulling the legs off grasshoppers. Based on Alain Laubreaux, a notorious fascist critic of the forties, Daxiat is probably the only completely odious villain in all of Truffaut's work. And once our distaste for him has been established, the film lights out in a new direction. Daxiat is reviled not just for being a collaborationist and an anti-Semite but also, simply, for being a critic—for giving our heroes, and *La Disparue*, bad reviews. And it is here, in its venom against criticism, that this standoffish picture suddenly becomes rather deeply felt.

In *Stardust Memories*, Woody Allen avenges himself against his critics by turning them into gargoyles. Truffaut's method is even more direct: he turns *his* critics into Daxiat, the Nazi-lover. Daxiat is the critic as superfiend, but just what is this foul creature panning? The snatches of *La Disparue* that we see seem intentionally banal—as feeble as the movie that the crew in *Day for Night* so heroically sweated over. Truffaut doesn't embrace only "good" culture, he loves it all—it's all magic to him, all sacred and wondrous. And that's an easy position for a director to take after manufacturing two or three clunkers. In Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1966), the forces that threatened culture were the book-burners—Future-Nazis—and regardless of the quality of the books in question, one had to agree: book-burning is very, very nasty. But in *The Last Metro* Truffaut stands up for the mediocre; more, makes the production of mediocrity seem heroic. Even worthless art should be safe from burning, but should it be safe from criticism? Truffaut has used *The Last Metro* to defend his own decline. □

MUSIC

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN COMPOSERS

BY ALLEN SHAWN

THE SYMPHONIC AND chamber music being composed in our time has attracted a following that sometimes seems as small and eccentric as the audiences for Balinese dance music or Yiddish folk songs. This sectarianism impoverishes musical life, and it is sad, given the new music's vitality. Recent American music is not merely the sequel to "advanced" music of the fifties and sixties; it grows out of a variety of other sources, as well: the work of older American composers (Charles Ives, Henry Cowell, and Edgar Varèse); the music of European composers who settled here (Igor Stravinsky, Béla Bartók, Arnold Schoenberg, and Stefan Wolpe) and that of their contemporaries who stayed in Europe; the American jazz tradition; the musical cultures of Asia and Africa.

The contemporary music that makes its way into the traditional concert is not necessarily the best that might be played. Orchestral conductors often settle for the comfortably reactionary piece, which may not displease the audience but arouses no great passion or respect in it, either; or for some token avant garde work, out of a sense of duty. Such a perfunctory performance confirms the audience's suspicion that contemporary music is arid, pretentious, shapeless, and pointless. Reviewers then validate the audience's response by disliking in print an unlikable performance. A poor piece played for the wrong reasons, or a good piece played without love or adequate preparation, will thereby come to stand for all of contemporary music.

Unfortunately, audiences aren't likely to encounter the true variety, emotional power, and colorfulness of new music except in concerts at which only new music is played—for example, those of the ensemble Speculum Musicae, in New York. Here, a large body of music that would seem communicative and imaginative to any open-minded listener, and that is often surpris-

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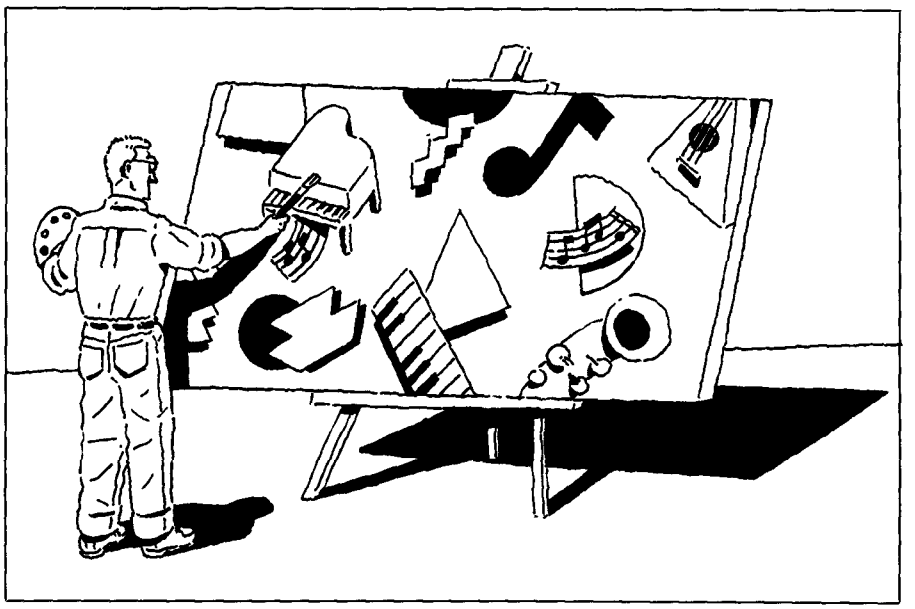
ingly easy to follow, is performed for a relatively small circle by a relatively small band of virtuosos. Meanwhile, thousands of concert careers flourish on the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and new compositions are seldom added to the repertoire.

Confronted with the new so rarely, listeners cannot make the subtle emotional adjustments to it that they have learned to make instinctively when listening to bygone styles. They blame the new music for its coldness, and there is no doubt that much contemporary music fails to be either interesting or expressive. But this was equally true of music in the past. The great majority of composers today write what is most communicative and important to them. One must adjust not only to the ways they put notes together but also to the aesthetic purpose that determines their arrangements. In applying the standards of nineteenth-century expressivity to new works, one is destined for disappointment just as surely as if one looked for Wagnerian catharsis in the music of Palestrina. Many twentieth-century composers have made Romantic music, but at least as many have found their ideal modes of expression in earlier music. Eric Satie, Stravinsky, and Paul Hindemith can be numbered among these, as can many living composers. The austerity of Stravinsky's Mass (1948) is as moving and as deeply felt as any Romantic work; the means of expression, however, are different.

The complaint that what one cannot understand is too cerebral is not new. Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven all had to contend with it. The best music of any time is thought that is animated by passion and passion that is informed by thought. The striving for coherence, logic, layers of meaning, is really a striving for emotional depth. One has only to listen to the hollow posturings of an unintelligent work to realize that the emotional power of music is inseparable from its intellectual intensity. Structure gives rise to beauty and meaning.

All music, regardless of its style, is experienced in more or less the same way. If it lacks a "tonal center"—is not based on scales and chord structures—the tones can still be heard to go somewhere. If it lacks a regular beat, it is still rhythmic. If it seems to lack melody, its lines, made up perhaps of unusual intervals, are still melodic and do sing. If the music is dense, it is still the simplest, most ordered expression of what the composer is trying to do.

While most composers love the music of the past as much as any concertgoer does, their need to create is quite distinct from their need to listen. It is a need for expression, which mere imitation of older styles cannot satisfy. What is constant in all periods is this serious, urgent motivation to express in sound what cannot be put in any other way. The offspring of this need is a communication. The audience should not expect to understand the mechanics behind and within the communication any better than it "understands" the inner logic of a Beethoven quartet. It is enough to be moved and fascinated.



The following is a short list of American composers whose works in the past decade particularly moved and fascinated me.

ELLIOTT CARTER, BORN in 1908, broke out of the tonal, self-consciously "American"-sounding manner he had inherited from Aaron Copland with his beautifully rhapsodic Piano Sonata (1945–1946) and Cello Sonata (1948). A new drama and dazzling virtuosity were present in these works, and a sense of the instruments as distinct personalities. Then, in 1951, Carter returned from a trip to the lower Sonora Desert, near Tucson, Arizona, with the First String Quartet, a work that was the key to all those that followed. Complex but immediately gripping, this piece was highly original in its interweaving of the contrasting musical personalities of the four instruments, which enter and leave the texture like dancers in a four-person ballet, each with its characteristic musical motives, contours, intervals, and expressive mannerisms.

Carter has continued to explore this dramatic yet introspective world, and five new works in the seventies provided exhilarating musical experiences: Quartet No. 3 (1972), Duo for Violin and Piano (1974), *A Mirror on Which to Dwell* (settings of poems by Elizabeth Bishop; 1976), A Symphony of Three Orchestras (1977), and *Syringa* (to a text by John Ashbery; 1978). This contrapuntal, intense music, which sounds in some ways like an extension of the language of Ives and Carl Ruggles, is never confused or confusing, although it emphasizes simultaneous happenings. The chaos of the unconscious mind, and perhaps of twentieth-century life, is evoked, but by a painstaking and reasonable hand. The sense of a never-lagging flow of events, in which exquisite moments are fleetingly perceived, reminds one of George Balanchine's choreography. The resemblance is perhaps not coincidental, since Carter composed his early ballet score, *The Minotaur* (1946), for Balanchine and his Ballet Society.

THE MUSIC OF Leon Kirchner (born 1919), in contrast to that of Carter, often seems as if it were about to burst

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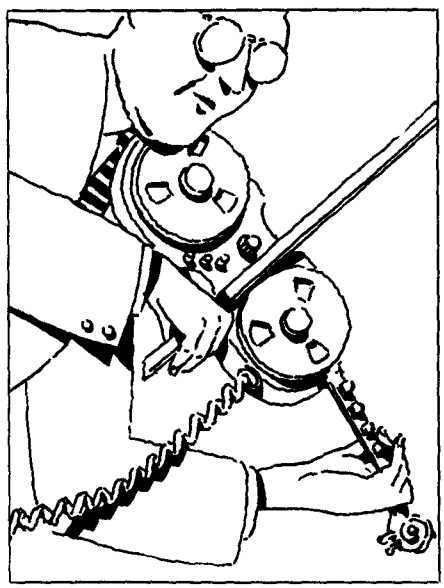
its own structure with ideas of a hysterical urgency. The Olympian serenity that lies far beneath the surface of Carter's complexity has no place in a Kirchner score, which seeks catharsis. Kirchner was deeply and permanently marked by the styles of Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Bartók, and his characteristic gesture is a welling up of emotion-laden sound that stirs and unhinges one's most private fears and feelings. His opera, *Lily* (based on Saul Bellow's novel *Henderson the Rain King*), moved some of New York City's critics to an orgy of recrimination—owing, I feel, to production and libretto problems—when it opened in 1977. But *Lily* contains some of Kirchner's most affecting music. He employs a rich musical vocabulary that integrates imaginary African choral chants, electronic music, suggestions of American popular idioms, and his own lyrically atonal manner.

CHARLES WUORINEN, BORN in 1938, writes music that is, paradoxically, moving in its avoidance of overt emotionalism. His musical style reminds me of Donald Barthelme's literary style: his compositions are eccentric, intellectual, hard-edged, but full of moments of irresistible rhythmic vitality, inspired juxtapositions, humor, lyricism. A mathematical, twelve-tone structure allows him to shape the surface of a score with the spontaneity of an action painter. But for all his personality, his aesthetic is Renaissance. The opposite of an impressionist, "atmospheric," or confessional artist, he never seeks to recall or evoke a mood, or to suggest references beyond the music. He has added some extraordinary works to the growing body of eloquent percussion music—most recently his exciting Percussion Symphony (1976). Favorites of mine from the seventies are the *Reliquary* (1975), which incorporates Stravinsky's last musical sketches in a formal homage to the composer, and his Second Piano Concerto (1974), which exhibits his customary demonic energy and fresh, affirmative manner.

PHILIP GLASS, BORN in 1937, has long been preoccupied with emotional expression in music. He discovered in his early compositions that the more he pared music down to its essential elements, the more he responded emotionally to it. After studying Indian music and traditional Western harmony, Glass evolved a style that, with its sensuousness and hypnotic repetitiveness, created a sensation among large, mostly young audiences. *Einstein on the Beach* (1976), his four-hour score for an opera produced in collaboration with Robert Wilson, uses very basic triadic harmonies as the foundation for a huge structure of shifting, repeated patterns. Passages such as the beautiful violin and organ solos recall Baroque music; other sections employ "French"-sounding harmonies in overlapping arpeggios. One episode, set on a spaceship, sounds like the nightmare of a beleaguered harmony student. Polar opposites though they are, both Glass and



Carter subtly change meters many times in a single composition, much as older composers modulated from one key to another. In Carter's music, this change is often experienced as a difference in tempo. In Glass's works, one hears shifts from one rhythm to another. At a given moment, a line that has been only a decorative figure, say a pattern of three in an essentially 4/4 section, will suddenly become the foreground, creating a 3/4 pulse. The same procedure—bringing to the foreground what was subsidiary—is also used to shift from one instrumental combination to another.

THE MUSIC OF STEVE REICH, who was born in 1936, is often compared with that of Glass, but it is similar only up to a point. Less enamored of voices and amplification than Glass, and drawn to more sophisticated harmonies, Reich created many brilliant works for his own ensemble in the seventies, including the fifty-minute *Music for 18 Musicians* (1976). The musical signature of this work is a series of staccato repeated chords built out of fourths and fifths played by the entire ensemble. The frequent return of these chords, sometimes as a theme, sometimes as background to other events, helps make the overall plan clear even at a first hearing. Producing resonant wind chords, delicate mallet and keyboard figurations, and jaunty Latin- and African-sounding rhythms, the players seem to fuse into one large instrument giving out a clean, impersonal, optimistic music, a bit like a large synthesizer playing the Brandenburg Concertos. Yet the human element is crucial here: the "mechanical" aesthetic is in fact communal, ritualistic; the seeming effortlessness of its hypnotic unfolding is the result of years of research into African, Indian, and Japanese rhythms. Both Reich's and Glass's pieces suggest a dissatisfaction with the hermetic character of much Western music of the past fifty years.

ANOTHER COMPOSER WHO has been searching for ways to connect his far-out music to older classical and folk styles is Frederic Rzewski, born in 1938, whose marvelous piano composition *The People United Will Never Be Defeated!* (1975) represents something of a tour de force of cohesion. A theme and variations on the ambitious scale of Beethoven's Diabelli Variations or Bach's Goldberg Variations, the work takes as its point of departure a beautiful and politically charged folk song, written by a Chilean composer during the brief Allende regime. While never losing sight of the original tonal plan of the song, the variations include music reminiscent of Beethoven and Kurt Weill, sections of jazz that sounds improvised but is not, and pointillistic and virtuosic atonal passages. Every sixth variation (there are thirty-six in all) amalgamates the styles of the preceding five, and the final variation views in rapid retrospect the entire work. The brooding folk song returns in a passionate restatement at the end, which has the effect of gathering all that has gone before into a clenched fist.

Allen Shawn is a composer.

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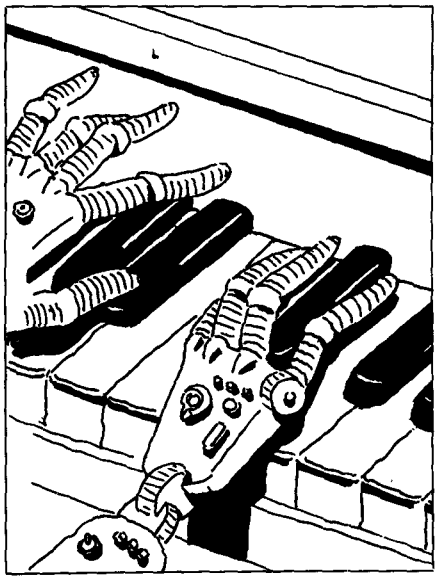
A CALIFORNIA-BORN COMPOSER of Korean background, Earl Kim (born 1920) has written relatively few works. Kim is best known for his settings of texts by Samuel Beckett, and his music is spare and always transparently fresh. Kim, like Anton Webern, uses pauses and lean sounds to suggest a vast, expectant, and anxious silence, against which every pitch of every chord, every timbre, seems preternaturally clear, one might almost say "large." By turns sweetly lyrical, jaggedly percussive, and virtuosic in a way that wistfully recalls the concertos of another day, Kim's new Violin Concerto (1979) is seemingly his most worldly composition. The piece begins with and evolves from a series of chords



played in harmonics by the violins in the uppermost range. The music then descends from these rarefied heights, much as the concerto itself represents a descent to earth in relation to Kim's other works. The orchestral writing is full of vibrant splashes of color, achieved with the utmost economy. The most obvious of these moments is the first full string entrance on a swirling dominant-seventh chord, stunningly new-sounding in its context. The centerpiece of the work is a long solo violin cantilena that weaves a poignant, slowly evolving line over a static accompaniment.

MANY WORKS IN the seventies seem to represent a new reaching toward the audience on the part of composers. *Star-Child* (1977), by George Crumb (born 1929), employs uncharacteristically lavish forces: a large orchestra divided into three sections (at points with three conductors), a boys' choir, and a soprano soloist. No one who heard the work live at the New York Philharmonic and elsewhere (it was commissioned by the Ford Foundation) could forget the eerie sound of the small cluster of violins playing high-pitched fifths, or the antiphonal echo of violins in the balcony, or the celestial writing for boys' choir, or the apocalyptic "Revelations" section, in which the timpani and bass drums thundered like the Four Horsemen. A sudden, terrifying invasion of seven trumpets in a semicircle behind the audience sounded like no mere evocation of the Call of Judgment but the real thing. Since Crumb had composed primarily small pieces for intimate audiences until this work (in fact, his strange, theatrical style took some time to become known), these bold strokes had special meaning. A delicate sensibility, a naiveté, remained intact.

ANOTHER COMPOSER WRITING on a grand scale is John Harbison, born in 1938, whose Piano Concerto (1980) seems to revive the bold yet poetic style of the concerti by Robert Schumann, Felix Mendelssohn, and Franz Liszt. The richness, weight, and color of his orchestration—beginning with its opening sonority of full strings, downward-arching horn, and tolling bell—and the limpid, contemplative piano writing create an impression of *déjà vu*. The distinction between 1980 and the 1800s is blurred. Yet this is exciting, inventive, unhackneyed music; it is, in fact, original. What is slightly shocking about it is its sense of poise, wholeness, expansiveness—a sense never absent from even the weirdest nineteenth-century art (think of Poe or Coleridge) but foreign to most of what is produced now. While redolent of older music, it is in no way nostalgic. The dancelike and marchlike themes of the second movement are rare examples in today's musical world of an attempt to compose in a lighter tone of voice while maintaining the subtlety, expressiveness, and depth of one's "heavier" work.

ANY PIECE BY Roger Sessions requires and rewards repeated listenings, yet it is amazing how many of his important compositions remain, in his eighty-fifth year, still unavailable on records. Fortunately, his cantata on a poem by Walt Whitman, *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* (1967-1970), has been recorded, affording us the opportunity to get to know the music well and follow its relation to the text at leisure. In this way one is guided into the dense, spiritual world of the score, which beautifully embodies the feeling in the words and finds marvelous musical analogues for the poem's specific references.

> "Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women/The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd. . . ."

sings the baritone; the violins trace an arching line ("the heavens") that is overtaken by a delightful, high-pitched bubbling of wind instruments ("the voices"), which in turn dovetails with rocking brass chords ("sea tides") and a tossing, angular string motive ("and ships"). With the text at hand, one can see that music that may at first have seemed beautiful but rather subdued actually changes character more rapidly than most pieces and does so without ever breaking its long lyric line and overall elegiac tone. A meditation on death inspired by the assassination of Lincoln, the poem is eloquently mirrored in the music's counterpoint and in the ingenious naturalness of its vocal lines. Sessions, like Carter, can make one feel the tug of death or the awesomeness of night in the slightest turn of phrase. □

RECORDINGS

ELLIOTT CARTER: Duo for Violin and Piano, NONESUCH 71314; A Symphony of Three Orchestras and *A Mirror on Which to Dwell*, COLUMBIA M-35171; Quartet No. 3, COLUMBIA M-32738.

PHILIP GLASS: *Einstein on the Beach*, TOMATO 4-2901.

STEVE REICH: *Music for 18 Musicians*, ECM/WARNER BROS. 1129.

FREDERIC RZEWSKI: *The People United Will Never Be Defeated!*, VANGUARD 71248.

ROGER SESSIONS: *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, NEW WORLD 296.

CHARLES WUORINEN: Percussion Symphony, NONESUCH 71353.

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BOOKS

IMPROBABLE ASSIGNMENT

BY WILFRID SHEED

TAR BABY
by Toni Morrison. Knopf, $11.95.

MOST BLACK WRITERS are privy, like the rest of us, to bits and pieces of the secret, the dark side of their group experience, but Toni Morrison uniquely seems to have all the keys on her chain, like a house detective. In *Song of Solomon* she used the run of the whole place, from ghetto to small town to ramshackle farmhouse, to bring back a panorama of black myth and reality that dazzled the senses. In *Tar Baby* she has done half this and half something else, something rather peculiar.

Let it be noted right off that Morrison comes equipped with three safety devices that keep her from plunging all the way into a bad book. She has a subject and a sound (several sounds, in fact: Pearl Bailey for mirth, Billie Holiday for slyness, perhaps Ethel Waters for the deeper notes) and a very good editor—herself. The editor, whom I see as a rather severe sort, is crucial, because she enables Morrison to swing and bop to her heart's content. Without that cold intelligence looking on, the sound could easily lapse into pseudo-poetic incoherence, and the subject get lost in the sound.

If *Tar Baby* is, as I believe, the editor's weakest book so far, it is also her most improbable assignment. *The Bluest Eye* and *Sula* were, for all their resonance, one-to-two-note books. *Song of Solomon*, conversely, was a wild thing—you just had to let it run. The editor picked out the words, but the plot fairly careened around black America, or seemed to: the art of it was to appear out of control.

With *Tar Baby*, Morrison has attempted to hitch another such bucking bronco of a theme onto a comedy of manners, and they're an odd pair. No sooner have we set up the thrumming poetry, the animistic sense that the clouds and trees are onto something big, than we are exchanging persiflage with some desiccated white folks and their gelded black retainers in a gingerbread house in the Caribbean. The contrast is, to put it temperately, heavy-handed. The plants scheme and strive, while the white boss sips his blanc de blancs in a greenhouse, more dead than alive. Man's fragile tenancy of the planet has, I swear, been better put than this.

Perhaps like other editors (Morrison edits other people, too, in real life), she felt like showing the world how the average novel that drifts onto her desk should really be done. But I have an unshakable hunch that this first part started out to be a play and not a novel at all. Although some perfunctory nature poetry has been thrown in to broaden the effect, my mind kept racing back to Broadway. The greenhouse makes a great spatter-of-applause set, where Valerian Street (a Clifton Webb type) can get off some brittle pleasantries with his manservant, Sydney, about the nuances of corns versus bunions and with his drolly scatterbrained wife, Margaret. To wit:

"It's just that I'm undergoing this very big change in my life called dying." "Retirement isn't death." "A distinction without a difference." "Well, I am not dying. I am living." "A difference without distinction." If this isn't a parody of Broadway, it must be a grim commentary on how the white folk actually sound to their servants.

The plot mechanism is also Broadwayish. Margaret (alias "the Principal Beauty") is waiting for her son, Michael, to show up for Christmas. Michael has in fact never shown up for anything (see *Virginia Woolf* et al.). But she must nonetheless go through the rigamarole of obtaining apple pie and turkey from the mainland for the prodigal who never returns.

We have been set up—oh, how we have been set up—for the next act. The folks who live on the hill commonly need these sustaining lies, which everyone is too polite to shoot down. High time now for some deus ex machina who will force the truth into the open—at which point the folks will fall apart and/or regroup and go on as if nothing had happened. (I'm sorry to be so positive, but I used to review second nights, and I know how those upper-class WASPs carry on under stress.)

So far, things have not gone too well for the Morrison gang. The sound has been heard only thinly and fitfully, and the editor is certainly no play doctor. Time then for the subject to save the day.

Morrison's subject is too complex to define in one go. But a big part of it is the cultural price a black must pay to enter the Club and the other kinds of price he must pay to stay out. In *Tar Baby* we move on to the next question:

Wilfrid Sheed's last collection of essays was The Good Word and Other Words.

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Can you get *out* of the Club once the door has slammed behind you?

Jadine, or Jade, our heroine, has conquered the white world easily, as a high-fashion model in Paris. But before clinching her conquest with an interracial marriage, she has a slight failure of nerve. So she hies herself to the Caribbean, where her uncle and aunt are the stage-servants mentioned above.

This compromise suits her paralyzingly well. She is a star to her uncle and aunt, and an equal to their masters, who need a black equal to complete their set. As the book opens, Jade's life is in sultry suspension, a plush Limbo where one is allowed every pleasure but the sight of God. The device that eventually breaks the tie is melodramatic and probably comes from the original play, but by then the novel has changed its tune and we are back in Morrison country. The emotional temperature has shot up drastically, and the details don't matter.

A black drifter called Son has entered the torpid scene, never mind how, and proceeds to shake it till it rattles. Jadine at first defends the Establishment whitely against him. But chemical lines have been thrown out. She may reject the newcomer's world, but she wants *him*, a black vital force in this mausoleum. Can she have him *without* his world? Can she pluck a black man from his setting and expect him to live?

There follows one of those tempestuous love affairs in which the number of couplings sounds physiologically impossible, but the point is made, that as long as Jade and Son can blot out *both* their worlds, they can have God, the ultimate pleasure. The moment they falter, they are lost. The Garden of Eden becomes a tenement lot. Jadine can then decide to stay with Son in the gray world of work and care, or she can give up her prize and return, diminished, to Limbo.

Jadine's desperate struggle to have it both ways speaks to anyone who has changed cultures or gone up in the world. She introduces Son to her crowd, where he's quite an attraction, but there's no point to him there, he's just something to dangle. She then goes with him to *his* hometown, an all-black village that he has mythologized, and is alternately bored and terrified by it. Son himself may be one of the wonders of the world, but the soil he grew in is mean and tired and accusing. Jade dreams of black women surrounding her bed and baring their breasts in disdain: at least their breasts are good for something besides pleasuring rich old fools in Paris.

The intensity here is immediate—you feel that if you look up you will catch the author glaring at you. Morrison must have seen many good souls lost in New York and thereabouts after just such struggles. She may have had such a struggle herself. You can't go home again, but you can't stay here, either. And there we are suddenly obliged to leave it. The book's ending is irresolute, almost a "Lady and the Tiger" affair, in which you choose for yourself, and this may seem a frivolous way out of what has become despite itself a serious, important book. But it seems to me one of those cases where the novel is finished but the story isn't. The ending is not quite ready yet.

Meanwhile, we have experienced Morrison, half at her very best and the other half presumably having fun, dabbling in something new—white light comedy—with only sporadic success. And there's no harm in any of that.

SHORT REVIEWS

EXPLAINING AMERICA: THE FEDERALIST *by Garry Wills. Doubleday, $14.95.* Just about every serious student of America's early political history has examined the Federalist Papers (eighty-four essays written chiefly by Alexander Hamilton and James Madison), and it is generally agreed that they occupy the center of American democratic thought.

Garry Wills, to whom conventional wisdom is as congenial as cholera, has this to say about Madison's magisterial No. 10: "It is wrongheaded in its motive, time-bound in its assumptions, inconsistent in its arguments, inapplicable in Madison's own time, misleading in ours. Insofar as America has avoided the dangers Madison foresaw, it has done so despite him, by the very methods he denounced—by the organization of what he would have called (with alarm) direct democracy. It seems clear, then, that anyone trying to explain America in Madison's terms will end up wide of the mark."

And that is so, Wills maintains, because Madison's expectations for American democracy were simply wrong. Madison thought the presidency would be "weak and vulnerable"; he expected the legislature to dominate the workings of government, with a radical House struggling against an obstructionist Senate. As for political parties, he thought them potentially ruinous, and argued on behalf of a political system that would necessarily discourage their development.

But if Madison was wrong about the course of American politics, and if his reasoning was flawed, then why do we keep reading the Federalist Papers, and why do Madison and Hamilton continue to be revered? Because, Wills argues, their theories and understandings arose out of a commitment to a "code of public virtue," a set of values that may, more than any other organizational style or exigency, explain why the nation has survived so long and prospered so well. Virtue, in Wills's convincing interpretation, is the key, and virtue (by which he means a willingness to subordinate personal interests to the "permanent and aggregate interests of the community") is all, finally, that can make democracy work.

—C. Michael Curtis

CREATION *by Gore Vidal. Random House, $15.95; boxed, signed, limited edition, $45.00.* Politics and religion may not be fit subjects for dinner-party conversation, but fortunately they do accommodate rather well to novels, as Gore Vidal has often demonstrated.

Creation, the new historical novel by the author of *Burr*, concerns politics and religion in the fifth century B.C., as perceived by the curious and discriminating mind of Cyrus Spitamus. A Persian aristocrat and a cynic by nature ("I have made it a point to expect the worst in life"), Cyrus is in a position to hobnob with the great of his time, being also the grandson of Zoroaster and the son of a conniving Greek witch. Since he is a political threat to Darius and, later, to his friend Xerxes, Cyrus is appointed ambassador to the East, a post that removes him from court and allows him to travel more widely than his confreres. Thus he is able to meet the Buddha, Lao Tzu, and Confucius

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(whom he greatly admires), as well as countless rajahs and warlords, in the course of establishing trade routes and looking for ways to expand the Persian empire.

Cyrus is no fool; though deeply interested in religion, he hasn't time for what he calls "eel-wrigglers," those whose efforts to solve the mystery of creation involve them in endless philosophical problems. In his worldly eclecticism he resembles his creator. While Vidal presents vast amounts of information with his customary wit, garnishing the narrative with appealing tidbits of cultural habit or personal quirk, he does tend to forgo subtlety in favor of variety. Limited by form—*Creation* is Cyrus's memoir, set down in irritated response to Herodotus's "nonsense"—he treats the great religions of the East as events in his narrator's life: they are instructive, but no more important than Cyrus's many political intrigues. This is, in part, the point; but it creates a certain diffuseness that detracts from an otherwise stimulating book.

Frog Salad *by Sally George. Scribner's, $9.95.* It's not easy, as one of the saner characters in this loony novel discovers, to add live frogs to an ordinary green salad. You can't let them run loose in it; they mess everything up. You don't want to cause permanent brain damage by hitting them over the head, and tying their feet to nails in the bottom of the bowl just encourages them to attack the radishes. The only halfway decent method is to knock them out with laughing gas—a tactic that fills your bathtub with Reddi Whip (nitrous oxide is the propellent in the can) but renders the frogs blissfully at your mercy.

Sally George takes a similar tack with her readers, liberally dosing them with blasts of absurdity whenever they might be waking up to the realization that *Frog Salad* is really a very dark tale. Her characters, sixties leftovers at large in a hopelessly strange world, are at first stunned and then frantic over their emotional isolation. Firmly tethered to ridiculous fantasies and even more ridiculous facts, they struggle bravely to hang on to their ideals, at least for a while. This proves to be a dangerous situation, as well as a hilarious one.

George is not always fully in control

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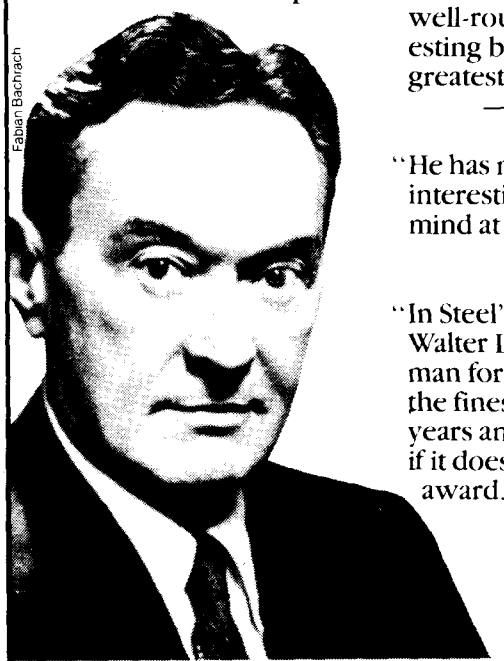
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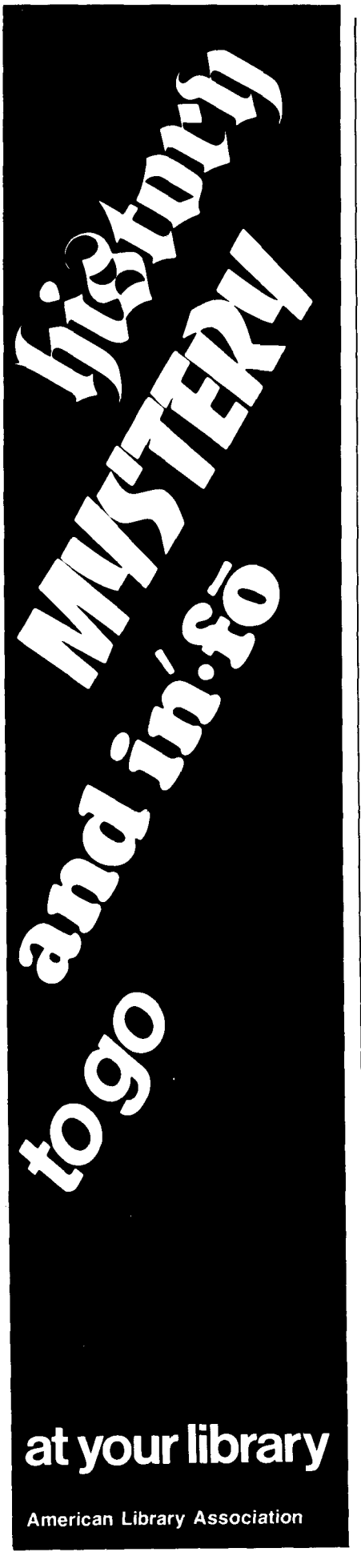

of her creatures, whose generic sameness detracts from the biting implications of the story. But *Frog Salad* practically crackles with an original, if nutty, viewpoint, and it is consistently and joyfully funny. A first novel, it offers a lot and promises more.

—Elizabeth Duvall

The Officers' Wives *by Thomas Fleming. Doubleday, $15.95.* The canvas of this immense novel stretches over the past thirty years of the U.S. Army, from the reductions in force following World War II through the Korean War buildup and Vietnam and after. The narrative leads us through interservice rivalries and changing fashions in military posture: armored capability in the Truman Administration; big-bang military diplomacy under Eisenhower; the Kennedys' counterinsurgency policy; the tragic and destructive actions in Asia under Johnson and Nixon. *The Officers' Wives* has a lot to offer readers who look to fiction for the gift of painless information.

What energizes this novel, though, is the war between the sexes. A half-dozen members of the West Point class of 1950 are traced through their military careers as Korean combat leaders, staff officers, NATO watchdogs, military advisers in Vietnam, Pentagon mavens. Two eventually join the most exclusive of all clubs—the club of general officers.

This 300,000-word story tells itself through the eyes and emotions of women, each of whom falls in love at twenty with a cadet and at twenty-one marries him as a second lieutenant. The officers' wives spend their lives watching their men die, or advance in rank, or grow disillusioned or hard or corrupt. When each woman—as each must—is required to choose between her conscience and her husband, it is the husband who loses. The wives seem to follow the example of an entire nation by gradually withdrawing their confidence in the integrity of American might.

Sometimes cumbersome, but often passionate or reflective, Fleming's fictional account of the alterations in our attitude toward military service recapitulates the entire course of recent American history. This story is a closed circle, moving from the bitterness of *From Here to Eternity* to the bitterness of *Going After Cacciato.*

—Peter Davison

The Harper Anthology of Poetry *edited by John Frederick Nims. Harper & Row, $15.00.* Granted that every anthology contains too much of X (reader's choice) and not enough of Y (ditto), Mr. Nims has made a superb collection of English poetry from 1200 to the present. His selections are generous, well chosen, and sometimes surprising. There are short biographies of the authors, lavish explanatory notes accompanying the poems, and an appendix explaining the terms and techniques of the art. In his introduction, Mr. Nims points out that reading poetry should be fun, and he has certainly done all an editor can to make it so. Additional notes, index.

The Cat and the King *by Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, $10.95.* Mr. Auchincloss's latest novel has, as narrator and central character, the Duc de Saint-Simon, that fusspot pedigree maniac whose memoirs record in acid the reign of Louis XIV. The subject is an odd choice for an author who normally devotes himself to delicate analysis of his contemporaries, and the result, while believable and presented with Mr. Auchincloss's usual skill, is not entirely satisfactory because, although the novel purports to explain why Saint-Simon wrote his memoirs, it arrives at the simple, traditional reasons. The man was, in the first place, exasperated by the Sun King and, in the second place, he had nothing else to do.

Six Problems for Don Isidro Parodi *by Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy-Casares. Dutton, $10.95.* Don Isidro Parodi is in jail for murder but, Argentina (or at least Mr. Borges's Argentina) being what it is, he is permitted to receive any number of visitors. These people report their troubles, which usually consist of a corpse on the premises, and Parodi, after consideration, explains who did the killing and why. In itself, each problem is an outrageous, stripped-to-the-bone parody of a particular type of detective-story plot, but woven through the surface burlesque is a pattern of sharper satire on more deserving targets. Mr. Borges and/or Mr. Bioy-Casares (one never knows quite what to make of this partnership) use a cosh on the detective story, but pretentious artistic types, pompous scholars, phony poets, and all forms

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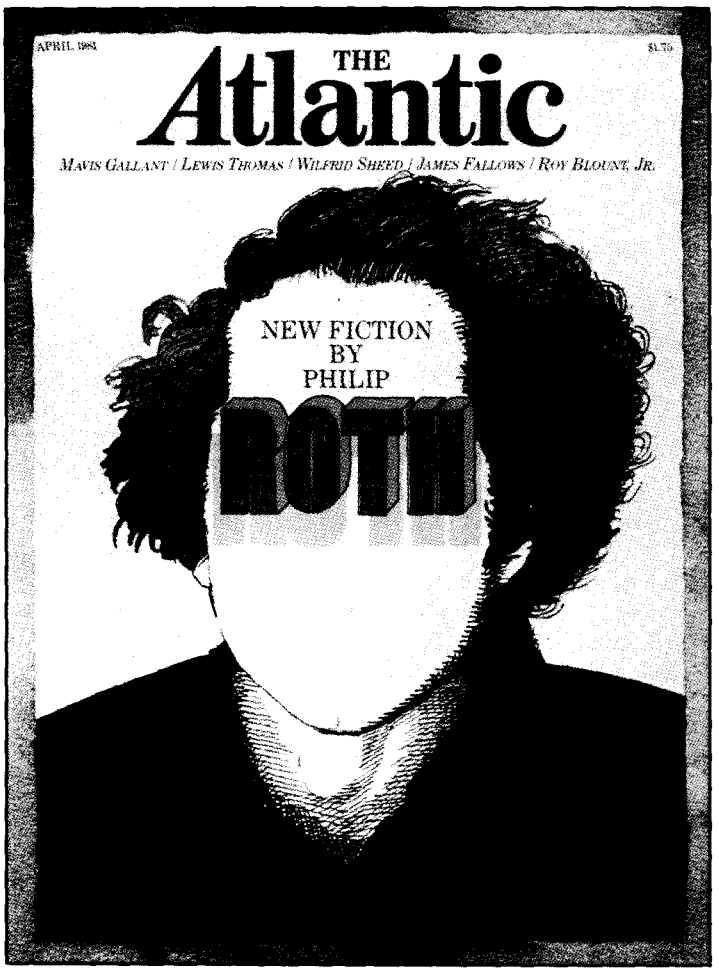

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Answers to the March Puzzler, **"DEBARMENT"**

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Parts of eleven answers were alcoholic beverages; these were prohibited from entry in the diagram.

Across. 1. PROHIBITION 10. LOWERED (double def.) 11. ANSA-E (anag. + *e*) 12. YEL-LING (*lye* anag.) 14. TH(e)US 17. UNREST (anag.) 18. (l)EARNERS 19. PUREE (anag. minus *o*) 20. PYKNI-C (anag. + *c*) 22. HARUM-SCARUM (anag.) 23. GLARE (anag.) 25. ANT(L)E-R 27. SA(P)ID 29. FI(G) LE-AF 33. T-RIVET 36. ORLE (hidden) 37. SAUCIER (anag.) 38. RENTS (double def.) 39. U-NEATEN 40. TEETOTALING

Down. 1. PROSELYTE (anag.) 2. ROES (homophone) 3. MEAD-OWL-ARK (*made* anag.) 4. HE(LE)N 5. BEG-INNER 6. TA(R)N 7. INTRUST (anag.) 8. N(A-USE)A 9. YESTERYEA-R (anag. + *r*) 13. GUSH (anag.) 15. HAS-TIER 16. WE(I)RD (*drew* rev.) 19. PAN-GS 20. PAST(ORAL)ES 21. NAIVETE (anag.) 23. GAR-RET 24. EFTS (anag. minus *or*) 26. LEG-IT-I-MATE 28. PILLAGER (anag.) 30. IMP-ORTANT (*art not* anag.) 31. LO-CAL (double def.) 32. FOR-SA-KING (*as* rev.) 34. (l)EAST 35. KEEN (double def.)

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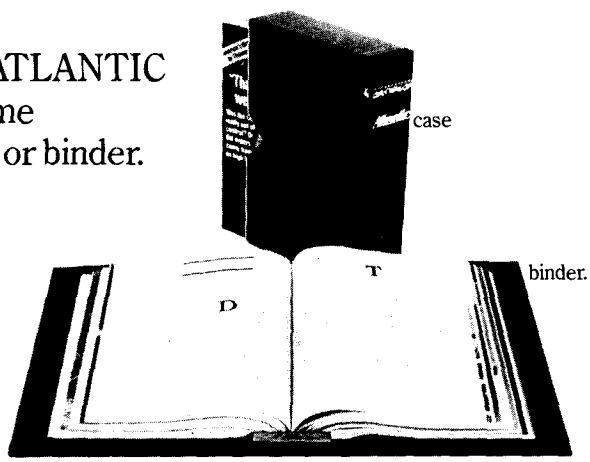

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of government authority get the stiletto. The word "devious" is inadequate for the games these gentlemen play. "Labyrinthine" is more like it. Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.

PALM SUNDAY *by Kurt Vonnegut. Delacorte, $13.95.* Mr. Vonnegut has assembled occasional writings, commencement addresses, funeral tributes, and other bits of this and that into what he hopes may serve as something vaguely like an autobiography. Oddly enough, it does. The sections vary widely in interest, but together they reveal a continuity of social ideas and artistic intentions. Admirers of Mr. Vonnegut will want to read the book. Even non-admirers, among whom the author ruefully counts all his hometown relatives, may find in it justification for some of the qualities that annoy them in his work. Clearly, he does not mean to annoy. He means to alert.

THE BOOK OF EBENEZER LE PAGE *by G. B. Edwards. Knopf, $13.95.* Written by a Guernseyman in his sixties living, rather glumly, in England, this posthumous novel about life on the island is just what John Fowles calls it in his introduction: "a very strange fish." The general shape of the book is plain enough. Le Page, a cantankerous old bachelor who has lived all his life on Guernsey, writes his autobiography, which is full of local details, trivial anecdotes, Guernsey jokes (incomprehensible to an off-islander), family squabbles, characters who drift in and out to no purpose, and episodes that accomplish nothing. Against all reason, these matters become intensely interesting, partly because Edwards had the true storyteller's power to command interest, and partly because the reader soon discovers that what looks like a minor character in a haphazard event can prove, some years and pages later, to be of major importance. In a place as small as Guernsey, where everyone knows everyone else's business and scandals linger for generations, the slightest gestures can be significant and are therefore carefully observed. The reader becomes a Guernsey native, constantly and warily on the lookout. All the rambling minutiae of daily life has, in the end, an application that reaches far beyond the island. Edwards is balancing the value of man's personal independence against the cost of main-

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taining it despite the inroads of twentieth-century society and female intransigence.

THE SHOOTING PARTY *by Isabel Colegate. Viking, $11.95.* The time is the autumn of 1913, the place is an English country estate offering superior shooting, and the characters Ms. Colegate has assembled in her novel preserve the Edwardian past, foreshadow the postwar future, and represent a variety of social classes and political positions. It is all very neat, very clever, gracefully written, and a bit anemic.

PIONEER WOMEN *by Joanna Stratton. Simon and Schuster, $16.95.* Ms. Stratton provides connecting narrative and background information for recollections of frontier life in Kansas by women who endured it. They put up with cyclones and soddies, cowboys and Indians, makeshift schools and collapsing churches, steady hard work and, worst of all, the slavery quarrel that earned the place the name of Bloody Kansas. The book is fine, generally first-hand Americana, part of its liveliness arising from the individuality of the contributors, whose styles range from crisp simplicity to the wildest convolutions of Victorian ornament. The material was necessarily collected long ago, by Ms. Stratton's great-grandmother. We are fortunate that it has at last reached publication. Illustrations, sources.

THEIR GRACIOUS PLEASURE *by Claude Manceron. Knopf, $19.95.* The third volume of Mr. Manceron's vivid, person-by-person history of the French Revolution covers the years 1782–1785, a period of governmental languor and aristocratic dissipation but also of new ideas and exciting experiments. The account of the great balloon rivalry would make the book worth reading if it had no other merit—and it has many, including a cliff-hanger ending. Translated by Nancy Amphoux, who has dealt courageously with antique legal terms, eighteenth-century slang, and Mr. Manceron's flippant prose.

SONYA *by Anne Edwards. Simon and Schuster, $15.95.* As a group, authors do not have a high reputation as good husbands, and while it cannot be proved that Tolstoy was the worst of a bad lot, any reading of his letters and diaries establishes him as a serious candidate for the title. Ms. Edwards therefore has plenty of material to demonstrate, in this life of Countess Tolstoy, that the lady was a badgered, bullied, and much maligned woman, as she certainly was. Life with Tolstoy was a positive soap opera. The reader's reaction to the book will probably depend on whether or not this fact is news.

CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT *by William S. Burroughs. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $14.95.* Initially, Mr. Burroughs's fantasy appears to be embarking on a plot about a rather appealing republic of pirates. Then it shifts to modern times and a couple of females whose inexplicable projects suggest a partnership of Frankenstein, Fu Manchu, and the Weird Sisters. Then it shifts to a future full of extraterrestrial monsters. Then it starts the whole game over again. Mr. Burroughs writes single scenes brilliantly and his monsters have the eerie plausibility of demons out of Hieronymus Bosch, but these virtues ride a merry-go-round of chaotic drug-induced, homosexual dreams. The book requires a high tolerance for bloodshed, black magic, and buggery.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

RAIN IN OHIO

BY MARY OLIVER

The robin cries: *rain!*
The crow calls: *plunder!*

The blacksnake climbing
in the vines halts
his long ladder of muscle

while the thunderheads whirl up
out of the white west,

their dark hooves nicking
the tall trees as they come.

Rain, rain, rain! sings the robin
frantically, then flies for cover.

The crow hunches.
The blacksnake

pours himself swift and heavy
into the ground.

Estelle B. Freedman

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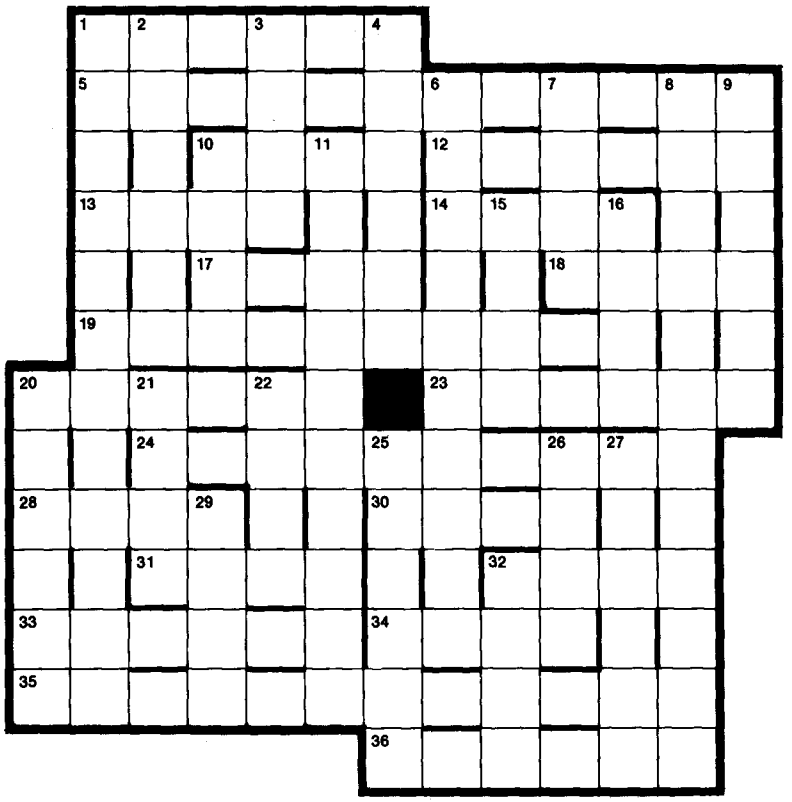
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

PINWHEEL

The diagram is divided into quadrants. Words from symmetrically matching locations in these quadrants are clued together. But each group of clues has been given a spin, leaving numbers and clues randomly matched. Solvers will have to determine where answers really belong. There are four proper nouns, and a variant spelling at the clue labeled 30A. Punctuation may be used deceptively.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 124.

1A. In Paris, very catching notice of sale bargains (6)
36A. Guarantee as "excellent" runs out by the end of June (6)
9D. Plate containing one pastry (6)
20D. Pervert sat around entertaining Caesar in retirement (6)

5A. Sign small volume, entering character's name (12)
35A. Something to play on before summer? The hollow, fallen tree (12) *(hyphenated)*
1D. Policing Reno, catch men trespassing (12)
8D. Manifest evildoer—heartless sea dog dressed in black (12)

10A. Southeast Asian bond announced (4)
34A. Married in trendy ceremony (4)
16D. A tiny portion of Thanksgiving dinner's main course? (4)
21D. Composition of soup, crackers (4)

12A. Someone expounding alternative to a corrupt king (6)
33A. Kind of hunter that's more cunning? (6)
2D. Channel cut around 180° turn (6)
27D. A peculiar Maine affliction (6)

13A. Service a large number (4)
32A. Middle Eastern country has beheaded lady (4)
7D. Enticement for one joining club (4)
29D. Dry the back of infant's body (4)

14A. Time out for some news (4)
31A. Treaty involving two small Eastern states (4)
10D. Stands in mountain fog (4)
26D. Fell knight when turned around (4)

17A. Measure short pony (4)
30A. Big lunch includes frozen creation (4)

15D. Hint about right solution (4)
22D. Link explosive with oven (4)

18A. My salary is stated for press (4)
28A. Name given a smear (4)
3D. Fall off building (4)
32D. Drunkards plea for help (about time) (4)

19A. Wild Australian celebration (10)
24A. Policeman at civil disorder catches mob's leader with associate (10)
6D. Mark R. Emery—revolutionary party member? (10)
11D. Precise gold watch in original condition (10)

20A. Take place of writer after fellow misses debut (6)
23A. Tranquilizer I swallowed after work (6)
4D. Solid bed turning in thin air (6)
25D. African city imports $100 jackets (6)

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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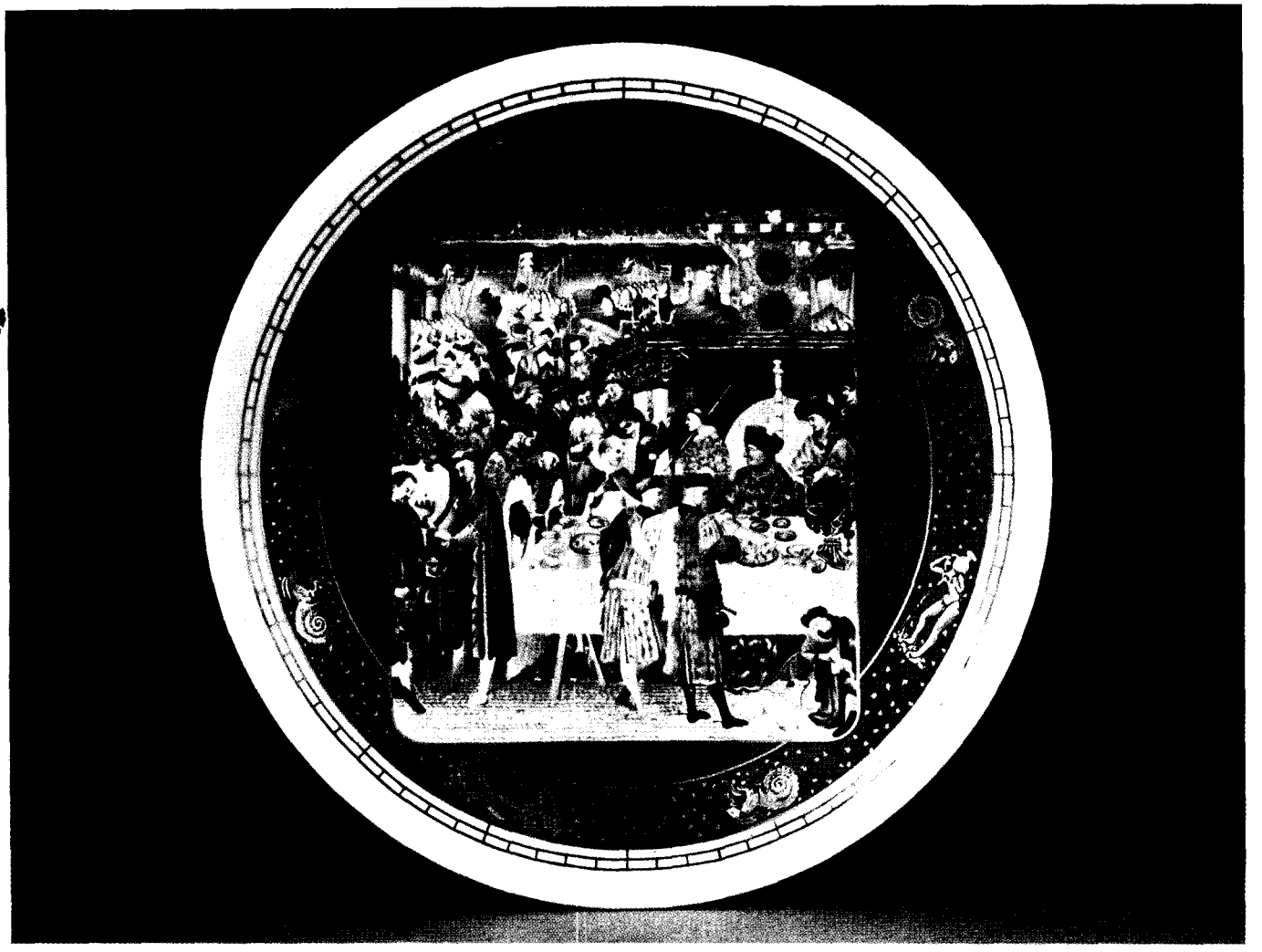

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"JANVIER"

A fifteenth-century masterpiece realized in Limoges porcelain

With special authorization from the Musée Condé of Chantilly, France, Jean Dutheil and the artisans of Henri d'Arceau & Fils have re-created a masterpiece in Limoges porcelain—"Janvier," the first issue in the *Très Riches Heures de Jean, Duc de Berry* collection of limited-edition plates.

The original *Très Riches Heures* (Very Rich Hours) was painted by the Limbourg brothers in 1413 for the French nobleman Jean, Duc de Berry. Today, that manuscript is one of the most prized possessions of the Musée Condé of Chantilly, France. Only the Museum's total cooperation and sponsorship enabled Jean Dutheil to complete the studies necessary for such a monumental undertaking in porcelain.

The result—"Janvier"—is a collector's plate whose beauty rivals that of the original manuscript page itself, re-creating in costly ceramic pigments the jewel-like colors that the Limbourgs painted six centuries ago with precious malachite, lapis, exotic flowers and gold. We are now accepting orders for this landmark collector's plate. If you are interested in obtaining it at the issue price of $75.48 (U.S.), please send your remittance (check or money order made payable to The Bradford Exchange) and order specifying "Janvier" (limit of two plates per customer) to: The Bradford Exchange, Dept. B87614, 9345 Milwaukee Ave., Niles, IL 60648. You will receive your plate directly from France in 10-12 weeks.

Your transaction will be completely protected by the Bradford Exchange 365-day warranty and market-resale guarantee. Simply stated, you may return "Janvier," undamaged with Certificate, to the Bradford Exchange —for any reason whatsoever and at any time up to one full year after you receive it. We will immediately issue you our check for 100% of everything you have paid. This warranty gives you specific legal rights, and you may have others which vary from state to state.

Because "Janvier" is a limited edition restricted to twenty-nine firing days, this invitation to purchase ends May 31, 1981. To be certain of obtaining "Janvier" at the $75.48 issue price, please act promptly.

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE

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